FRANCES CABOT PUTNAM

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FRANCES CABOT PUTNAM

# MEMOIR

OF

# FRANCES CABOT PUTNAM

*A Family Chronicle*

CAMBRIDGE
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TO

ELIZABETH, JAMIE, MOLLY AND LOUISA

FROM THEIR MOTHER

# FRANCES CABOT PUTNAM

THE STARS SHINED IN THEIR WATCHES AND REJOICED; WHEN HE CALLETH THEM, THEY SAY, HERE WE BE; AND SO WITH CHEERFULNESS THEY SHEWED LIGHT UNTO HIM THAT MADE THEM.

## I

FRANCES was born in Boston on October 20, 1897, a month after we came back from our first summer at Cotuit. As it was autumn, and she was a very tiny baby, weighing only six pounds, we decided to keep her in her sunny south room (which we borrowed, for the winter, of Lizzie and Elizabeth) instead of sending her outdoors. The windows were never shut, day or night, and a bright open fire burned all the time. Her crib was pushed up to the window, which was opened wide, and there in the sun she took her naps. It was a very successful plan. I think she did not go out until the end of February, but she gained weight rapidly, and was as rosy and serene as any baby could be. There, by the fire, the children gathered in the short afternoons to play with the baby and see her put to bed, and I have many happy memories of that winter. On Christmas the children got up a little tree for her, as she was not allowed to go to the family tree.

She cried very little, and was so out of the way that Dr. Joslin, who was assisting Jim that year, and whom I had seen daily before she was born, would hardly believe that we had a baby when Jim invited him to come upstairs to look at her. He sent her a

silver "lucky piece" on a blue ribbon, and if it did not bring her long life it certainly brought her good luck all her days. He sent it with this note, which I kept.

*For the littlest Miss Putnam*

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, —

You have been such a mysterious little body — too seldom even a "Choir Invisible" — that really I hardly knew what color ribbon to choose to match your eyes — but I guess they are blue like your mamma's.

I must tell you what Waller bade his "lovely Rose" say to a retiring maiden. "Tell her that's young, And shuns to have her graces spied, That hadst thou sprung In deserts where no men abide, Thou must have uncommended died."

Please don't play angel all the time way up there.

Your would-be admirer,

ELLIOTT P. JOSLIN.

When Molly was born, and Jamie heard her cry, he was distressed but important, and said "My 'ittle sitter is calling for me, I must go to her." When Louisa cried, as a little baby, Molly was dissolved in tears and wailed, "Why does my baby sister cry, oh why does she cry?" But when Louisa heard Frances cry, she clapped her hands and danced round the cradle on the tips of her toes, saying, "Dat little baby can c'y!" in great delight.

For some weeks after Baby was born, Louisa called her "little Louisa," evidently thinking Louisa a generic name for babies. Her name, however, was Baby to all who knew her, for many years, and we called her Baby at home throughout her life. When she was six years

old, some one said, "There are many infants in Cotuit, but only one 'Baby.'"

Her Christian name was Frances Cabot, after my father, and he took an especial delight in her from the first, after he received Jim's note announcing her name. Louisa, on being asked her name a little later, replied, "Her name is Baby Gwan'pa Puttum, and mine is Louisa Gwan'ma Puttum."

*October* 22, '97.

DEAR MR. CABOT, —

Marian and I had always planned to name our next son Francis Cabot in your honor, or rather in token of our affection for yourself and our admiration of the virtues with which you have made the name associated. The nearest that we can come to fulfilling that wish is by naming our new little daughter Frances, and if you will sanction the choice we shall feel that we have given her a good start in life by committing a host of good traditions to her keeping. I am obliged to confess that she has not the traditional Cabot nose, and has the traditional Putnam crooked little finger, but it is fortunately too soon to assume that she will have no other virtues than those now at her fingers' ends.

Affectionately yours,

JAMES J. PUTNAM.

*October* 24, '97.

DEAR JIM, —

That you and Marian should wish to name that little heap of "infinite possibilities" Frances for my sake gives me the greatest pleasure. Surely I have been blessed with the love of my daughters and their husbands and their children after them to a degree far beyond my deserts. I hope to be able soon to see the

darling Frances and her beloved mother. The "Cabot nose" is perhaps more suitable for a boy than a girl, and we will content ourselves with the crooked finger of the Putnams.

Yours affectionately,

FRANCIS CABOT.

Papa came in to see her when she was a few weeks old, and held her in his arms in the strong light by the window, so that he might see her well. He never saw her again, for on Thanksgiving Day of that autumn he became totally blind. His sight had begun to fail years before, and he had lost the sight of one eye five or six years earlier, but he had been able to see objects directly in front of him, and even to read good print, until that Thanksgiving. He accepted his blindness just as he had accepted his failing sight, with perfect cheerfulness, and his spirits were so good, his interest in life so keen, that it was difficult to realize his great deprivations.

Frances had the same unconquerable cheerfulness of disposition, and in this she was also like her aunt, Lizzie Putnam, whom I think she resembled very much in temperament. But if we sometimes forgot Papa's blindness, Baby never did. As soon as she was able to walk alone she was eager to lead him about, to show him his chair, to put things into his hands to feel. It was her delight to tell him things, and to describe everything to him. Perhaps it was because she was a great talker and found in him an unfailingly patient listener; but I think it was something deeper than that, a real sympathy with his lack of sight, and an understanding, when she was very young, that he liked to hear about things as he could not see them. She was

1897

seven and a half when he died, and as she learned to read before she was five, she had for a long time been in the habit of climbing into his lap in his big easy chair and reading aloud to him. There is a picture of her reading to him, taken when she was six, that is very characteristic of both of them.

In December Bessie Hamlen took a photograph of me with the five children. I was holding Baby in my lap. It was for a surprise for Jim on Christmas. When I gave it to him I wrote these lines to go with it.

### *A Letter to Papa*

*December* 25, 1897.

Here is a picture, dear Papa,
Of four little girls and their Mama
And Jamie their big brother tall,
The proud protector of them all.
When twenty years or so have passed
And Jamie's with grave doctors classed,
When Elizabeth second runs the state,
And Molly-Polly's met her fate,
And Louisa's studying art at Rome,
*I* will take care of you at home.

Your little FRANCES.

On this same Christmas Jim wrote me the following lines, with a gold pen.

Write, O Pen,
Not of war, or war-proud men
Who storm the breach, or hold the fort,
Their arm and sword their best resort;
But of the peaceful prattle
Of infants with their rattle;
Of sweet-toned speeches mild,
That fit the budding child;
The wars, and woes, and joys
Of growing girls and boys.

Yet do not let thy theme
Unworthy seem;
The world in miniature
Can thrill, affright, attract, allure.

J. J. P.

Also these lines for Elizabeth and Jamie, with a tool box: —

Mending the chairs and the tables,
Pruning the trees in the fall,
We little children are busy,
There are carpenter's tools for us all.

We little children are busy,
Surely there's work for us all!

*Christmas*, 1897.

Baby's first visit was in May, when I took the three little girls to Brookline to stay at my father's for a fortnight, leaving Elizabeth and Jamie with Jim and Lizzie. A few days after our return Jamie came down with scarlet fever, and two days later Molly had some suspicious symptoms. So Elizabeth, Louisa, Baby, and I again went to Brookline, leaving Jamie quarantined upstairs with a trained nurse, and Molly quarantined in the nursery with Ellen in charge. We spent all June with my father and mother, who enjoyed the two babies exceedingly. Papa held Baby Frances a great deal, and she loved to be with him.

In July we finally went down to Cotuit, — excepting Jamie, — having decided that Molly had not had scarlet fever. Just a week after our arrival, however Louisa came down with a pronounced case of it. Poor Molly was remanded into quarantine, although not allowed to be with Louisa, and we started a new contagious hospital — Louisa with a trained nurse in the

spare room of the ell, and Molly with Bella, the children's nurse, in the nursery ell. This left the care of Baby entirely to me, and I had a most peaceful time with her and Elizabeth and Jamie. All her milk had to be pasteurized, which, without running water to cool it, was quite a bit of work. We were entirely cut off from the village, as naturally the dread of scarlet fever was great among our friends and neighbors. At the end of August we were out of quarantine, and early in September Jim took Elizabeth and Jamie to the Shanty, while I remained at Cotuit with the three little girls. In spite of scarlet fever we had a very happy summer, and I had for the first time the joy of having a baby all to myself.

*From my letters to my mother*

Cotuit, *July* 2, 1898.

. . . Frances takes very kindly to her new quarters, laughed at her tin tub, and slept very well in her new crib and baby carriage. She was delighted with the train and especially pleased with the engine when it let off steam; she laughed and crowed all the way down, except for a short nap.

*July* 17.

. . . Baby and I are never separated except in the mornings when I leave her asleep and go down to take a bath with Elizabeth and Jamie. She sits in her little Japanese chair at meal-times. She looks finely and can turn over alone on the floor, and try pushing herself along on the floor with her knees and chin and nose. Naturally, creeping with the face is painful and she soon begins to cry and stops. She can turn round and pick up things very nicely; the other day when her

rubber doll was out of reach of her hand she took it up between her toes and passed it up to her hands. Not a sign of a tooth yet, however.

*August* 4.

. . . Baby can "shake a 'day day'" and say "Mama" and "titty" for the kitten, and clap her hands.

*August* 14.

. . . Baby is very charming. She is fond of playing with a blue shoe-horn, and yesterday Jamie said, "Little soldier, don't kill me with your little blue sword, the color of your eyes." He adores her.

*August* 21.

. . . I wish you could see Frances imitate her elders. To-day we were singing hymns round the organ, and Frances opened and shut her mouth (and eyes) just as Jim did, humming loudly all the time. Sometimes when we are talking and laughing she mimics both sounds and expressions, making very amusing faces, and laughing in an affected way!

*September.*

. . . Frances is simply lovely. She is Jamie over again as a baby. Big, rosy and serene, she is always taken for a boy. She is a poor sleeper, — one short nap and broken nights, — but she always looks and seems in fine health. Not a tooth yet! She does not creep, but edges herself about, sitting erect, and loves to play with her toys.

I have no record of the winter in Boston after Baby's first birthday, but I remember it was a peaceful one and the children were all well.

In thinking of Baby at that time, my memory holds

many pictures of the place she took among her father's patients. In those days we did not have the two houses, as we have had since 1906, but all Jim's work was done in the office and library of 106; and as he then had office-hours and saw patients in turn, the library and entry were often full of people waiting to see him. Our house had not grown larger since we first came to it after we were married, but the family had, and so had Jim's practice. At the time Frances was born it was full to overflowing. Lizzie Putnam lived with us, though she had her little study at Charley's house, and she and Elizabeth shared a room upstairs. She had come to make a visit at the time Carl was born, and after that made her home with us.

There was a laboratory upstairs in the attic, where chemical and microscopic examinations were made by the young doctor assisting Jim, who was thus frequently passing the nursery door on his way up and down. Every bedroom was full, and our only parlor often had patients waiting in it, while Jim sometimes saw doctors or friends of patients in the dining-room. Then there were the secretary and office nurse constantly to be met, making altogether quite a small world under our roof. The bringing in and out of two baby carriages, a tricycle and two bicycles also helped to make the front hall a scene of activity.

Our house, 106 Marlborough Street, is eighteen feet wide, and five stories high above the basement; and when I first came into town from the country I felt as if I were living on a ladder. Louisa Richardson, who visited us as a little girl not two years old, said to her mother: "I wish I had 'that little spark that lights the traveller in the dark' to show us the way upstairs!"

That was before we had electric lights. One of the little Lymans, on hearing they might move to town, hoped they would not have to live in a "dark Marlborough Street house."

In spite of darkness and lack of room, the "Casa Medici," as a patient once named our house, has always been a pleasant place, and I doubt if any one of us would have loved any other as well. Fortunately the furnace was very inadequate, and open fires all over the house have been one of the luxuries that we have always freely indulged in. Of ancestral furniture we have a goodly share: a beautiful mahogany dining-table and chairs which once belonged to Jim's Grandfather Jackson, a large sideboard of my Great-grandfather Higginson's, a big Channing wardrobe and bureau, an inlaid Putnam desk; besides many old chairs, sofas, and tables belonging to other people's grandfathers, discovered by Charley at various auction sales to which his special genius led him, and a Chippendale sideboard, Lizzie's wedding present to us.

The nursery was a square room, with two south windows and a large Franklin stove in which a fire was always burning cheerfully. The children had a doll's house (now returned to its first owners, the Jacksons), a toy cupboard, a bookcase filled with books, three tables and chairs made especially for them, so that they could easily draw, paint, and paste, or model in clay, and a big box of building blocks. There was also a tea-set, which had belonged to Amy Folsom, large enough to be used for real cocoa and bread and butter when the children had their friends in to play on rainy days. The nursery walls were a golden brown of nondescript pattern, and all across above the fireplace and

down the sides of the chimney-piece, under the round wooden clock, were colored prints that Jim had sent for from Germany, of people engaged in every imaginable occupation. Once, before Frances was born, when I had a convalescent ward of three children recovering from grippe, I pasted these pictures on the walls, and they seemed part of the nursery; but in 1913 we repapered the room, which sadly needed it, and the pictures were sacrificed.

Frances's extreme sociability made her friendly to every one who came and went. Her irrepressible laughter rang through the house at all hours; and, especially when she came in from her walks, she often visited the library and the people waiting. Sick and sorrowful and lonely as many of them were, she was a real godsend, and she loved to talk to them and show them her favorite picture-books. I remember that one sad-eyed, solitary cripple, who lived alone in a boarding-house and came daily to the house, used to sit for hours in the library waiting for a chance to see Baby; and she said to me that she had felt a happiness in seeing her that she never had expected to feel again. Another patient, a Quaker lady, wrote to Jim: "Oh! Thee knows I loved Frances — how I do love her! In the days when she cuddled in my arms, and we had many happy half-hours together, she gave me unreserved affection which continues my present possession."

Another lady wrote: "I used to love to hear the beat of her vital voice outside your office door, and meeting her coming and going over the steps was like a fresh breeze or a sunbeam; something deeper and sweeter than that when one got her glad greeting."

As she grew older she kept the childish friendliness, and one thing that almost every one has spoken of in talking about her was her joyous greeting, her real delight in seeing the face of any one she knew. A little Jewish woman, maid-of-all-work at the dressmaker's who made Frances's suits, said to me very earnestly: "I do not lof chilrens, but I lof that chil'. When I open the door she always say 'And how are *you* to-day?' and she wait for me to tell her 'I am very well,' and then she say, 'That is good,' so kind, and smiles at me, and I feel good all day."

## II

EARLY in June we went down to Cotuit again, and Frances Jackson came also, to spend the first of many delightful Junes with us, and seemed like another daughter in the family.

*To my mother*

*June* 18, 1899.

. . . Baby is beginning to put words together. To-day her mush was too hot, and she cried out "Mouf hot, *hot*, HOT!" She says "Molly's nice d'ess," and often puts a name, adjective and noun together. She says "door," when she wants to go out, and "up," and "'m' in" for "come in." She has cut eleven teeth, and the twelfth is almost through. Louisa is full of imagination and tells the most wonderful yarns of white owls, giants, and brilliant birds she has seen. Her latest method of telling stories is to say Baby told her so. For example she said, "Baby said she would tie Louisa up wiv ropes and frow Louisa away into the sea, but I was not f'ightened 'cause she is not big enough to lift Louisa." When she wakes in the morning, she has a long tale to tell me of what Baby said and did during the night.

*June* 30.

. . . Louisa was enchanted with her letter this morning at breakfast, and would let no one but herself open it. She would eat very little, and every one in the house must read it to her in turn. Baby immediately clam-

ored for one too. "Eye-er, eye-er, Baby have eye-er!" So a letter was given to her and she kept reading it to herself all day. She says "Eyes" [spectacles] when she gives any one a book to read; and from that she has manufactured the word "eye-er," which does duty for book, letter, or paper. She now says "yes" instead of making "no" with different intonations answer for both yes and no. She is very well, and good as gold, day and night. She eats as much as Molly and Louisa together, liking all kinds of vegetables, even onions.

During July and August we had various visitors, all of whom made a great pet of Baby. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were much pleased with her, and Mrs. Taylor said she never should be quite happy until she had a "smiling, friendly, curly-haired baby in a pink and white gingham frock" of her own.

William Emerson, then a fine boy of fourteen, made us a visit and learned to sail in our little "Topsy" with her red and yellow sail. He was Baby's slave and carried her round on his shoulder. His mother wrote me: "William says he never thought he should like kids, but that kid of Aunt Marian's was the nicest thing he ever saw."

Aunt Lizzie Higginson, Blanche Channing, Bessie Hamlen, and all the Charley Putnams stayed with us, besides several of my sisters.

*To my mother*

*July 23.*

The children have enjoyed Blanche's visit; Baby especially admires her clothes and comments on all "pitty B'ance" puts on. She has heard the others

asked to be excused and adopted it. "'Tused, Baby 'tused," she begs, every time she wants to get down. She is the most imitative of any of them. She will eat anything the others do, nothing they will not; and is thriving on "fis' ba'" and "bac" [on].

*August* 1.

Baby went in bathing yesterday for the first time. She walked right out to her shoulders, and then deliberately ducked her face and head under as the others did. They floated, so she put her head right back and floated like a little cork. To-day, when it was a cold fog, she cried, "Go down beach, Baby go in a 'ocker." She calls William Emerson "Boy." She says some whole sentences, as "Put Baby's nappin in nappin-wing."

Yesterday I was changing my shoes, and she came up and patted my ankles, and then kissed them, saying, "Oh, mama's poor leggies, ma's poor leggies!" Why "poor," I could not discover, unless stockings seemed unnatural to a barefooted child. Louisa loves all birds, moths, and creeping things and talks to them. To-day L. recognized a "viweo."

*August* 20.

. . . Frances is rather upset, having a hard time with her stomach- and eye-teeth. She is perfectly sweet, and chatters all day long. "Oh, Billie [Elizabeth], 'tay mi me!" I called her a nice little birdie, — "Ma nice 'ittle bordie, too." I said, "Mama is a pretty old birdie" — "'Es, Ma is p'itty bordie!"

On August 25 Baby began her travels, starting on her first journey to the Adirondacks. We took the night train for Vergennes.

*August* 28.

. . . At eight o'clock we put the children to bed in the sleeping-car and the three little ones slept soundly. E. and J. did not but were quietly in bed just the same. I could not sleep, but looked out of my window at the white wreaths of mist drifting across the valleys of Vermont, and the fine moonlight over head. We reached Vergennes at 3.30 A.M., and at four were steaming down the Creek to Lake Champlain. Such a sunrise I never saw, with the Adirondacks rose-colored on one side and the Green Mountains gold on the other. At seven we were driving in, and soon after noon we arrived. The children were perfectly happy and good all the way.

*September* 1.

. . . Baby seems to have grown up a great deal since she came. She talks much more, and has been all day on her feet. She delights in climbing all the small rocks in the pasture and in throwing stones into the brook, but her chief amusement is trotting in and out of the rooms in the "Nursery" and across the piazza into the "Parents' Assistant." She calls every one "Mr." including Jim — "Mr. Pa." We took her yesterday on the picnic to Rainbow Falls.

*September* 25.

. . . Baby is the belle of the camp, and thoroughly enjoys it. Yesterday Louisa fell down and cried. Baby patted her and said, "Nev' mind, dear, nev' mind, 'ou have 'ou dinner pitty soon." To-day she was playing with a little box. "Where box is? Oh, 'ight here, I fin' it." "Baby tummin', I tummin'," she announces as she appears. Yesterday she called Jim "'ou nice, cunning 'ittle Pa!"

LOUISA AT CAMP

. . . This morning there is a fine west wind and the whole party are flying kites, great box-kites, one of them six feet square. Baby races about in "Baby's dersey," looking very pretty. She talks freely — "Naughty moo-cow eat up all Baby's pitty apples." Louisa has been very good, consenting to stay with the nurse (Bella) and Baby instead of going off with Molly and Jamie. She says, "I like Bella-in-a-'Rondacks better'n I do Bella-in-a-'Tuit, cause Bella-in-a-'Tuit won't let me fis-line, and Bella-in-a-'Rondacks lets me cook apples in a fire in a brook." They all bathe in the brook every day.

These two nonsense rhymes, and the verses about Jamie and Friedel were written by Mr. Hodgson for the camp-fire this autumn.

When a youth past the nursery dances,
He meets a sweet maid of shy glances,
With feet full of toddles, not prances;
Oh, his heart's taking terrible chances
At meeting this maiden called Frances.

---

There's a dear little darling Louisa;
If into Swiss garments you squeeze her,
She'll stand on a chair
For the ladies to stare
At, and still remain darling Louisa.

---

To-day we remember the birthdays together
Of Jamie and Friedel by compromise,
And have struck on a day of glorious weather
To make them nine. We are truly wise.

The world's still hope, or its blatant noise
Not yet, not yet, may they divine.
What sudden sorrows, what undreamt joys
Have fallen on us since *we* were nine.

In many a way they're far from thinking
They'll bark their shins, and stub their toes;
But we trow that each without any shrinking
Will "face the music" wherever he goes.

May the highest courage never forsake them.
Few be their sorrows, many their joys.
Let the strength of their forbears make them;
Blest are the parents, blest be the boys.

*September* 17, 1899. R.H.

My birthday was celebrated with a cake and a wreath which all the children joined in making. Jim wrote the following verses: —

Many fingers wove
This emblem of our love;
With willing hand and heart
Every child took part.
We borrowed from shadow and sun
Before our work was done;
Roadside, forest and field,
Each did its treasure yield.
The story of days now dumb
Is written in gold and green,
And the glory of days to come
In the jewelled berries' sheen.

*September* 24, 1899.

This was at Cotuit, to which we had returned a day or so before, Frances Jackson again with us. The weather was crisp and cold, and we had two snowstorms before we went back to Boston.

I find no record of the next winter except a few lines of poetry which Jim wrote and gave me on our wedding-day, with an umbrella.

Roof-tree in miniature,
Symbol of home,
Lend thy protection sure
Where'er I roam.

Sheltered from biting sun,
Sheltered from rain,
Gathering my chicks I'll run
Homeward again.

*February* 15, 1900.

My letters to my mother begin again after our arrival at Cotuit, where we went in the latter part of May.

*June* 1, 1900.

. . . We had a very peaceful journey down here and found everything perfectly lovely, — lilacs, snow-ball, spirea, hawthorn in full blossom, and some apple and forsythia left.

Baby was very amusing on the journey down. She kept saying, "Oh ma, did 'ou 'member to pack my bathing d'ess? Did 'ou 'member my lunts?" etc., etc. "I like a tar-'ide pitty 'ell." Mary Bryant is with us, Frances Jackson comes next week. Louisa is much absorbed in the birds around us and likes to "match them up" in the bird book.

*June* 12.

. . . Baby loves the water. She plays out all day and is perfectly happy. A robin is raising a brood of little ones in a nest in the piazza vines, to her great joy. Frances J. and Elizabeth have a regular school for the children every morning. Baby Frances says, "*Why* tan't I do, the big chilluns do; I think I might dess as well as Jamie."

Jim has been having neuralgia. Baby said, "Poor little head-ache-pa, I'm towy for you." She loves to invent adjectives. "Well, here is Baby coming again, you nice blue-and-'hite-s'irt-'aist-ma." She chatters all day long.

*To my father*

*June* 15.

. . . Your little namesake is very amusing. She said yesterday, "'Otuit woods are not like Boston woods, and 'Otuit oce'on is n't like Boston oce'on. Boston woods are in Uncle Tarley's 'ard, where 'ittle bit o' Martha lives; an Boston water is black, but 'tuit water is blue like the sky and like my eyes." She recites "Bobby Shafto" very rapidly and amusingly, especially one line in the second verse, "Bobby Tafto's tat and tair tombing out his weller hair." Molly asked her if her mosquito bites (of which she had an undue number) hurt, and she replied, "I tan feel them tort o' half hurt, not weally vewy much!"

In this letter to my father was enclosed one dictated by Baby: —

*A letter to G'anpapa*

*June* 16.

. . . It's a letter to G'anpapa, be sure tell him dat. A.B.C. day. Widing on a summer day, we have a vewy nicey day. I tend him my love, and *tere* is Aunt Amy done? Way-way off wis who? *You* must n't do away. I tend a tiss to G'anpapa f'om little tun-tine Baby.

On June 24 we had the first of many theatrical performances. Baby did not take part until the following year, but she was deeply interested and loved seeing the children act. The following account is from a letter to my father: —

*June* 25.

. . . Yesterday morning the children had their theatricals — two scenes from Howard Pyle's "Robin

Hood," which Elizabeth and Frances Jackson chose themselves. They dramatized it, apportioned the parts and chose the stage; I merely helped them about the costumes. We had a dozen people as audience and the weather was exquisite. The stage was the side lawn, with two elm trees at the sides and the high hedge for a background. The audience sat on the side piazza, where we had a table covered with Jacqueminot roses, and lemonade and cake. I sat on a stool behind a tree as prompter.

The first scene represented Robin Hood (Elizabeth), Little John (F. A. J.), and Arthur à Bland, the Tanner (Jamie), walking about and talking, when they catch sight of a gayly clad youth approaching, and they decide to stop him and to rob him if he is a "rich lordling," as they imagine. Robin Hood and Little John were dressed in Lincoln green with pointed green shoes, caps and feathers, leather belts, quarter-staffs, etc., etc., and were fiercely blacked as to moustaches and eyebrows. The Tanner, all in brown, and Little John hide, while Robin Hood awaits the advance of the gallant. Will Scarlet (Cynthia W.), dressed in scarlet blouse and cap with a peacock feather, cloak across his shoulder, etc., advances smelling a rose. He and Robin Hood have a very amusing encounter in which Will knocks Robin Hood down. Little John and the Tanner rush to his aid, when it is discovered that Will is Robin Hood's nephew, and he joins their band. In the next scene a young miller is seen, and they plan to pretend to rob him of his meal and gold and then to feast him and give him twice as much as they took. They go into hiding, and then enters Midge the miller's son (Molly). She was dressed in a loose white shirt, blue knickerbockers, carpenter's apron, and big farmer's hat, and carried a bag of meal and a quarter-staff. They pounce upon her and she

pretends to be frightened, and while offering to give them the money, manages to throw meal in their faces so as to blind them and then beats them heartily with her quarter-staff. Robin Hood blows his horn and Will Stutely rushes to their aid and seizes Midge, who eventually also joins the band.

The children did it capitally.

*To my mother*

*July* 10.

. . . I went up to town for the day and when I returned I was met at the gate by Molly and Louisa, and found Frances in bed but awake. When she saw me she burst out laughing and then hugged and patted me a long time, calling me her "dear little mama." She is very demonstrative.

*July* 16.

. . . On a very hot day Baby said, "I'm so sleepy, I better lie on my bed." Then she yawned prodigiously and said, "It's all w'ight now, mama, my 'so-sleepy' has all gone down inside my body." Yesterday she said, "I left my shoes and stockings home"; then, after a pause, "I left my shoes and stockings *at* home. You and I say *at home*, A. and B. say *home*." Some one asked what little girl she was. "I am mama's F'ances Puttum." She went sailing for the first time and enjoyed it immensely. "How you do, captain, I have not been in such a big boat before this year." "You have a beautilly boat, captain, where did it come f'om?" — "Osterville." — "Oh, did it? It is vewy beautilly!"

Aunt Lizzie Higginson was staying with us and was lying down one day. Baby asked, "What is a matter, did she play too hard?"

After a delightful visit from Lucy, Charley, and the children, we went up to the Shanty. George and Eliza Cabot came with us and we travelled by night as usual. It was too misty for the sunrise to be beautiful, but the sun came out before we left the lake, and we had a lovely drive in.

*To my mother*

*August* 26.

. . . Baby instantly began to play hostess. "I'm vewy glad you like my mountains, Tousin 'Liza." She was too sweet with the driver, an old soldier who told us interesting stories of the Wilderness, Libby Prison, etc., on our way in. She said, "You and I dwive the horses, don't we? You and I like horses, don't we?" She offered him her crackers and pointed out everything pretty to him. He said, "I guess I'll have to take you home with me." She patted his hand affectionately and said, "No, I live at home with my mama, but I like to sit side of you vewy much." We took out some chocolate but did not offer any to the driver. "Why do not you eat chocolate too?" said Baby. "Oh, I s'pose it's better for you not to, it might make you sick!" Everything at the Adirondacks is hers: "my bwook," "my mountains," "my houses," — everything delights her.

Unfortunately our pleasant days at the Shanty were interrupted by the mumps, — first Louisa, then Jamie, and then Molly coming down with it, — and our little house had to be quarantined. I took care of them and soon succumbed myself. Elizabeth and Baby and Mary Farrell kept away from us, hoping to escape it.

*September* 4, 1900.

. . . Baby said to Alice Lee, "Cousin Alice, did you know that Jamie has a cold on top of his mumps, and I have a cold on top of my head, and 'Isa has mumps on top of her cut foot, and Molly just has mumps underside her ears!"

*September* 6.

. . . Baby, being banished all day from her own quarters, has become a regular Camp Baby and is a tremendous pet. We have lots of pleasant people here.

*September* 16.

. . . Frances says, "Why is that cow cwying? Cows don't talk like you and me, and they don't eat like you and me, and when they cwy, we can't tell what the matter is!" She wins all hearts by her "you-an-I" or "you-an-me," which she constantly says. She still mourns for "Tousin Liza," and cried when she left us.

*September* 23.

. . . Just as we were all packed, the carriage at the door, ready to go, Frances came down with the mumps, also Martha. So Jim with the four older children and Mary went home, leaving Baby and me with the C. P. P.'s. She was quite swelled and feverish for a day or two and then rapidly recovered. She took it very calmly, even when half crying with pain, and said to herself, "Never mind, it's only the mumps!" I said she was a good girl, and some one else called her a sick girl, and she said, "I'm *not* a good girl, and I'm *not* a sick girl. I'm only just a mumpy girl, and that's all!"

FRANCES AT CAMP — 1900

The other day she was playing with a pack of cards, and I offered her some toast for tea. She said, "Don't 'peak to me when I'm 'viding cards. When I've finis'ed gaming I will eat toast!"

Her love of all kinds of games — of skill, chance, or athletic prowess — began when she was a baby and continued all her life, giving her great enjoyment. She also loved reading, and would sit in my lap when I was reading to Jamie a book she could not possibly understand, laughing when he did and reproducing his expressions closely; saying, "I like to listen to Jamie's nice weading." On his birthday she stood up on the table in the Stoop and recited "Where has my little basket gone?" in a most dramatic manner.

*To my mother*

*September* 28.

. . . Baby is very well, and in the gayest spirits all the time. As soon as the children and Jim had gone we moved down to the "farmer-house," as she calls it. She did not in the least mind my tucking her into bed in a strange room and leaving her. Soon however I heard her calling, and returned. She said, "I want some water. Do you know why you heard me so quickly? 'Cause I made a megaphone out of my two hands and my chin, and called fwough that!" It is exquisite Indian Summer, with bits of brilliant color coming out everywhere on the hills. I have been working like a beaver, packing books, games, theatrical trunks, blankets, etc., as they are shutting up all the houses. But you know this is work I love to do and Baby highly enjoys helping. This is a real little village and shutting up is a big piece of work. Whenever we finish anything Baby says, "Well, that's a good dsob."

Some time in September she dictated the following letter for me to write Aunt Lizzie Higginson: —

*Frances to E. C. H.*

Dear Aunt Lizzie, —

I like you vewy much. Mama is here. (Why do you w'ite it so further?) Mama would like you to come to see us. We are at the Wondacks. I bathe in the bath-house and I bathe in the bwook and I have awf'ly nice fun. Baby likes Aunt Lizzie vewy much. But, says Aunt Lizzie, I don't know if I can come, I must ask Cousin Blanche. Now that part is done.

*Frances to Blanche Channing*

Dear Cousin Blanche, —

Tell Aunt Lizzie I hope you will have a good time if you come. Puss [Hatty's horse] goes where ma does not like her to go. Pa is here too, and Puss is here (oh, mama, how did you ever know how to spell Puss?) Twacy and Louisa came along. Cousin Ethel has gone away and we went part of the way in her lap in the cawiage. And we have a nice dwinking-water place here. We have a stove here. Jamie is vewy well. Elizabeth is here. Now say "Hullo, the cow is here." The bed is here. The woods is here. The letters is here and we will send them in the same 'vellope.

Goodbye, from Frances.

On our homeward journey Dr. Felix Adler crossed the lake with us and was very much struck with Baby's vocabulary and lack of baby-talk. He would not believe that she was not three. He said he had never seen so intelligent a child under five years old.

COTUIT, *October* 3, 1900.

. . . In the train coming down to Cotuit, Baby looked round critically after settling down for the journey, and said, "It would be a good dsob to clean up this twain!" and went to work scrubbing the woodwork with pieces of newspaper. This occupied her over an hour. Then she "helped" the conductor count his tickets and talked to the brakeman. I am afraid you will think her very grown up. . . . Sunday Jim and I stayed out sailing till it was quite dark and when we came in found all six children [Frances Jackson was with us] sitting in a semi-circle round a big wood fire, roasting apples and looking very picturesque.

On the Sunday following Jim's birthday Frances J. and Elizabeth got up a birthday procession in his honor, with all the children dressed in mediæval costumes, Baby as a princess leading the procession, with Louisa as her page. Jamie and Molly were ladies-in-waiting, Elizabeth and Frances J. men-at-arms.

On our fifteenth wedding anniversary Jim gave me a pearl pin in a clam-shell, with the following verses: —

"Come, come," said the clam-shell, "let's make a sweet pearl,
To caress the gay dress of a fresh budding girl;
Or the robe of a bride in her youth and her pride,
In the bloom of her hopes, with her spouse at her side;
Or the gown of a lady, so gracious and tall,
Or a dowager stately, or — better than all —
Of a matron arrived at life's *real* hey-day
(That bountiful season when youth comes to stay),
Not too old to be young nor too grave to be gay
Nor too solemn or stiff with her children to play.
In fifteen long years my task will be done,
In fifteen long years my sands will be run."

Then the honest clam shut-to his jaws with a jerk,
Sank down in his mud-flat and settled to work.
Both artist and jewel I offer to you;
You too know what fifteen long years can do.

*February* 15, 1901.

June of 1901 saw us again at Cotuit.

*To my mother*

*June* 9, 1901.

. . . The whole place is exquisitely green and full of birds and flowers. Frances is splendidly, eating enormously and determined to do as all the others do. She waded out to the boat, climbed in, took an oar by the wrong end, and began rowing quite well. She is very fearless and bound to "swim" as well as float. Molly is riding her bicycle everywhere, rowing her boat, and sitting up to supper; so she is quite emancipated.

*June 16.*

. . . Frances Jackson came down Friday with Jim. . . . The children are absorbed in their play, "Men of Iron" (dramatized by Grace Minns), and some one is reciting a part somewhere all the time. It is a most ambitious attempt, too much so, I think. Baby Frances is too amusing. The first day we arrived Lizzie Lowell asked her age. "Fwee and a half." The next day she met her again. "Good morning, Baby, what a big girl you have grown. How old are you?" Baby smiled and then said very deliberately, "I am *still* fwee and a half!"

This morning she called, "Louisa! Louisa! — Oh dear, mama says little girls must come when they are called, and now I have called Louisa twice and she has not come!" She "pwactices" every day carefully and nicely, playing her "Fwench tune" as she calls a five-

finger exercise. She always speaks of "taking a swim," and says she can float, swim and "wow a little," and "I am learning to sail!" the first being her sole accomplishment, really.

*June* 20.

. . . You can hardly imagine the wild spirits of the children now they have Frances [J.] and Gwen to add to their hilarity. They never stop laughing. Gwen is so sweet and gentle, she stirs Elizabeth up to be as funny as she can be, which means absolutely uproarious. They are very busy making a suit of armor for F. A. J. to wear in the play. Yesterday I met them in a procession coming up the street, each with an armful of hay, — almost a hay-cock apiece, — to stock our hayloft with, which they had gathered up from a lane on Mr. Coolidge's place. They were very sad when I made them return it. Baby plays with the big ones all the time and on equal terms. Adair Archer is here. Baby said, "I 'membered him quite well f'om last year, but he would not come to me, and he would not let me touts him. He was muts too delicate and too foolis'. Otis is not like that, he kissed me wight away!"

*July* 3.

. . . Saturday morning we had such good luck. It was cool enough for our audience, sitting on the piazza, to want wraps, and yet bright and sunny too. We rigged a big green curtain between the two elm trees and screened off retiring rooms by planting a hedge of young pines on each side. Then for the Privy Garden scene we made a bower of oak leaves and branches attached to a big iron fender which was easily moved on to the stage. And we made a splendid throne of packing boxes covered with the large parlor rug, with scarlet and gold draperies over a pair of steps behind it, on

which the Herald stood. The play was very effective. We had six esquires in yellow and black clothes, the Earl of Mackworth's retainers, besides a page in yellow and black — little Robin (Louisa). Elizabeth (as the Earl) was dressed in a crimson tunic and a yellow tabard and crimson cap trimmed with ermine. Gwen, as King Henry IV, wore a crimson tunic and superb red-and-gold cloak and gold chains and crown. Baby, in a little yeoman's costume A. C. P. made for Carly, held up the King's cloak. William Taussig wore a splendid Herald's dress of Frank Jackson's. Molly as Lady Alice wore pale brown with light blue veil and head-dress. Mary Taussig (Lady Anne) wore pink with velvet head-dress trimmed with pearls. There were six scenes, during which the hero Myles (Frances Jackson) appeared in four costumes and acted wonderfully.

Everything went beautifully and the audience were most enthusiastic. We had made six dozen frosted cakes and an indefinite quantity of lemonade, and kind Mr. John Coolidge had sent us a big loaf of cake and a lot of small ones. Jamie acted especially well as Sir James.

On Monday the girls all went to West Chop (Elizabeth, Gwen, and F. A. J.), and I had hard work to clear up and pack up theatrical properties and get the house ready for Charley's family, who came, with Annie, for the week of the Fourth. The children are having a blissful time together, but, as you predicted, the house seems very quiet without the big girls, even with all the Putnams.

*July 7.*

. . . The children had a most wonderful Fourth, and have had picnics and tea-parties since then. We went to the Island on the Fourth, and had two baths and

many fire-crackers and torpedoes. Fireworks in the evening. They were all in the seventh heaven of bliss.

Baby went out to row to-day and was much pleased. She said, "I think just before our dinner, and after our bath, on a cloudy day when papas take their chilluns out sailing, is the vewy best time for sailing and wowing. It is a good plan to go wowing at the best time, don't you think so?" We hear great praise of the children's acting on all sides. I wish you could have seen them.

That summer Baby was very anxious to write letters, and covered paper with scrawls which she translated to any one who would write letters for her. I have seven or eight of them and will put in some of the most amusing.

*Frances to E. C. P.*

*June* 18, 1901.

Aunty Betty likes that letter and dear Aunty Betty, Fwances Jackson wote it. Did Dr. Coolidge pick some poppies for Baby? Yes. Have you got a pwetty tablecloth on this table? Yes, I have. I swing in the hammock afterwards, after my letter. I play on the piano and play my Fwench tune. We've got a vewy pwitty garden. Aunty Betty, hev you got pwetty shells like Libbet's? Yes, I hev, pwettier than Lizabeth's. I'm go'n to be little Eveward at the play, the King's page, and is Gwend'lin go'n to be in the play? Yes, she's go'n to be the King. I do like those f'owers in Cotuit. Does Fwances Jackson live with mama and Fwances Putmen? Yes-um, she does.

Goodbye, from BABY.

The letter is done.

*Frances to her grandparents*

*July* 15, 1901.

DEAR GWAN'PA and GWAN'MA, —

Cousin Blanche wote it with her beautiful pen. I like that bath, and I wish you could have one too. I do like paint-bwushes. I have been painting. I have been at the beach; I digged and found a beauty crystal. And Otis was there, and Katie, and Baby Ellen. And now it's all done and I do like that letter. I am going to send a messet [age] by and by.

Goodbye to Gwan'ma and Gwan'pa from

BABY PUTNAM.

*To my mother*

. . . The other day I said to Baby, "You must not touch the sugar-bowl." "Why, mama, I was only please-passing it to myself!" We were driving and Baby was waving a green branch to keep off the flies. Blanche and I said it came in our eyes. "Well then, I will just wave it in the wind's eyes!"

*Frances to her grandmother*

*July* 31.

DEAR GRANDMA, —

I liked that letter. I went way off to Mrs. Morses and I had a party there, and we had chocolate cake and white frosting and black frosting; and little boys and big girls acted. A little boy acted and a girl came in and said, "Where are you going," and the boy said, "I am going to the Mud Bank," then that was all done, and then there was another, and then that was all done. Then we all clapped, and I was sitting next to Mary Tau' and we said funny things to each other and laughed. Then we hunted for caps, they were

out doors on trees. And after that we marched and I was the leader and they all had to follow me round and go to any place I did. Cousin Bessie Hamlen went to the beach and watched Baby go in bathing and Jamie. Tell grandpa I send him a message and to grandma. I send a message to Aunt Amy and the others, and did you say Uncle Steve and Uncle Fred? 'Cause I send a message to them too. Now you can say good-bye and nothing more.

From Baby Put.

This must have been one of Baby's first parties. Mrs. Morse remembered it too, and in writing me [December, 1913] said: —

Bright, darling Frances! So many memories of her come to me, every one of them beautiful. The first time we saw her was when she was not four years old, I think, and you all came to a party at our place. She was the first to run to the barn where we were all gathered, and she bounded across the floor like the very spirit of joy, turned and clasped her little hands and cried out as she looked up in my face, "We all came!" I think I never knew any one who carried with her so naturally that spirit of happiness wherever she went.

## III

BABY began her first year of kindergarten at Miss Hazard's school in October, and her delight in it was pleasant to see. I always walked down to school with her and Louisa in the morning (Molly went to Miss Fiske's, near by), and often stayed and looked on at the morning exercises. One day, I remember, Anne Coolidge, who was very shy, was given a little soft yellow ball and asked to tell its color. Tears came into her eyes, but nothing could induce her to speak. Frances waited impatiently for some time, and then, leaning towards her, said quite loudly, "Can't you say y-e-l-l-o, yellow?" (sounding each letter very distinctly). Anne laughed and said, "Yellow," very softly. The friendship of Frances and Anne began when they were babies playing on the beach at Cotuit; and as they saw more of each other at school, in Cotuit, the Adirondacks, and Boston, it grew steadily stronger.

Baby enjoyed her kindergarten intensely, and every morning when she woke she sang the songs she had learned there. She was very fond of singing although she did not have a good ear; and when every one rather laughed at her singing out of tune she was not at all discouraged, but practised her tunes over and over until finally she could sing them correctly. She never caught tunes easily, but she learned a great many, and could sing very acceptably at the camp-fire and on other occasions. I have been told that she was the one

to start the morning hymns in her room at school, although there must have been many more musical girls in the class.

It was during the winter of 1901–02 that she taught herself to read, lying flat on her stomach on the nursery floor, with a book open before her, calling to people as they passed the door or came into the room, "What does c-h-a-i-r spell?" or whatever the word happened to be; and in this way she learned to read quite easily and with great delight. One day that spring she was reading to herself one of Jacob Abbott's books, "Rollo Learning to Read," in which it is explained carefully to Rollo that learning to read requires great patience and is a difficult task, but repays the work put into it, in the end. Frances laughed loudly at this: "Wollo's father did not know much about children, did he? Learning to wead is the best fun I ever had." She and Louisa had whooping-cough that spring, which gave her plenty of time for reading. Writing she did not care about, and wrote a few words only, with great difficulty, when she began the following year to learn to write and read in the "connecting class" at school.

We went to Cotuit the end of May as usual and Baby dictated the following letter: —

*Frances to E. C. H.*

*June* 3, 1902.

Dear Aunt Lizzie,—

I hope you're better. How is Cousin Blanche? We go in bathing ev'wy day. Sometimes Molly and Jamie go out to the waft. Ma is vewy well. I am making a garden, and so is Louisa, and so is Molly. We planted nasturtiums and columbines, and wild garden seeds.

Mawy and Sydney come here ev'wy day. I took a sail with papa, and Jamie came with us on the sail.

Goodbye, from BABY.

*To my mother*

*June* 7.

. . . We have Betty Gray and Frances Jackson with us. Baby is very sweet with them. She is devoted to "Miss Betty," and is perfectly happy to trot round after her, and play croquet with her occasionally. She and Louisa are as brown as berries.

*June* 13.

. . . The girls have sailing lessons every day, and drive round the country with Mr. John Coolidge and have very good times. The other day, Mr. Coolidge said he saw two of his men looking across at our house very earnestly. He asked what the matter was. "Oh, we are only watching the Putnam fire-brigade at work!" and Mr. Coolidge said he then saw that our house-roof was swarming with children — Frances Jackson on the ridge-pole! . . . Baby is embroidering very nicely; she is quite handy with her needle.

*Frances to her grandfather*

*June* 15.

DEAR GWANDPAPA, —

I hope you will have a happy birthday to-mowow. How is Gwandmama and Aunt Amy? We go in bathing evw'y day. Gwendolen is staying here and Papa came too. . . . Yesterday we went to the Island to bathe and we picked up shells at the Island. They were beautiful shells too. We're goin' to hev a play. 'Ouisa is goin' to be "Lucy" in the play; Molly is goin' to be the "Old man" and Libbet is to be the Justice.

Mawy Coolidge is goin' to be "Mrs. Bustle," Sydney is "William," and *I* am goin' to be a *spectator!*

Goodbye, from FWANCES PUTNAM.

The play, Dickens's "Old Poz," although she did not act, was of intense interest to Baby, who from listening to many rehearsals knew every word of it and could prompt any one who forgot the lines, somewhat to her elders' dissatisfaction!

*To my mother*

*June 22.*

. . . Yesterday morning we had the play, with all Cotuit to look on, and to feed with lemonade and frosted cakes. It was very successful. Elizabeth looked the part of Justice Headstrong to perfection. She wore dark blue knee-breeches, white shirt and stock, black and white waistcoat and white stockings, — one foot all bandaged as for gout, Jim's brown dressing-gown faced back with large-flowered chintz, and a night-cap. Louisa, as Lucy, wore an old-fashioned, high-waisted, low-necked dress of white muslin, with a pink sash and hair twisted up, and was perfectly sweet. Molly had her hair in a queue, brown coat and leggins, bandanna handkerchief, as "Old Man." Sydney, in livery, was William, and Mary, all stuffed with pillows, red shawl, and large white cap, was the landlady. I made the magpie, and it was considered a great triumph. Elizabeth made the cage from a basket, with rattan and raffia. Louisa acted beautifully.

*June 25.*

. . . Baby cut her foot, which festered. So I started off this P.M. and came to town. C. P. P. and Jim met us at the station at 6.30 and at 7.30 they had cut away

the bad skin, got rid of the pus, and her foot was comfortably bandaged. This is only the second time in all the children's lives that any harm has come from their going barefooted. Baby made as much outcry as any one could while they cut her foot, and then complacently remarked, "I think I am vewy bwave!"

*July* 6.

. . . We have lived through the Fourth very happily, for which I give thanks every year. The Putnams came Monday and we have had a most successful week. The children all get up very early and play games steadily every moment they are not in the water. Beckon, base-ball, chess, checkers, parchesi, and croquet are kept up incessantly, Baby playing in all. The boys are very good and let her join (on the strongest side). She can bat a little, and knows all the jargon, says she is "second in bat," etc., etc. They will all miss Jamie so much when he goes, I dread it. He and Jim start on the 11th for Canada [for the Barrows' camp at Birch Bay, Georgetown].

On the Fourth the children were all up at six setting off torpedoes. We spent the morning bathing and sending off fire-crackers at the beach, and in the afternoon Annie and I took the children bathing again, while Lucy, Charley, and Jim went sailing. We had beautiful fireworks at the shore in the evening. Baby was perfectly enchanted. She looked up into the sky. "See the sparks [stars] up there!" Later, looking at the stars, she said, "I think that bunch of sparks is the pwettiest!"

### *M. C. P. to J. J. P.*

*July* 8.

. . . Frances is writing herself to mama. She can print the letters if I tell her how to spell, but as she

says, "I know how myself to w'ite *I hope you are well* [writing, I Hop U R WL]. The only twouble is I can only w'ite a cap't'l H and W and R and I know they ought to be small!"

This morning it rained and your three youngest daughters and I marked every article of Jamie's clothing. It seems like sending him out into the world and a long way off. Remember to have his big bag of bedding tagged and ready.

Among Aunt Lizzie Higginson's papers I found the following: —

*Frances Putnam's speeches, aged four*

Her mother had a headache. Frances climbed on to her bed and kissed her, saying, "Now I am like God." (Why?) "Because God is love, and I am loving you!" Then jumping down she said, "Now I am a carpenter making a couch. Shall I call my men, or will it disturb you, mama?" Her mother said it would not, so she called, "Come, men, and help me. Don't stand there doing nothing all day!" Then jumping on the bed again, she said, "Now I am a child," and began to recite the hymn "I am a little child," etc., etc.

On August 9 Blanche Channing died very suddenly, and I was away from home with Aunt Lizzie for a week or more. When I returned I brought Aunt Lizzie with me.

*To my mother*

*August* 18, 1902.

. . . Baby said, "I told Bella that I knew Aunt Lizzie would be very sad, and I should try to make her happy. I think and think, and think, all the time,

how to make her happy!" And she did devote herself to Aunt Lizzie, who found great comfort in her demonstrative affection.

BOWDITCH AND PUTNAM CAMP,
*September* 4.

. . . It was perfectly beautiful yesterday, and we went up to the Lakes and lunched at Rainbow Falls, eleven children and six grown-ups. Baby enjoyed it so much, especially seeing the rainbow in the Falls, and feeding the fishes in the lake.

*September* 12.

. . . As I write I can see quite a pretty sight — Henry, Charley, Jim, Jamie and Carlie, Elizabeth, Miriam, and Frances A. J., all working away with might and main, hauling on a rope tied to a big arbor vitæ, which has just been cut down and they are carrying away. We are enjoying most heavenly weather after a big rain-storm on Tuesday which filled the brooks and river to overflowing. The children were wild with delight and especially enjoyed bathing in the amber-colored, foaming, rushing brook. Tuesday was Henry and Selma's wedding day, which we celebrated by poems and presents and theatricals in the evening. Molly and Martha sang Indian and German cradle-songs, in costume. Tracy and Louisa repeated a little pastoral scene we had last Christmas. Carlie and Jamie did the Dwarf. Mabel Barrows gave us two Japanese dances in costume, which were really beautiful. Baby dressed in her night-gown, her hair flying, and a candle in her hand, recited "I had a little shadow." We arranged the light so as to throw her shadow on a screen behind her, which was very pretty. The last thing was an amusing charade got up by Lizzie Perkins.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

*September* 14.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are well. I go in bathing in the men's pool in the bwook sometimes. The Bartons came up here to see us and went away to-day. I had a picnic and a fire twice. Twacy and Martha get up awfully early every day. I acted "My little Shadow." I began a letter on the other side, but I like it better in ink. The beginning is just the same as this, and I made a kiss on the letter.

Goodbye,

from FWANCES PUTNAM.

Her pencilled letter on the back of this was in a sort of looking-glass writing almost impossible to decipher.

The winter of 1902 and 1903 was the last one when Baby had the happiness of knowing and being with my mother, whose health was broken by a serious heart trouble that made it necessary for her to give up the active life she had always led. She never appeared to be an invalid; she sat as straight and spoke as warmly as ever, but she could make very little physical exertion. She came downstairs (by an elevator which Fred had put in) and drove out almost every day, but most of the time she sat quietly reading or sewing. She suffered very great pain at times, but was absolutely uncomplaining, although she would sometimes admit that she "had a little neuralgia." She never allowed any one to pity her or to help or nurse her in any way.

Always a Spartan about any suffering or discomfort of her own, she had boundless sympathy for other people's aches and pains. She had not only borne ten children, eight of whom survived her, but she had the

"mothering instinct" so strongly in her nature that she could not see any one who needed to be taken care of without wanting to help them; and many are the people, from Amy's little baby foster-sister to older friends, whom she took into our house and surrounded with care and affection. She was one of the people about whom was always an atmosphere of hope and vigor. She pervaded every corner of her house like a great flood of invigorating sunshine, and gave a certain tonic impulse to every one under her roof. Dignified and reserved in appearance, with a deep, low voice, and tranquil manner that suggested repose, she had a generous, ardent, passionate nature, whose native fire one always felt beneath her habitual self-control.

In May, while I had gone with Jim to a medical congress in Washington, a sudden and severe attack of her heart trouble brought the end, and she died on May 14, 1903, just after her seventy-first birthday. Joe Lee wrote a beautiful little sketch of her which was printed on May 20: —

LOUISA HIGGINSON CABOT

There are people in whom the Lord seems to have put so much of nature, human and divine, that the rest of us seem pale and diluted in comparison; there are people by whom every duty is performed with a spirit and an adequacy that gives no suggestion of effort, but is the evident expression of a generous and abundant nature; there are those who, whatever the weight of care, or of the daily task, have strength so to bear it that, to family and friends and to strangers alike, their air and presence is one of order and tranquillity. Emerson said, "Our virtue is a fuss, sometimes a fit." Mrs.

Cabot's goodness was as steady as the sun. And it had in it the same sort of vital warmth; a warmth of love; underneath, too, one knew there was the power of wholesome wrath; and, behind great reserve of speech, an inflammable and enthusiastic spirit capable, on just occasion, of an even reckless self-forgetfulness. Conservative in outward things, she was an utter radical in obeying the promptings of her heart; sending her eight children away that she might nurse a servant through an attack of typhoid. Her courage was a trait not uppermost as one thinks of her, because it was courage of that quality that gives the spectator no sense of a struggle; resulting in entire disregard and utter reticence as to her own sufferings and sensations. And, as must be with those who are of the true salt of the earth, there dwelt, deep in all that warmth and wholesome nature, a never-failing sense of humor, an essential part of the mellowness and entire sanity of all her words and looks and thoughts.

## IV

THE first of Frances's letters that were written intelligibly, were to Aunt Lizzie Higginson, in January, 1903 — very brief, but written neatly and spelled correctly, as her letters usually were. Then comes a postal card to her father from Cotuit, June 15: "Dear Papa, Don't forget the sea-weed cards. Goodbye, from Frances," — addressed very nicely.

*To my father*

*June* 24.

. . . We have Hope and Charlotte Hemenway here, and Elizabeth Gray, and the Cotuit children are here from morning till night. They began acting charades at 9.30 this morning and have been full of fun all day. The house rings with their laughter at all hours, rain or shine. Frances enjoys these rainy days to the full, as she plays with the older ones altogether. [Her nurse had been given up a month previous to this time.] They spoil her dreadfully; it is no wonder if she becomes conceited.

*July* 5.

. . . We had some lovely fireworks last evening, and Frances was wild with delight. I wish you could have been here last Thursday. It was Tom Coolidge's birthday, and Mary C. and our children got up some Mother Goose pantomimes for him and also a little play.

. . . The Putnams stayed here until yesterday. They are most delightful children. To-day Dr. Peirson lent us his pony, and the children had a blissful time riding up and down. Jamie led Frances, but Molly and Louisa trotted about alone. I wish you could have seen them.

Frances is very well and happy, eager to learn everything that any one will teach her. As she says, "When 'rithmetic is my favorite thing, favoriter than croquet, I think it is too bad that no one will teach it to me!" She wrote, out of her own head, a list of words (concerning boats, shells, etc.) and numbered them all, for me to correct — twenty-one in all. Then she examined them. "Let's see, 14 are right, 7 wrong; well, that's almost three-quarters right!" She delighted Jim by saying this morning, "I am trying to learn how to make holes in shells; you see if I learn how to do things now, when I am a grown-up lady I shall know how!"

And she puts that spirit into everything; she seems to have a real love of learning to do things. If she does not grow conceited, she will be an able young woman some day.

I have three letters from her in July, one of which I will put here.

DEAR MAMA, —

I hope you are having a very nice time. The chickens were awfully cunning. I saw the incubator. I saw some of the chickens come out of the eggs. I saw two little kittens.

Goodby,

from FRANCES.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *August* 19, 1903.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are very well. We are all very well. The Monday before last, Ma and Louisa and I went to Cohasset for a week to stay with grandpa. We went in bathing twice. The float was on shore, quite a few times. I could touch out at the float. We are going to the fair to-day.

Goodby,

from FRANCES.

*August* 27, THE SHANTY.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are all very well. Here is the nepkin-ring you ast me for and I said I'd give you.

Good-by,

F. C. P.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

The napkin-ring that Baby sensds you has some little men on it with sords, farther on there are some trees. One of them has a shest with gold and silver, the other has one of golden apples, the men are fighting for the things.

Good by

from LOUISA.

*To my father*

*September* 13, THE SHANTY.

. . . Yesterday the annual tournament was held, and, besides all kinds of races and games, they had a competition for excellence in any kind of art or handicraft. This exhibition took place in the Stoop and was capital. After dinner, at the camp-fire, poems, serious and comic, were read and prizes were awarded for all sorts of skill.

Joe wrote a very witty poem, after the fashion of Dante's *Inferno*. Jim wrote a sweet "Ode to September," and there were many amusing poems. Privately I considered my "exhibit" the best. I had not handed in anything, or entered the lists, but at the camp-fire I requested my five children to stand in a row, Elizabeth with a red crêpe shirt-waist on, the other four in knickerbockers and red jerseys, and then I recited the enclosed verses. When Amy reads them to you, imagine my reciting them and then at the end pointing to the five children with their scarlet jackets glowing in the fire-light.

*Lines by M. C. P.*

(*presenting her five children to the company*)

Like the Olympians to the Games of old,
Come the competitors to this our Race:
Each child of genius enters, shy or bold,
Our noble contest for the proudest place.
And some there are who rival Vulcan's art;
And some Minerva's wisdom who impart;
And with fair paintings some adorn the hall;
While stringèd music sweet our ears enthrall.
The cunning product of the loom is here,
The needle's skill, and weavings of rafia;
Jewels of rarest hue, so deftly set
That still the workmanship is rarer yet.
With empty hands I come, like her of old renown:
"These are my jewels! these my music and my crown!"

Jim's verses on the same occasion were also sent to my father to see.

*Ode to an Adirondack September — very sentimental*

With lavish hand she flings her light and shade,
Clothing with glory every forest glade.
Resplendent Goddess — by the rushing stream,
And flaming hill, in moonlight-haunted dream,

Often thy flashing garments I have seen,
Or felt upon my face thy breath so keen.

What though thy brows are lightly touched with age,
— Queen of the changing year, prophetess sage! —
What though thy daylight breaks on frosty slopes,
Warning of cold December's fears and hopes!
Thy limbs are strong; sweet summer warms thy veins;
Thy voiceful forests ring with summer's strains.

Twelve hours the glorious Day sings of thy might
Slow yielding to his radiant sister, Night;
Then pours through vale and grove the Harvest Moon
The silent symphony of her midnight moon.

J. J. P.

*September* 13, 1903.

There are a number of notes from Frances to Aunt Lizzie that autumn, all neatly written and rightly spelled. Also a letter to my father, dictated: —

*December* 23, 1903.

DEAR GRANDPA, —

I'll send you a Christmas letter for a Xmas present because I have nothing else.

I am making a ball at home for Joe or Susie Lee, partly out of your worsted, and partly out of ours.

I am going to have a Christmas tree at school. I am making lanterns for it. There is going to be presents for Papa and Mama on the Xmas tree.

I went shopping and I saw some little funny Indian pigs with front feet and thistles at the back. I am making some sewing at home.

We are going to act *Rose and the Ring* on Christmas. I wish you a merry Christmas and I hope you will ask Aunt Amy to read this letter to you.

Good bye, from FRANCES.

*January* 15, 1904.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I am going to tea at Francis Parkman's. I hope you are all very well.

Good bye

from FRANCES.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are all very well. We are all very well. Molly is going to the Lymans on this Saturday.

Good by

from FRANCES PUTNAM.

*March*, 1904.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are very well. We are very well. has n't Wednesday and the day before been hot? I would be delighted to come to see you on Saturday if Mama will let me. I am going to supper with some other girls at Peggy Lee's.

Good by

from FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

Then there is one letter in type-writing, which she learned entirely by herself, with the address and all written out nicely in type.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are all very well. We are all very well, except I have a bad cold. I had to stay at home from school two days. On Tuesday I went to the circus. It was great. There were animals of every sort. It was

wonderfull, there were people walking across wires. There was a net below to catch them if they fell.

Your loving

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

P. S. I am going to Cotuit on the 28th of May, 1904.

She enjoyed learning to write on the typewriter exceedingly, but she used it very little except to write out lists of things, and notices of various clubs, etc., to which she belonged.

*To my father*

*June* 14, 1904.

. . . We are very happy here and the weather is beautiful, like autumn. The children and I started at eight o'clock to fill all the wood-boxes, and then to cut the grass with a lawn-mower and rake it up, and after an hour and a half of such work we felt pleasantly warm.

Now they are all playing the game of "Beckon," their favorite hiding-places being on the roof. It is an agitating game for me, but they like it.

*Frances to her grandfather*

*June* 15.

DEAR GRANDPA, —

Margaret and Gertrude Townsend were staying with us. Tell Aunt Amy that Molly took some more pictures after she had gone. This morning we had a game of beckon and another of hide-and-go-seek. I hope you will have a happy birthday.

With love from

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

FRANCES AND HER GRANDFATHER — 1903

*Frances to E. C. H.*

*June* 22.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I have forgotten whether I sent my letter thanking you for the maple sugar. And if I did n't I will thank you now. How are you? Please write and answer.

Yours with love,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

P. S. Ned Winsor is staying with us. On Sunday we took our dinner and lunched at the island. We have a rabbit eating up our garden. We have made a trap for him.

F. C. P.

This summer the children had a fair at our house for the benefit of the Cotuit Library, and Baby was absorbed in embroidering mats, and making bags for it. She and the little Taussig girls worked together and made a great many things.

*Frances to her grandfather*

Saturday, *August* 5, 1904.

DEAR GRANDPA, —

The fair is coming off on the 12th. We expect to get about $11. I am very sorry that your eye is hurting you.

from FRANCES.

P. S. I did n't send it till now.

*August* 24, 1904.

DEAR GRANDPAPA, —

We got $71. at the fair! My table sold out very quickly. I hope your eye is better. How is A. A. and U. F.? Mama sends you her love.

From F. C. P.

The fair was a great success, and the little girls were very proud when they counted out their seventy-one dollars and handed the amount over to Lawrence Lowell, who was the Treasurer of the Library.

We went up to the Adirondacks the last of August as usual, and had a very delightful fortnight there before Jim and Jamie and my brother Fred started on their western trip, going to the St. Louis Exposition on their way. We stayed on at the Shanty after they left, returning to Boston about September 26.

Mr. Hodgson devoted himself to the children, as he always did, and Frances was old enough to enjoy his companionship and leadership. He taught them to sing at the camp-fire and to build fires in the brook, to put up and carry their own lunches, to toast their own bread in the morning; and in all sorts of small ways he inculcated the doctrine that camp-life to be successful must be coöperative, and each camper must early learn to be independent and to help others to be so.

The annual tournament, with sack and potato races for the children and all kinds of games of skill, and original verses read at the camp-fire, came earlier than usual this year, in order to include Jim and Jamie. Richard Hodgson wrote the following verses as a farewell to them.

*From the Shanty-ites to Jim and Jamie*

The time is near, the hours are few,
Jamie and Jim will soon be gone;
Niagara, St. Louis too,
And then the depths of Yellowstone.

The Golden Gate, the orange groves,
Deserts of sun with scarce a shadow,

The wastes the Arizonian loves,
The canyon of the Colorado.

And Frances chirps with her little chime,
"They'll soon be back, I should think so, rather!
They'll have a real splendiferous time,
And Jamie'll take good care of father."

Molly shuffles her finger and toe,
And just as usual, quick and gamey,
Shouts, "They will come back safe, I know
Father will take good care of Jamie."

Louisa pipes up, "Yes, indeed,
I know it," and smothers a little sigh;
And Libbet gives the good God-speed
As all the family bids good-bye.

And while they fare through passing days
By stream or gorge or distant sea,
The trusting wife and mother prays,
"Oh bring my J. J.'s back to me."

And so say all in Shanty-land
Whose love for both is very warm;
Earnest the prayer of the Shanty-band,
"Keep our beloved free from harm."

And whether where the waters boom
And whirlpool rapids heave and groan,
Or where the precipices loom
That crown the pride of Yellowstone,

Or where the human crowds are met
To scan the planets' industries,
Or where the orange groves are set
To flower and fruit by western seas,

Or where the lonely trail is laid
Along the canyon's mighty rim,
Blessings that neither fail nor fade
Go with our Jamie and our Jim.

R. Hodgson.

At the same camp-fire at which Mr. Hodgson read these verses, I read some that I had written to him.

*To R. H.* (*with apologies to R. B.*)

Robert Browning's told us
In verses wise and witty
The story of the Piper Pied,
Beloved by children far and wide,
As he wandered o'er the mountainside —
A strange and tragic ditty
Of some five hundred years ago.
To have the story ended so
We always thought a pity.

You remember how
"All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
. . . . . .
When lo, as they reached the mountainside
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed,
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountainside shut fast."

"Shut fast," did I say?
Would you find them again,
To Shanty-land then go,
Where the sun shines warm on hill and plain
And rushing waters flow.
There, where the mountains are steepest,
There, where the valleys are deepest,
There shall we find our lost youth,
Simplicity, gladness, and truth;
And with our own Piper to lead us,
And no one to hinder or heed us,
We will sing as we sit round the fire,
And rejoice as the flames leap up higher.

So, Richard, be sure to remember,
In the dull chilly days of November,
How safely you led your young band
Through enchantment to old Shanty-land.

*September* 12, 1904.

*M. C. P. to J. J. P.*

*September* 13, 1904.

. . . It seems an age since you and Jamie left us. Mr. Hodgson and Charley took the children to Eagle and Red Flag cliffs and the Wash Bowl, and they said they missed Jamie very much.

*September* 24.

. . . It has been extraordinarily cold, ice more than an inch thick in the tub behind the house. Every one has gone except Charley's family and ours and Mr. Hodgson. We took our luncheon and picnicked way up beyond the boulder on our brook. It was perfectly lovely. We made a fire and cooked bacon, potatoes, soup, cocoa, and tea. We spent several hours there. The day before we went to see the river, which was very full, and had a camp-fire in the evening. To-day the children are hard at work making birthday presents for Mr. Hodgson. . . . We start for home to-morrow.

We left Mr. Hodgson alone at the Shanty, and he wrote several letters to Frances, telling her about his days up there.

*R. H. to Frances*

*September* 30.

Dear Frances, —

Do you suppose that you can trim a lamp and sweep a room as well as I can? If you do, I'll have a competition with you next year in the Stoop. . . .

R. Hodgson.

*Frances to her father*

*October* 2, 1904.

DEAR PAPA, —

I have been having a corking time with Julia. She had a corking party yesterday. Tell Jamie he has got to write to me. Thanks for the cards. I loved the Poem about the donkey.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

*October* 21.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

Thank you for the paper doll you gave me. It was very nice. I got some other nice presents. A purse, desk pen, pencil-eraser, cup and saucer, tea-pot, pencil, some leads, necklace, pin, pin-case, box with two cups in it, dove-pigeon and postal card,

from FRANCES,

and plant and going things, game and dog.

Jim and Jamie returned on Frances's seventh birthday, after having had a most successful journey to Colorado, Arizona, and California.

When Baby was nearly seven, she began her second year in the primary department of the school at 319 Marlborough Street. She was always happy at school, and her reports were invariably good; that for the year ending May 27, 1904, records her reading, spelling, and language work as "Excellent"; writing, "Very Good"; Arithmetic, "Good, both in reasoning and mechanical work"; Science, "Observation accurate, expression clear"; Poetry, "Excellent in appreciation and expression"; Manual Training, "Good, with steady improvement." — "An entirely satisfactory year." The report for 1904–05 was practically the same: in

Arithmetic, "Excellent, reasoning ability unusually developed, improvement in neatness of work during latter part of year." "A year of good work."

This winter and the one before she had no nurse, and went to and from school and out to play by herself when I was not with her. Dr. Balch's family lived across Clarendon Street, very near by, and Frances and Lucy played together every day and dashed in and out of each other's houses at all hours. Maggie Lee had an outing class for two winters for Peggy and Susy, under the charge of Marjorie Gregg. The children played all sorts of games on the Common near the Spruce Street entrance, and coasted in snowy weather. Lucy and Frances used to go together to join the others, and Marjorie walked back with them as far as Marlborough Street. Frances was devoted to "Greggy" as she called her, and Marjorie says she was a delightful member of the class because she was so fond of games and enjoyed everything they did, and acted as peacemaker if any of the others disagreed.

The Worcesters had moved to Boston and Marlborough Street, and Conny and Guerdon were favorite playmates of hers. The first day Baby discovered them she rushed up to me in great excitement. "I have some new friends, mama, and when I tell you who they are you'll be so surprised! They are a clergyman's children! Now, are n't you glad? For you know you are so very fond of religion!"

Frances began to go to church at an early age, singing the hymns with enthusiasm and finding the places in the service-book with eager interest. For some years I had been in the habit of going to the Unitarian Church in Brookline, and the children came

with me (except Elizabeth, who preferred to go to King's Chapel with Frances Jackson). They stayed for the service but went out during the last hymn before the sermon and walked up to my father's, where we all dined on Sundays. Jim and I had begun dining in Brookline on Sundays when we were first married, and always did so as long as my father lived. We also dined there on Thanksgiving Days, and afterwards went to the big family party at Cousin Lillie Cabot's in the afternoon. That was one of the events of the year, walking up in the cold, short Thanksgiving afternoon to the big house on the hill, whence we could look off for miles in every direction in the wintry sunset light.

There would be gathered all the children of the family, and their elders, from the babies — who sat on the floor at the feet of their proud mothers, playing blocks on the large rug in the parlor — to the bigger children, — who played "Fox and Geese" and "Open the Gates as high as the Sky" on the polished floor of the big hall, ending always with a wonderful game of "Going to Jerusalem," all over the house, under the leadership of Charles Storrow, — up to the very oldest members of the family, who were safely ensconced on sofas or easy chairs round the outside of the room and watched the rising generation as it flew by. After kitchens and attics had been traversed by the procession following Charles Storrow, and they had reached the upper hall, Mrs. Parkman would strike up some lively dance-music and they would rush down the broad stairway and form a great circle in the hall below, dancing round and round, forward and back, finally breaking into a waltz, until the

dining-room door was opened and they marched in to supper.

The long table was a blaze of light, with wonderful decorations of tiny turkeys and bonbons and flowers, and here the thirty-four youngest children sat, with as many as twelve high chairs for the real babies. Another table in the bay window held a dozen or so more of the next older, and the rest of us had tea and chocolate, cake and ice-cream, from tables that had appeared in the hall as if by magic. Each child at his place had a little lace bag of candy — a survival of an old-time custom dating back to my own young days, when the Thanksgiving party was at Aunt Cabot's and when she herself made such bags and gave them to each child. At tea-time Will Cabot, and in later years Bessie Hamlen, would go round with a little book and write down the names of every one present, and the numbers were well up above a hundred.

These family gatherings can never be forgotten by any of us, and were keenly enjoyed by our children, especially by Frances, who dearly loved to see her cousins together, and was especially sociable with those whom she did not know well.

For a city child, Frances had a great deal of country life. With the Richardsons in Chestnut Hill, the Lymans in Waltham and for two years in Brookline, and my father's family in Brookline, she had the opportunity of spending her Saturdays and Sundays out of town, and coasting, skating, climbing trees, playing hare and hounds were common joys to her.

My father had borne my mother's death in a very remarkable way. His spirits remained cheerful, and though he must have missed her companionship and

devotion every hour, yet he did not seem sad. He said to me once, "I have lived five years without seeing your mother. I can live on without hearing her; I always feel as if she were near." His health continued apparently good, though his appetite rather failed, and in small ways he was not so energetic. But he entered into the life of his children and grandchildren with much interest, and was pleased to have Fred and Amy give a birthday dance for Elizabeth at the house on February 21. He did not come down, but sat in his room all the evening, and the girls and boys whom he knew went up and made calls on him, which he greatly enjoyed.

In March Amy made a short visit to Mabel Sedgwick in New York, and Frances and I went out to stay with papa. Baby was constantly with him, and though he had begun to feel poorly he enjoyed her visit and I shall never be sufficiently glad that they had those days together. After Amy's return he failed rapidly, and died on April 14, 1905.

All the children went to his funeral, which was at the church. They came in by the side door and each one put a wreath or bunch of flowers on the casket. Baby was awed but not in the least frightened. It impressed her deeply but not painfully.

Jim wrote an account of my father which was printed in the *Transcript:* —

THE LATE FRANCIS CABOT

The personal traits of Mr. Francis Cabot, who died on Tuesday at his home in Brookline, were so full of interest and charm that the contemplation of his life should be a source of inspiration and delight. A careful

observer and a thoughtful student, a man of childlike simplicity and directness, unhampered by the slightest tinge of vanity or self-seeking, his judgments were invariably keen, generous, and sound, his sympathies sincere and broad.

His power of enjoyment was so rich, his interests so real, his sense of joyfulness so independent of purely personal considerations, that his own trials and regrets were easily transcended, and he could "live ever in a new day." Up to his seventy-third year his life had been continuously that of a hard-working, upright business man, a good citizen, and an unfailing friend to the large circle who depended on him for counsel and for help. His health was still excellent, and he might have remained at his post until his death, but that in the autumn of 1897 he became totally blind. Yet so genuine and so essential had his enjoyment been of every pleasure that the eyesight brings, — of natural scenery, his books, the faces of his children and his friends, — that the strong current of his thought continued to flow on with undiminished vigor in the wonted channels, and, to the grateful astonishment of his friends, no murmur was ever heard, no word even, calling attention to his loss. Instead of these there were constant references, and outbursts of pleasure and appreciation, which showed that the beauty of the changing season, and even the forms and faces of the grandchildren whom his eyes had never seen, existed for him, clothed with color and individuality and warm with life.

His visual memories and fancies were so definite, and so precious a possession, that he would not allow them to be dimmed by the reflection that their actual verification was no longer possible. And as in this respect, so it was in others. It was always that which he possessed, and most of all the sunshine and affection

by which he was surrounded and which he himself inspired, that alone was real to him. It was an essential part of the beauty of Mr. Cabot's attitude and conduct that they were so spontaneous and so simply natural as not to be felt, either by him or any one, as a cause for praise.

> His action won such reverence sweet
> As hid all measure of the feat.

The beautiful old elm tree which stood by the Brookline house and overshadowed the piazza, died shortly after my father. Fred had had it enriched and cared for several times when it seemed as if it were dying, and it had revived. It put out its buds and early leaves as usual that spring, and then died. The tree was connected with every happy memory of home, and was beloved by my father and mother and all of us, almost as if it were a member of the family. It was strange but fitting that it did not survive my father. The house still stands and is happy and hospitable, with the Eliots as tenants. Amy and Fred could not continue to live in it and they bought a house in Chestnut Street and moved into town in the autumn of 1905.

THE BROOKLINE HOUSE

## V

And here a reminiscence holds me fast:
I came into a pasture where I saw,
'Mid mild-eyed cows and arbor-vitæ trees,
A group of mansions dotted here and there,
From which there issued in the pearly dawn,
As sunrise sung along the mountain-tops
And all the grass lay crisp in silver frost,
A throng of beings clothed in shining robes
Who straightway plunged them in the crystal stream,
Then ate of milk and honey in a hall
With stately armor decked and antique harps.
Then some bore upward where the unchecked wind
Blows o'er the ancient mountains evermore,
Making the soul, like an æolian harp,
Resound to dreams of everlasting peace.
Others returned to books or sports, or made
Rich rugs or rings by cunning artifice.
Then all assembled round a mighty pile
Of flaming logs, and there till it was late
With song and story made the glad echoes speak;
Then wended home and left the rushing brook,
And the still moonlight watching over all.
And here my guide turned with her proudest smile:
"They cured the body and mind of many men,
Mended the broken life, and cleansed again
The half polluted current of the soul.
They climb the blessed heights they helped ascend
The halting feet of weaker brethren;
The mansions they inhabit there were built
When they established many a tottering home;
The flame they sit by they have helped ascend
In many a heart grown cold and desolate.
We make each one his dwelling; theirs is such
As courage, love, and loyalty attain."

(*Written by Joe Lee at the end of a letter to Charley, September, 1905.*)

## *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

Bowditch & Putnam Camp,
*September* 7, 1905.

. . . It has rained here ever since we came, and Sunday was such a downpour as to make a freshet in the valley. Bridges were swept away everywhere, fields of grain ruined and three cows drowned. Our brook and all the brooks and rivers are wonderful — torrents of amber foam; and whenever it stops raining we all go out to see the rushing brooks and waterfalls.

*September* 11.

. . . It cleared off beautifully Thursday night, and since then we have had superb clear moonlight nights and beautiful days.

On Saturday we had a Noah's Ark party, with Henry and Selma as Mr. and Mrs. Noah, and the rest of us as the Ham, Shem, and Japhet families and animals in pairs. As there are thirty-two of us it was quite a pageant. We marched up to a newly finished shanty and christened it the Ark. Lizzie Perkins was the Dove. Frances is very happy with the two dear little Goddard boys.

In the Camp-book there is a picture of Frances and Anne Clements as a pair of rabbits, and one of William and Amory as browntail moths.

This year for the first time Frances came to dinner, and she found great enjoyment in the table-talk of her elders. She regarded grown-up people as comrades, and ever since her babyhood had consorted on the friendliest terms with them. She loved to listen to their talk, and if she asked a great many questions, they

DANCING OFF DEPARTING GUESTS

FRANCES, LOUISA AND TRACY

could not have been tiresome ones, because all older people liked her. She was not so much the pet as the companion of my contemporaries; and at the Adirondacks she had a rare opportunity of knowing very interesting older people.

First there was Henry Bowditch, who, with Charley Putnam, was the host at camp, and who always gave a dignity to every occasion. In a sketch of him in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* of March, 1911, Jim writes: —

A word must be said, in closing, about Dr. Bowditch's private and social life. Strong as was his sense of public obligation and of public trust; grave and even stern as his expression, speech, and manner could become when occasion seemed to him to call for gravity or sternness, he had nevertheless a side of gayety and lightness, without knowing which it was impossible to know him. Whether as host at his own table or as guest at a friend's; on every occasion — and many were found — when his hearty laugh had an excuse for making itself heard; as kite-flyer, mountain-climber, inventor, photographer, furniture-maker and repairer, — in all these capacities, and many more, he showed a humor, kindliness and charm which made him a delightful and most genial friend and comrade, though each pleasant toil was marked with the never-wanting stamp of fidelity, thoroughness and honesty.

It was in the thoroughly free life of the Adirondacks camp, to which through thirty years he looked forward with such pleasant longing from one summer to the next, that these qualities came most strongly to the front. No one could have entered with more zest than he into the varied pleasures of that enchanted spot. There reserve and formality could be laid aside, and free

play allowed to the instincts of hospitality, sociability, and the playfulness of boyhood at its best.

Many friends came to camp as his guests, among them several colleagues, as Sir Michael Foster and Professor Waller, whose acquaintance he had made during an extended visit to England, and a number of companions of the pleasant Leipzig days — Sir Lauder Brunton, Kronecker, and Mosso. A ledge on one of the spurs of the Giant Mountain near the camp was dedicated to Mosso, with amusing and mock-stately ceremonies, and still bears an inscription with his name. This compliment was gracefully repaid by him, later, through the dedication of the "Lago di Bowditch" [1] to his former host.

The "playfulness" alluded to recalls a picture of him at the camp-fire, where I can still see him standing on one leg with the other held up as a hand-organ, grinding out harsh tunes and passing his hat around afterwards. The young people were never tired of this time-honored performance, which, with George Goddard's *Shpaking of Malone*, Charley's *Little Billie*, and Dr. Wadsworth's *King of the Cannibal Islands*, was always called for, no matter what new talent was in hand to be drawn from. Many distinguished men and women visited our camp during Frances's growing up — Lady Brunton, who came with her husband, Lord and Lady Bryce, Drs. Freud, Ferenczi, and Jung, Professor Morse, Charles Minot, Charles Lowell, Edward Emerson, and others too numerous to name.

Edward Emerson, in one of his early visits to camp,

[1] This is a small lake on the Italian side of Monte Rosa, near the "Cabana Margherita," one of the high-altitude laboratories built for Professor Mosso.

did us an immense service by creating, out of material found on an old rubbish heap, armor of all kinds which still adorns the walls. His masterpiece is a complete figure in armor, standing in the corner of the dining-room, of "Sir Guy Witherington Fitz-Bowditch Shantum, Sixth Baron Shantum, Fourth Viscount Putney," as the witty catalogue written by him and Moorfield Storey tells us.

Henry and Charley were not only the heads of our small community; they were also the hands. The well-stocked workshop in the barn was their special domain, and everything that could be made or mended was done there. Besides the workshop, Charley had a special surgery in the little sitting-room of the Bungalow, where each morning and night there came one or more of the barefooted children to have their bruised toes doctored. Frances was apt to have more than her share of cotton cocoons on her toes and fingers, as she was always inclined to "monkey with the jig-saw."

The organization of the camp at the Adirondacks was largely Charley's work. As treasurer, he did all the buying, and, with Hattie Shaw as his efficient lieutenant, provided liberally for the comfort of the guests, while he successfully held aloft the banner of plain living and high thinking. The genius of its founders has lived through forty years of Shanty life and has stamped itself indelibly upon the place, so that all who come and go feel that its customs are sacred and not to be lightly or unadvisedly changed. Joe Lee, in the monograph he wrote about Charley, in speaking of his professional and public work, so well sketches the traits that were noteworthy at camp, that I quote his words here: —

. . . Dr. Putnam was for a generation the backbone of social work in Boston. We have all looked to him to do the hard things — to take up the new line at which the timid balked and which the unimaginative could not see, sustaining the old from which the glamour had worn off, stiffening up the weak places, making the hard decisions. He was here, as in all things, a man to accept responsibility, take the burden on himself, and carry it — a patient and successful physician to the community as well as to the child.

Dr. Putnam's most distinctive characteristic was the power of enlistment. In each of the many services he undertook, it seemed to those he served and to his fellow workers as if that must be the only thing he had to do. There are in every enterprise the helpful men, the wise, the brilliant men, the steady workers. And then there are the essential men, those without whom the thing will not be done. In an extraordinary number of instances Dr. Putnam was among these last. Whatever happened, however badly things might go, whoever else became lukewarm or discouraged, his associates knew that he, at least, would see the thing through, that he had enlisted for the war, and intended doing as much, be it more or less, as might be necessary. The time at his disposal seemed always to be infinite, and he had no observable bias as to hours. There is no evidence, known at least outside his immediate family, that he ever ate or slept, and three in the morning was apparently the same to him as three in the afternoon. . . .

Dr. Putnam had a fairy-godmother quality, as many of us know. I remember on my first visit to his much-loved shanty in the Adirondacks, I came to believe that if, when walking up a mountain, you happened to want anything, from a piece of maple sugar to a volume of Shakespeare or a box of paints, you had only

to look under the nearest stump and you would find that Dr. Putnam had anticipated exactly that need at that particular spot. . . . And the best was the power behind it all in the great kind heart, that would see and know only the best, and, with a quality like the sun, could see only light wherever it was turned.

"Ollie" Wadsworth was one of those who came each September, and his genial, kindly voice was always to be heard at table, discussing every subject, and could still be heard in the Stoop in the small hours of the morning, in hot but good-natured argument with George Goddard and Dick Hodgson.

. . . There was perhaps no one of the many regular visitors to that upland clearing of happy memories who expressed himself less effusively about its pleasures, and yet enjoyed them more. Certainly there was no one whose coming was more hopefully looked for; and after he had slipped silently into his accustomed little room in the old farmhouse, and had been seen lounging about in his gray flannel shirt and long stockings, with his quiet, good-humored smile and the cigar that disputed with his pipe the right to be considered as his most constant friend, it was felt by everybody that the halcyon time of careless holidays might fairly be considered open. He appeared, under these conditions, one of those persons who, while always unobtrusive, make their presence seem almost indispensable. You could not bore him by too much conversation, nor drive him by any amount of silence into ennui. Fond of comfort as he was, and even of luxury of the simpler sorts, neither the hottest nor the coldest day, the steepest climb, the longest walk, the plainest fare, drew a complaint from him.

The trout, the grouse, the early pea,
By him, if there, were freely taken;
If not, he munched with equal glee
His bit of bacon.[1]

The coming of William James was one of the joys we looked forward to from year to year. One cannot say that he was at his best there, for he gave of his best everywhere, but he certainly was better than almost any one else could be! The children and I had special chances to see him, because we used to come down early to "coffee" when many of the campers were asleep, and breakfast together. He said one day: "This is a strange world; here am I with a bevy of women and children and I *like* it!" He was delightful with the children and sometimes joined in their escapades. Once they dug a small pit, putting a slip-noose at the bottom of it, covered with boughs, and adroitly chased Mr. Hodgson, whom they were always trying to "capture," so that he stumbled into it. Whereupon Mr. James, who was hidden behind a bank holding the rope, pulled up the slip-noose, thus taking Mr. Hodgson captive, and escorted by the shouting children led him round the camp in triumph. He used to amuse Louisa by pretending not to know her name, always calling her "Florence." Baby's high voice distressed him and he would beg her to "growl a little." That was when she was very small. Her voice grew lower and gentler as she grew older. In a letter to a friend he said, "Jim's children are like so many little Bibles!"

[1] *Memorial to Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth*, M.D. By J. J. Putnam. April, 1912.

He would talk delightfully in the evenings, and would sometimes read aloud to us papers on which he was working.

But my most cherished memory of him is sitting by the fire in our "Parents' Assistant," discussing questions of philosophy with Jim late into the evening, while I darned stockings and one or more of the children slept peacefully in the room. The following account of him is taken from Jim's article, "William James," in the *Atlantic* for December, 1910: —

From the time of our first meeting until a few months before his death I had the privilege of seeing James fairly often, and of knowing something of his intellectual interests and work. From 1876 onward he made almost yearly visits to a charming spot in the Adirondacks, where there lies, in the midst of mountains, brooks, and forests, a little group of rough houses forming a sort of camp. James was formerly part owner of this very satisfactory establishment, and appreciated to the fullest extent its simple but copious resources.

These visits meant an opportunity of meeting a variety of acquaintances and friends under the most informal of conditions, and usually meant also a fresh deal of health. As a walker, he used to be among the foremost, in the earlier years, and it was a pleasure to watch his lithe and graceful figure as he moved rapidly up the steep trails or stretched himself on the slope of a rock, his arms under his head, for resting. He had the peculiarity, in climbing, of raising himself largely with the foot that was lowermost, instead of planting the other and drawing himself up by it, as is so common. This is a slight thing, but it was an element counting for elasticity and grace. There were periods

when he took the longest walks and climbs, but after a time he felt that very vigorous exertion did not agree with him; and this belief, combined with his love of talk with some congenial person on some congenial subject, usually kept him back from the vanguard and rather at the rear of the long line, where he could walk slowly if he liked and find the chance to pause from time to time in order to enjoy and characterize in rich terms the splendid beauty of the steep forest-clad slopes, with the sun streaming through the thick foliage and into the islets between the tall trees.

There were certain spots which he particularly liked to visit, and even to visit alone or with a book — for he was always industrious and often did his fifty pages of solid reading daily. One such place, a ledge forming the verge of a superb precipice, with two fine pine trees overhead and the heavily wooded valley of the Ausable River rising steeply toward the north and descending into a broad plateau toward the south, was named for him many years ago by a warm friend and admirer. Another beautiful spot, well up on a steep side of Round Mountain, I remember reaching with him toward the end of a still and golden September day. We had been walking for a number of hours through the thick, dark woods, and this beautiful bit of cliff, nearly inclosed by the dense spruces of the forest, and carpeted with moss of a rich, yellowish-green tint, afforded the first chance for the afternoon sun to stream in and for the trampers to obtain a glimpse of the hazy valley winding off far beneath, and of the sun-deserted mountains closing in the deep ravine, along one side of which runs the narrow trail. I recalled this spot to his memory in a letter written several years later, when he was in Europe. He wrote back, saying, "Your talk about Keene Valley makes me run over with homesickness. Alas, that those blessed heights should henceforward

probably be beyond my reach altogether! It is a painful pang!"

Fortunately, this prediction was not fulfilled. He improved greatly on his return to America after this trip, came several times again to revisit old haunts, and even did a fair amount of walking.

He was very fond of stirring poetry, and one or another of our fellow campers has spoken of verses by Kipling or Walt Whitman or Goethe as associated with the thought at once of him and of some special mountain-top or forest walk.

Richard Hodgson was the leader of the camp in walks and games of all kinds, and took endless trouble to teach the children to sing. Frances profited much by this teaching, and he wrote a song to the tune of "A-roving, a-roving, with you, fair maid," in a letter to her, that she always sang all through its six verses and chorus at the camp-fires in after years.

PUTNAM CAMP, ST. HUBERTS, ESSEX CO., N.Y.,
*October* 21, 1905.

I

In Shanty-land there stays a man, —
Mark you well what I say, —
In Shanty-land there stays a man,
And he is warming all he can,
Because it is a-snowing in Shanty-land.
CHORUS. A-snowing
A-snowing
Because it is a-snowing
Because it is a-snowing
In Shanty-land.

II

The snowing started in the night, —
Mark you well what I say, —

The snowing started in the night
And now the shanty-roofs are white,
Because it is a-snowing in Shanty-land.

III

The trees have lost their leaves of red, —
Mark you well what I say,—
The trees have lost their leaves of red,
The snow mist's on the Giant's head,
Because it is a-snowing in Shanty-land.

IV

It's rather cold to take a walk, —
Mark you well what I say, —
It's rather cold to take a walk,
So let us have a "letter talk,"
Because it is a-snowing in Shanty-land.

V

The B's are still in Shanty life, —
Mark you well what I say, —
The B's are still in Shanty life,
They're in the farm-house, man and wife,
Because it is a-snowing in Shanty-land.

VI

And if you'll know this writer's name, —
Mark you well what I say, —
And if you'll know this writer's name,
Why now as mine 't is just the same,
Although it is a-snowing in Shanty-land.

RICHARD HODGSON.

He stayed at the Shanty with Henry and Selma Bowditch quite late that autumn, and when he returned he came to see us and offered to dine with us on Saturday evenings after Christmas, to practise part songs with the children; but he did not carry out this plan, for he died very suddenly on the twentieth of

CARLIE AND JAMIE AT CAMP

December. The following is from a sketch of him printed shortly after his death.

. . . It was his custom each year to take a month's holiday in the Adirondack woods, where he could enjoy to his heart's content the beauties of nature and the companionship of his friends. All the children loved him, and he loved them, from the youngest toddler to the half-grown boys and girls whom he delighted to guide on mountain tramps, and while initiating them into the mysteries of wood-craft, to lead them to see and appreciate the wonders of color and outline in the everlasting hills.

His tireless energy in planning walks and excursions, his endless patience in watching over the younger ones and not letting them overtax their strength, the marvellous stories that made every meal-time a feast, and shortened the longest walk, the games which he started and entered into eagerly, his absolute losing of himself in the happiness of others, these things we can never forget.

The camp-fires he made and taught the boys to make were warmer and brighter than ordinary camp-fires, just as the songs he taught them to sing were sung with a spirit and rhythm all his own. Day after day he practised ballads and chanties with them, and if a child had never been able to sing a tune before, he was inspired to do so then.

He had indeed all the qualities to endear him to children: tireless, brave, adventurous, unselfish, chivalrous, and pure in heart, he shone out among them like one of King Arthur's Knights, and will always live in the memories of those who were privileged to know and love him as a hero "sans peur et sans reproche."

To complete this sketch of Mr. Hodgson and show how strong was the sentiment and affection he felt for his friends, I add two poems, one written about Friedel, Carlie, and Jamie, in 1892, and one written to me the year before Frances was born.

*The Past, the Present, and the Future*

or

*Henry, Charlie, and Jim*

vs.

*Friedel, Carl, and Jamie*

I

Where, alas! is the energy olden
Shown by Henry, Charlie and Jim?
Once in the summers dead so golden
How they clomb up the crags with vim!

II

Donnerwetter! but how they scrambled
Up Colvin, Nippletop, lordly Dix!
Daily over the hills they gambolled,
Nothing could get them into a fix.

III

But now they are busy with picks and spades
And see-saw boards for the rising nation;
Their ambulatory energy fades
In family cares and gravitation.

IV

Who's for the hills? "Not I," says Charles,
"With rakes to be made and railings mended";

There are also the wonderful feats of Carl's,
And other household things to be tended.

V

And Jim replies, "I can't stay long;
My knee indeed has ceased to be gamey;
But I must return to croon a song,
Elizabeth needs me, and little Jamie."

VI

"Carry the tenth of a ton," quoth B.,
"To the top of the Slide? Not much. The mounting
Of photographs is enough for me,
And the slides I've got are beyond all counting."

VII

But they won't surrender the trail, I'm thinking,
They're simply waiting a chance to renew it;
They'll break the records as easy as winking,
They mean by proxy of course to do it.

VIII

For all are dreaming of future summers,
Of long days tramping, of camp-fire song;
When three of the bonny bright new-comers
Have grown to be big and brave and strong.

IX

"Up the Gothics and over Marcy,"
Won't be *in it* with those boys' climbs.
And as for the fathers, won't they be "sassy" —
Henry and Charlie and Jim — in those times.

X

They'll start their sons with a cheer resounding
To climb the pathless crags with vim,
And chuckle with joy at the homeward-bounding
Of Carl and Friedel and Junior Jim.

XI

And the boys will build the camp-fire glories,
And bright with the golden flames aglow,
They'll ask their fathers to tell the stories
Of how *they* walked in the years ago.

XII

And Henry will once more hop for his "*monish*,"
Extending the same old hat for his fee;
Jim's sturdy "King Charles" will the youngsters astonish,
And Charlie will troll out his "Little Billee."

XIII

The boys will bellow their songs from college,
With Carl's and Jamie's tenor sonorous,
"Oh, my!" say the parents, "what unusual knowledge!"
As Friedel's bass swells out in the chorus.

XIV

Fathers and mothers fond, they know
Their boys could knock the spots out of Orpheus;
And thinking this thought at last they go
To their quondam nurseries beloved by Morpheus.

XV

The lovely sisters are going too,
With their candies, candles, and shawl attire;
With brothers and brothers-in-law not few,
Leaving the trio to douse the fire.

XVI

And Carl, as the heat fizzles into the air,
Cries, "By Jove! How they used to go it!
What tough old chappies our fathers were!"
And Friedel and Jamie murmur, "I know it."

R. H.

*September* 19, 1892.

JAMIE'S BIRTHDAY PICNIC — 1896

## *To Mrs. J. J. Putnam*

Another year thy singing life has run,
And life seems singing all the time with thee.
Again we celebrate the joys begun
When first the dim earth heard thy minstrelsy.

From what divine far distant dream-world way,
Filled with unfathomable harmony,
To realms of star-lit night and sunny day,
Camest thou here, thou steadfast melody?

Still may thy notes be golden while the tunes
From thee and thine grow gracious, brave, and strong,
And their sweet murmurings of life's strange runes
Hallow thy music to a deeper song.

May thou and he whose notes commingled flow,
Many a bright year yet together dwell,
Hearkening, from that dream-world to which you go,
That Life and Love are one, and all is well.

R. HODGSON.

*September* 24, 1896.

## VI

TOWARDS the end of May, 1905, Frances and I went out of town some days earlier than the rest of the family.

*M. C. P. to J. J. P.*

COTUIT, *May* 31.

. . . All peaceful here and perfectly lovely. I am getting to rights. Mr. Childs promises to come to-morrow and do some jobs. Baby is the very best of company. I think we shall have columbines and yellow lilies out for Nellie. . . . Baby says, "Are you ever sorry you married papa? I should n't think you could be, or he either be sorry, but it would be very awkward if you were! . . . It would make it very bad for me if you had not married, because you are the best father and mother in the world, and if you had either of you been somebody else you would n't be so nice."

*M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

*June* 1.

. . . Frances and I have been keeping house all alone since Sunday and I have enjoyed it so much that I am almost sorry that to-morrow is our last day of solitude. Frances is certainly good company if ever a child was. Now she is so old I will lend her to you some time for a few days visit, for I think you would enjoy it. To-morrow I expect Molly and Louisa and Margaret and Gertrude Townsend and Nellie Putnam and Jim. I have had time to look over all my possessions and put everything in apple-pie order, in a leisurely fashion.

. . . Frances has been working hard, raking and gardening, and helping me to clean closets. As she says, "You never had me to help you before, for when Molly and Louisa are here I am so taken up I am really no use at all; but now I have accomplished something!" And she is quite right.

*June 23.*

. . . Our first really warm day. After four days of rain the sun is out and Jim, Edward Channing, James Ropes, and Lawrence Lowell have started on their cruise. . . . Edward came to supper on Wednesday and seemed amused at the antics of the children. Ned Winsor and Harry Minot are staying here, and Mary Coolidge and Molly came to tea, and they had so many jokes (some I regret to say at Edward's expense) that it was hard to hear one's self speak. However, he seemed to like it. You know Molly and Mary Coolidge are down at the "Porter House," with a Concord lady in charge of them. They sweep and dust and make the beds, and cook and market and wash dishes. They are learning a great deal. They bathe with us in the morning and come up to play in the afternoons. . . . To-day is Class Day, one of the great events of Elizabeth's life; and to-morrow her Radcliffe examinations begin.

The following letters from Baby were written in June of that year.

COTUIT, *June*, 1905.

DEAR PAPA, —

The Iris has opened finally. I wish you had come down. It is fine down here. I have been in bathing twice. Mamma has n't been in once. I went in once with Maggie and once with the Peirsons.

Good by, from FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

It is great fun down here. I have been in bathing four times, twice with the Peirsons and twice with Maggie the cook. I go barefooted all the time. The flowers down here are lovely.

Good by, from FRANCES.

*June* 1, 1905.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? It is fine down here. I go out in the pony-cart every day. Down here you hear the whip-poorwill all night long, and the Bob White all day long. Hoping you are well, with love.

BANY.

[A pet name of Aunt Lizzie's for her.]

*August.*

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

This afternoon I went to Ellen Barton's birthday party and had a fine time there. Edmund Coolidge, and Sidney Coolidge, Anne Coolidge, Tom Coolidge, Reddy Fiske, Francis Fiske, Hooper Trask, Lucy Fiske, Algy Coolidge, Otis Barton, Mary Barton, Ellen Barton, Edward Peirson, Louisa, and myself. We had a fine time there. Poor Ellen got sick in her stomick just as the party began. First we played drop the handkerchief. Then we had a hunt in the woods. I got this note-paper and Louisa got some jackstraws, and then we had supper. By our plates we each had a box of candy. And at the end of supper we each had a bon-bon — Louisa got exactly the same in her bon-bon. After supper we played some games I have forgotten the names of.

Good bye, from FRANCES.

After our annual "visit to the clouds," as a friend once called her stay at Camp, we returned to the every-day life of work and play in Boston.

Amy and Fred, who had moved into town that autumn, christened their new house by inviting the family on Christmas Eve to a party in the studio, where there was a lovely Christmas tree all lighted up, and where the children played games and sang carols. There is a balcony at one end of the room, and there all the children, with shining wreaths of silver tinsel on their heads, stood and sang the carols they knew, led by Jim and Joe. And each Christmas Eve, as long as Frances lived, we had our Cabot family party at 72 Chestnut Street.

I find some verses written for Christmas of this year when Jim gave me a flower-basket, and I gave him fur gloves.

*To J. J. P. whose feet and hands persist in being cold, in spite of his firm faith that the world is what we make it, I offer these gloves, socks, and rhymes*

Fur on his fingers and wool on his toes
He shall have summer wherever he goes.
Theories of sunshine shed light on his way,
And he shall be happy the chilliest day!

M. C. P.

*A warming glow of fancy for M. C. P. from J. J. P.*

Oh, 't is pleasant in the cold times,
When the wintry tempest lowers,
To recall in dreams the old times
And the garden and the flowers.

Ah, you'd think me one and twenty,
And you'd say life's morning hours

Still remained to me in plenty,
Could you see me picking flowers.

When the breeze blows off the waters,
And the bees buzz through the bowers,
Encircled by my son and daughters,
I love to go a-picking flowers.

*December* 25, 1905.

In April of 1906 came the first separation of our family, when Jim, Elizabeth, and I went abroad for three months. Elizabeth had never crossed the water and I had never been on the continent, so it was a great event. Jim had just finished delivering his course of Lowell Lectures, and Elizabeth had come to the end of her gay season of party-going and had had her eighteenth birthday, when we set sail for Naples. Jamie, Molly, and Louisa were to stay at home in Boston under Lizzie Putnam's care, while Frances, then eight and a half, was to go out to Waltham with the Lymans, where she would be happy playing out of doors and being with Julia and Margie, one a year younger, the other a year and three-quarters older than she.

Waltham was a kind of enchanted land to the children, with its woods and pastures and brooks, and "Possy's" wonderful gardens and barns and the farmyard of animals; and as Frances had never known what it was to feel shy or homesick, I left her to the care of her kind uncle and aunt without the least misgiving. She had a very happy time there, and loved the place and the people; but she did have some homesick pangs, and began then to lie awake at bedtime, sometimes late into the night, a habit she never outgrew. She no doubt missed her daily routine of school

and play and the companionship of her brother and sisters, as well as of her father and me. No trace of this appears in her letters, but for some years afterward she had to struggle against a feeling of homesickness whenever she went away for a night. This she fully conquered before she was thirteen.

Mademoiselle Guillain, a most brilliant and cultivated Frenchwoman, who spent one winter in Boston, went out to Waltham daily after the first of May, to teach the Lymans, and Frances began French with her, to her great delight.

106 Marlborough St., *February* 3, 1906.

Dear Aunt Lizzie, —

Thank you very much for the brush and comb bag. It was very nice of you to give it to me. I am going to use it when I go to Waltham, I think it will be very useful to carry about my brush and comb in. Louisa had a very nice party on Thursday.

Good bye, from
Frances C. Putnam.

Saturday, *April* 7, 1906.

Dear Mama, —

Today I went to "As You Like It," and did like it too. Aunty Betty, Martha P., Gertrude T., Margaret T., Louisa P., and Lucy Balch went too. It was great fun. I saw Uncle Wentworth, and Betty Channing there and lots of other people. Hope Hemenway was first Lord to the banished Duke, who was Miss Kendall, Molly's outing teacher. Hope, when refreshments were brought in, not knowing there was to be anything real, took up a glass and began to pretend to drink.

When she found that there was something real, she burst out laughing.

Saturday the horrid old dentist pulled out my two front teeth. Good bye,

F. C. P.

WALTHAM, Easter Sunday, 1906.

DEAR MAMA, —

I have been having a bad cold and had to put off going to Waltham for a day, but I am out there now. It is great fun. This is Easter Sunday. Aunt Susie gave me this note paper; there are some other pictures besides this. Margaret gave me an egg with candy in it.

Good bye from your loving daughter,

FRANCES.

DEAR AUNT BESSY, —

It is great fun out here. Aunt Susy gave this note paper to me. There are some other pictures to it. Margaret gave me a little red Easter egg filled with candy. Write and tell me what became of Molly's Easter card for me that she said she forgot to bring to me out here.

Write soon, any way. Good bye from your loving niece,

FRANCES.

P. S. Excuse writing.

DEAR MAMA, —

Yesterday some men came here in an auto one of the men's uncles owned. Well, we were over at the half-built little house. When they went past in the auto Margaret saw a spark under it, then Margaret turned again toward the auto and it was flaming, so we went

over toward it and found the auto had caught on fire, so we watched it; then the gasoline exploded and sent me flying.

I hope you are all very well. Write soon.

FRANCES.

*May* 9, Wednesday.

DEAR MAMA, —

I am having a fine time out here. Yesterday Esther and Elizabeth Wood came up here. The little house is getting built awfully quickly. We have it all built, the china is in, and the table and chairs, windows, shelves, and everything except the door. Yesterday when the Woods came here we had supper in the little house, and had the greatest sport you ever heard of. We had the green bowl, that you gave Margaret for the egg, and the green pitcher you gave Julia for the cream. I hope you are all very well.

Good bye from your daughter FRANCES.

Did you see the waterfall?

This allusion is to an old joke Jim always made about the Vergennes waterfall.

WALTHAM, *May.*

DEAR PAPA, —

I am getting along finely out here. I am going to Cousin Ruth's and Cousin Herbert's wedding with Aunt Susie. I am going to wear my Thanksgiving dress, my new hat and my new coat.

Monday, which is tomorrow, Mademoiselle Guillain is coming. Hannah Cobb (the same one that was down at Cotuit staying with Margaret Curtis), Mary Lee and Catherine Higginson are staying out here now. Write soon.

From your loving daughter,

FRANCES PUTNAM.

Dear Elizabeth, —

Today I came to Boston to go to the dentist, there I met Aunt Carry Cabot. She sent you all her love; tell Mama that Aunt Carry said she was very sorry not to have seen her before she went, but she did n't know she was going so soon. You ought to have been here to see the auto burn up, it was the greatest show you ever saw. Write and tell me what happened on May day.

Je suis ta sœur qui t'aime.

Frances Putnam.

We spent most of our time in Italy, and then sailed for home from Cherbourg after a few days in Paris and one in Chartres. We arrived at home June 13, and found every one well and happy, and shortly afterwards went to Cotuit.

Our summer at Cotuit was delightful and the children were very happy; sailing was the chief occupation, and the Mosquito Yacht Club was organized, with Alice Channing as Commodore and William Taussig as Secretary. They sailed and raced from morning till night, and I spent most of my time in watching for them to return from their various expeditions. We had a house full of company all summer, — Aunt Lizzie Higginson for three weeks in July, and the rest of the time boys and girls.

Cotuit, *August*, 1906.

Dear Aunt Lizzie, —

We are having a fine time down here. Mr. Crothers is staying here now. Last Saturday Jamie, Mr. Crothers, and Elizabeth went out for a sail in the afternoon; at last supper time came and they had not come

home; Mama thought we better have supper. She and Papa were going out to supper, but before supper Louisa went down to the wharf to see if she could see them anywhere, but she could not, so after supper Molly and Louisa and Mary Farrell and myself went down to the wharf again to see if we could see them, at first we could n't see them anywhere but at last we saw two sails coming toward us, they came nearer and nearer, we called "Jamie"; somebody answered but we did n't know who it was, so we called again "Jamie," and Jamie answered, so they came home that night. Mr. Crothers went home today.

Please write soon, I am aching for a letter. Today we went to John's Pond on a picnic with the Taussigs, we went in bathing there. We had a great time, everybody under the sun was there. Yesterday morning Molly and Jamie went to Nantucket to stay with the Clementses. Aunt Carry and Cousin Alice came to dinner.

Good bye, from FRANCES.

Annie and Madeline came for a week in August, and as there were some boys and girls staying with us at the same time, the big round top of our dining-room table, which was made for twelve, had to admit one or two more. The children's use of slang distressed Jim, so we made a game of trying to stop it. Whenever any one caught any one else using slang he could exact "five minutes' obedience," and thus each one was darning the next one's stockings, weeding some one's else garden bed, and so forth. If the user of slang remembered to add "as the boys say" before being called to account, he was not obliged to give the five minutes' work.

Frances enjoyed this immensely and was very quick to pounce upon the offender, adding up her minutes until there were enough to exact a game of croquet. She was very fond of croquet and often played by herself, pretending that the other ball or balls belonged to real people and were not mere dummies. One day, when she was younger, I remember her rushing in with shining eyes. "What do you think, Mama? Little bit of a me has beaten that great big Molly!" — both balls having been played by herself.

The following summer there were one or two more notes of Frances's and mine to Aunt Lizzie Higginson, telling of the pleasant seashore and mountain days.

*June* 10, 1907.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

It is bully down here at Cotuit. I have been in bathing once. Mamma sends her love. Thanks ever so much for the postal card. Today we went to the golf links. The Townsends are down here now. Lib and Frances Jackson are coming the 18th.

Good bye,

FRANCES C. P.

Mabel Wesson's wedding out-of-doors in the woods came a few days later, and we had Mrs. Finley from Montreal and her two little boys to stay with us. Frances had a beautiful time at the wedding. There was a special table for the fifteen children, and Mrs. Wesson gave each child a present. Frances had a lovely little gold sweet-pea pin, as being appropriate to her name. Mrs. Wesson was devoted to all children, and always doing kind things for them. Frances was

a special favorite of hers, and they had many delightful hours together. She would bring most lovely presents to Frances whenever she went anywhere, and took her on picnics and walks and drives, and in Boston to theatres and concerts.

Of all the fairy-godmother gifts she made her, the most wonderful was a sailboat — the "Kayoshk" — which she had built for her and Louisa. It was built by Stanley Butler, and was of the same model as our "Topsy II" and a dozen other sailing skiffs, which were sailed almost wholly by the boys and girls themselves. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see all these small boats gathered round Dr. Woodman's wharf for the races, which from this time on made the chief excitement of the summer days. There were so many of the same size that they looked like a flock of white-winged birds, and the children in bright sweaters gave a dash of color that was most picturesque. Besides the captains and crew there was always a gathering of the elders and of the younger brothers and sisters, who watched the races with eager interest, even when they came as often as three times a week. Frank Lowell took great interest in them and was struck by the skill of the children, and every year he offered a cup for an "obstacle race" to be sailed round the Island.

Our own fleet was enlarged by the gift of the "Sneaker," Susie Williams's old knock-about. There were several others also of that model, so that there were two classes in the Mosquito Yacht Club. We felt, however, that four boats were more than we could take care of, and we sold our cat-boat "Whippoorwill" to the Bartons.

## *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *July* 29, 1907.

. . . Our tea-party was a great success. I had to send them home at 10.30, as they did not move. We had had supper at 6.30. Jamie said "the grub was simply immense." They played games and acted charades. We had a table with six in the school-room, and twelve sat round the big table in the dining-room. Elizabeth painted charming place-cards for every one, and laid herself out to amuse them. Altogether it was a social event.

This morning the children raced. Molly went as crew for Jamie, Louisa as crew for Sydney, and Baby with Mary Almy, as her crew. So they were all dancing over the blue water. The Woodmans beat, Jamie came in third.

## *Frances to E. C. H.*

*July* 29, 1907.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? The party went off finely. Before supper we just sat round in a ring and stared, and stood up when any one came in. After supper we played hide-and-go-seek, and after that we went into the house and got a lot of chairs and went out again and played Boston. After we had played that a little while we came in and played charades, and after that everybody went home. There were eighteen of us in all, twelve at one table and six at the other. I went to bed at half-past ten.

Hoping you are well,

I am your affectionate niece,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

FRANCES AND THE GODDARD BOYS—1907

## *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

PUTNAM AND BOWDITCH CAMP,
*August* 31.

. . . They have all gone to Beaver Meadow, Tue's first walk. The day after we arrived the children, including Frances, climbed Hopkins. Frances was very proud, as it was her first mountain.

Frances never enjoyed the longer walks as Molly and Louisa did. She was very active and athletic, but the long steady pull up a mountain tired her.

## *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

*September* 9.

. . . Tue, Molly, and Baby, and a dozen others, have gone with guides and boats to the upper Ausable Lake. The six big boys and James Ropes are climbing Nipple-top. . . . We have been having a game tournament this showery weather, and last night they gave the prizes and all dressed up and had verses in the evening. Molly was a Swiss peasant, Jamie a Highlander, Louisa "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Baby a Japanese child. I wish you could have seen her in a charming yellow and black costume got up by Elsie Dalton and Annie. Elsie herself was also in Japanese dress. Rosamond Bowditch made the most perfect colored mammy, and Hattie dressed up as an old woman and came in. Tue looked very pretty in Swiss costume, with a flowered green velvet bodice made of a fancy parlor-organ cover. . . .

We shall come back September 25. Baby and I are going to Cohasset to spend Sunday with Maggie Lee.

The Clementses were with us at the Shanty, and we had a joint birthday celebration for Jamie who was seventeen on the 16th, Friedel (Manfred) Bowditch on the 18th, and Anna and Brent Clements, whose birthday was the 25th. On this occasion I wrote the following verses.

Listen, kind friends, and you shall hear
Why eighteen hundred and ninety's year
Is to all Shanty-land so dear.
Up to the Camp that soft September,
Thrilling the hearts of every member,
Came notable telegrams, I remember!

First, and of importance great
To our country's future state,
Was James J. Putnam, Jr.'s date.
Into a happy world he came
To make September sixteenth's fame
And bear his father's honored name.

"Das Vaterland" our Manfred saw,
When he began his breath to draw
On the eighteenth, the Kindlein braw.
A man of science, born that day!
From Germany, across the Bay
He came, to light old Harvard's way.

Into the merry land of France
The Clements twins made *their* entrance,
Causing their friends to shout and dance!
The twenty-fifth's their birthday bright,
The Muses nine did all alight
To bless their cradle that fair night!

So here's to Science, Music, Art
And Civic Virtue plain!
And as this quartette plays its part
The world grows young again!

*September* 17, 1907.

Alas, one of that quartette was to play but a very brief part in our world. Brent Clements, a most lovable boy and a gifted art student, died in December, 1910.

My own birthday was celebrated at the same time with theirs, and Jim gave me an oriental table-cover with bright birds on it, and the following amusing lines. It should be explained that I had begun mountain climbing, and had just seen the top of the Giant for the first time.

*For Marian Cabot Putnam, in anticipation of her next birthday*

THE SOLILOQUY OF THE OPTIMIST

In a week is my birthday!
Fifty years ago I was not;
Now I am half a century!
In fifty more I shall be a hundred!
I am in the zenith of my powers!
Yesterday I conquered Giants!
Nubbles have no terrors for me!
Neither has maple-sugar pie, nor doughnuts!
My children number half the fingers of both my hands!
Of anybody's; they are my Labradorites!
My husband is — so-so, but improving.
I am contented! I possess everything!
No one need give me presents,
But if they do, let them be soaring birds,
On a green and gold ground!
Like this!

## VII

JUST before Frances's tenth birthday she entered Miss Winsor's school, then at 96 Beacon Street. From the first day to the last of her school life at Miss Winsor's she was happy, and was liked both by teachers and by scholars. There she found a full outlet for all her powers and a sympathetic atmosphere in which she developed freely and fearlessly.

Her last year at Miss Hazard and Miss Woodward's school had been happy and successful. I have looked through the reports of that year and find that she had 71 A's, and 9 B's, the latter all in the first half of the year. She never had a mark below B in either school, except once at Miss Winsor's, when she had a C in an examination in English History because of mistakes in her map of the counties. This even grade of scholarship came, I think, not so much from any especial talent or quickness, but because she found every subject, book, and person attractive, and because she had a great capacity for work. She never could do things quickly, and worked hard in preparing each lesson. It was impossible to bore her; she entered with delight into everything she did, and this was natural to her. She had not an intense nature; there was nothing overstrained about her, but it seemed as if every experience of work or play was a joyful one. When she first went to Miss Winsor's, I think Miss Winsor felt that she was conceited because she talked so much; and she also told me that she was probably

over-prepared for the class and that another year her marks would not be so high. The written comments on her first quarterly reports are: "This is a fine report, and I don't like to add to it that Frances talks too much." "Frances does splendid work. Now she must learn to sit straighter, as well as to be quieter." "An entirely satisfactory term as regards both work and behavior."

After she had been at school a year Miss Winsor saw that she was not conceited, for she was distinctly modest in her view of her own abilities when she thought of them; her apparent conceit came from her overflowing interest in everything and her entire confidence in the sympathy and understanding of every one she met. She rarely thought of herself at all. It was other people and things that absorbed her attention.

Elizabeth, Molly, and Louisa had for several years belonged to a gymnastic class which met twice a week at the Normal School of Gymnastics, and this winter Frances joined it for the first time, feeling very proud of her green gymnasium suit, which afterwards she used to wear at the Adirondacks. Either this year or the next she joined the playground club and went out several afternoons each week to Mrs. J. R. Coolidge Jr.'s place in Longwood, where the city girls were hospitably welcomed and given a chance to play.

The question of free play for growing girls and boys was becoming a difficult one: Elizabeth and Jamie and their friends had played in the streets and back alleys, running over the fences and gates like cats and having a fine time. In winter half the yards in Marlborough Street used to be filled with snow-forts, the churchyard

of the First Unitarian Church, at the corner of Berkeley Street, being the best playground. The sun never reached it in the short afternoons, so that the snow-fort there lasted wonderfully, and also the coast made in one corner. But the time came when the Church committee protested that the grass was being ruined, and requested the children to leave; and the advent of automobiles interfered with "hare and hounds," "white men and Indians," and ball games, so that Frances ceased to be a street Arab earlier than any of her sisters. We did our best by having a swing put up in our small back-yard, and there the "Athletic-Domestic Club," which Frances and Lucy organized, would play for an hour or so before the girls came in to sew and make scrap-books. But I was very glad to have the Longwood playground started.

This winter was a hard one for Louisa, who, after having a good deal of discomfort, was finally operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Balch. When she was well enough she and I went down to Newport for a week's change, and the following letter was written to me by Frances while we were there: —

*February* 12, '08.

DEAREST MUMKINS, MUMPHERY, MA, —

I got your post card the day after you went away, and I was awfully glad to get it. We went "Upstairs" in school to-day, to celebrate Lincoln's birthday, and Mrs. — somebody — read aloud that little book about Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. She read it awfully well. I went down to Wadsworth and Howland's to-day and got my clamp skates which I had left to be sharpened, and then I went to Maclachlan's and got some large envelopes and one long one and one valen-

tine. After I got home I thought I would adress valentines. I adressed Jamie's Mr. J. J. Putnam Jr., Son of Mrs. Putnam who is; and Elizabeth's Miss E. C. Putnam Jr. daughter of Mrs. Putnam who is; and Pa's by mistake Dr. J. J. Putnam M.D. *wife* of Mrs. Putnam who is —.

How is Louisa? I am going to write to you or Louisa every evening after supper. Give my love to Louisa. Write often. Lots of love.

Your loving daughter,

FRANCES.

This was followed by 196 kisses [O].

Our house was quite a hospital that winter, for no sooner was Louisa fairly well and going to school again than Charlotte Richardson came down with appendicitis. Dr. Balch did not want to operate in Chestnut Hill, and so they came in to the "private hospital" here, and were in the rooms on the second floor at 104, which happened to be vacant. They had the same nice nurse Louisa had, Miss Deland, and all went well with Charlotte. Of course it was a great interest to Frances and Louisa to have Charlotte and her mother here.

We went to Cotuit the first of June.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *July* 8, 1908.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I got your letter from Aunt Amy. It is lovely down here. We went bathing today. It was perfectly delicious. I am writing after supper. The Townsends went up to Boston today on the early train, and so we all got up and had breakfast at half-past six.

Hoping you are well, with love,

FRANCES C. P.

*August* 13.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

The fair was today and went off *bea-u-ti-fully!* We actually got $92.00! I am so happy I don't know what to do. Everything sold, even to some flowers in the vases! When you were down here we thought we would get $25.00; a little later we thought $40.00, and the result was $92.00! How are you? We are having a fine time down here.

Hoping you are well, with love,

FRANCES C. P.

The children who had got up the fair decided to give books instead of money this year, and they all wrote the names of their favorite books, from which a list was made, and those books not already in the Cotuit Library were ordered for it. It was a very good collection of books, suitable for children's reading. A little of the money was spent for quiet games to be used in the winter evenings. We had come back from the Adirondacks when the following note from Mrs. Baker of Cotuit came to Frances, and she kept it as one of her treasures.

COTUIT, *September* 30, 1908.

DEAR FRANCES, —

We think that you are the one to thank for the gift of books to the Library, altho' we know your mother had a large hand in it, as well as others of your friends. You were very ambitious to do so much, for enthusiasm is contagious and your followers were many. I received your mother's note and the books were attended to. We have a very useful and interested new member of the Directors in Prof. Ropes.

We hope your stay at the Adirondacks was enjoyed, but we missed you here, and hope to see you all next year soon after the birds have made their appearance.

With love to all, and thanks from the Directors

Truly yours,

C. K. BAKER, Sec'y.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

THE SHANTY, *August* 30, 1908.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? We are having a fine time up here. Last night we had a camp-fire. Today Molly P., Carly P., Martha P., Tracy P., Jamie P., Rose Bowditch and Friedel, and Cousin Eliot Jones have gone up a mountain called Wolf Jaw. Cousin Algernon Coolidge, Anne C., Amory Goddard, William G., Miss Hardy and myself are going up our brook for dinner. I am very sorry you are sick and hope you will be well soon. Last night Rose Bowditch and Molly took their beds out on the piazza and slept out. To-night Martha P. and Louisa are going to move their beds by the side of theirs and sleep out with them. Mama and I may move our beds out on to the other side of the piazza and sleep out too. Sleeping out has suddenly become the fashion here.

Cousin Grace Minns arrived last night just after we had begun supper. When we arrived there were six people and now there are almost thirty, in spite of the fact that neither Uncle Charley, Aunt Annie, nor Papa have come up yet. Please give Miss Deland [the nurse] Louisa's and my love, and we both send our love to you.

Hoping you will be well soon, with love,

BANEY.

## *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

BOWDITCH AND PUTNAM CAMP,
*September* 1, 1908.

. . . Yesterday all the camp, young and old, took their midday meal up the brook near a place we call "the boulder." They made a very picturesque procession winding through the woods, with the sunlight playing over the leaves. We walked for about an hour and then dropped down a very steep bank into the brook. The boys had got up the picnic and packed the lunch in their packs, and when we reached the brook they had made a fire and begun to cook. We ladies cut bread and butter and put guava jelly on crackers. The boys heated soup, cooked bacon, fried potatoes, fried apples, and made chocolate to drink. They also produced nuts and raisins. So we had a great feast. The children looked so pretty gathered round the fire, with the smoke curling up into the blue sky and the brook rushing over the stones at their side. We stayed till sunset.

*September* 3.

. . . The children have gone to-day up Nippletop, a splendid walk. Frances has been having a cold, but is very lively. Charley Putnam arrived to-day, bringing Alan Gregg with him and Ellen Coolidge's Scotch friend, Alison McGregor. . . . The children had a funny time the other night. Martha and Molly, Rose and Louisa were sleeping out on the nursery piazza. Two old apple-trees have their boughs over the piazza — no roof. About two o'clock four white figures rushed into the "Parents' Assistant," where Frances and I were sleeping, and said there was a wild beast, a large black animal, in the tree right above their beds. They were wakened by the growls or cries of an

NURSERY AND PARENTS' ASSISTANT

animal, and looking up saw this creature in the tree. I got up and lit my candle, but the creature was gone, and we moved the beds back into the house! The next night the girls insisted on sleeping out again. Again came the strange visitor; this time they called the boys, and after an exciting hunt they captured a porcupine! But evidently there is a large family of them, because at least one other has visited us each night since!

*September* 6.

. . . Last night there were two big hoot owls round the camp, calling to each other and making a great noise, one with a deep hoarse "to-whit, to-whit, to-who," the other a very high note. . . . Yesterday Frances was grinding the cider mill and the heavy wheel came off and dropped on her bare feet. At first we thought she had broken her toes, but she only bruised them, and today she is hopping round on crutches as lively as ever.

*September* 7.

. . . Frances's foot is much better, so that today she is only using one crutch. The other foot is practically well.

*September* 8.

. . . Last evening we had a joint celebration of the six September birthdays, Eliot Jones's, Alice Goddard's, Charley Putnam's, Jamie's, Friedel's, and mine. Every one appeared in costume. Frances wore the yellow and black costume and made a charming Japanese girl. Ellen Coolidge was fine as Thomas Jefferson. There were Mexicans, Spaniards, Moors, Gothic ladies, peasants of all nations. Alan Gregg as a baby pleased Frances most.

The following verses belong with the record of this summer.

### *The Mother.*

The mother sits in her muslin gown,
With folded hands, at close of day.
Her tranquil face wears no trace of a frown;
"Nothing but rest reigns there," you'd say.
But closer look — in busy throngs
Great clouds of witnesses come and go.
Telling their tales and singing their songs
Of far and near, and long ago.
Those low sweet tones, that smile serene,
Condense long years of hope and pain;
Future and past she stands between,
Grasps both and makes them one again.
For the mother's "here" is "everywhere,"
Time's fancied "flow" is her timeless "now."

J. J. P.

## VIII

CHRISTMAS was the best day of the year, and its chief event was the Christmas breakfast, which our two families of Putnams always had with the two Jackson families. It was followed by a Christmas tree, where Jim officiated as Santa Claus, and Frank Jackson always sang Gounod's beautiful *Noel*. And from the time the children were old enough to act there was, for many years, some little play given by them.

Annie was the genius of Christmas, and year after year she planned and carried out the festivities. It was she who trained the children to act, and she never would allow any careless performance. Her dramatic and artistic standards were very high, and the children did the utmost they were capable of. As time went on they became really first-rate actors, especially Martha, Carl, and Tracy. Jamie, too, acted well, and Frances threw herself into her parts with the earnestness she put into everything. I wish I could remember the different parts she took. The first one I recall is when she appeared in a little blue suit with red stripes and buttons, as the page in *The Rose and the Ring*, bearing in the royal breakfast on a tray. She was then six years old. Louisa was enchanting as Betsinda, with Carl as Giglio, Tracy as the King, and Jamie as Bulbo. Molly made a very scornful Gruffanuff, and Martha was an excellent Angelica.

In all the theatricals Frances had some small part; the ones I especially remember were in the last three

plays they gave, which were thought good enough to be repeated several times at Amy's studio. *The Lovelys* was a charming little play dramatized by Annie from a magazine story, in which Louisa and Tracy represented a very youthful couple — he an artist, she a perfectly irresponsible, childish wife — who are befriended by a delightful and benevolent old couple (Martha and Jamie) who lend them a little house and try to show them how to live in it. Frances took the part of the red-haired Irish cook, with a kind heart and a broad brogue, who tries in vain to teach the pretty young bride how to cook.

Another time *The Pot o' Broth*, an Irish play, was given, in which Frances took a minor part, Molly doing the Irish wife admirably, and Carl playing the part of the tramp who, with blarney and appeals to superstition, entirely gets round her and carries off in triumph the chicken which was being prepared for the great occasion of a visit from "his Riverence," leaving behind instead a "magic stone." Jamie was the heavy lout of a husband who understands the wiles of the tramp, but who is so delighted to see his wife outwitted that he lets him carry off the dinner. This play was repeated on two different occasions before a large audience. The second time Molly was for some reason unable to do the chief part, and Frances, with great delight, acted the wife and acted it very well.

Their most ambitious play was at Christmas, 1908, when they gave some scenes selected by Annie from Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey*. In this play Tracy took the part of a young gallant of the *précieuse* type, which he acted wonderfully, and Frances was his French page, Fas-tout. She acted exceedingly well, doing the broken

English charmingly. This they gave at Christmas in our library at 104, and repeated, that winter and the following one, at Amy's studio. It was the last year that Frances Jackson was with us, and the next Christmas no one had the heart to get up a play, so that this was the last one given by the Putnam troupe.

Our Christmas breakfasts, full of sacred memories, and brightened now by the coming of little Williams and Jackson children, hold a very large place in the family history. They began one Christmas morning in 1872, when the Jacksons had just come home from Europe and were staying with the Putnams; and there has never been a Christmas morning since when the two families and their descendants have not gathered round the table together. Many are the original verses, grave and gay, that have there been read.

There are certain of these occasions which I shall never forget and which are as vivid as when they occurred. First of all, at Charley Jackson's when I went after I was engaged, as a new member of the family; next, when we had the tree at our house for the first time, and Elizabeth, ten months old, and Frances Jackson, twenty months old, sat in two little chairs on each side of Aunt Sue Jackson — a picture forever engraved upon my memory. A third time was at Aunt Sue's house, when Charley Putnam came in, carrying in his arms little Martha, then three days old. The fourth time was again at Charley Jackson's, the morning after the operation which saved Charley Putnam's life when we had almost despaired of it; and I remember how Lucy came in smiling through her tears, and how Carly, then not five years old, recited Scott's poem, "He is lost to the fountain," etc. I also remember

how, the second time we had the Christmas breakfast, Carly, dressed in a soft gray knitted suit covering him from head to foot, and looking so little, acted *Bre'r Rabbit and the Tar Baby.*

In the college vacation of 1909 we went to Cotuit, opened the house for a week, and had a delightful holiday, tramping in the woods and along the shore, and having nice talks in the evenings, sitting round the big open fire. We had Tue Lyman, Martha, Marjorie, Richard and Alan Gregg, and Charles Storey with us; and one day an automobile stopped at the door and there was Lucy Balch! Frances was out, but I persuaded Lucy to stay over a night, and I remember very well Frances's rapture at seeing her, and how she danced about and hugged her.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *April* 21, 1909.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? We are having a fine time down here. It rained all yesterday, but otherwise the weather has been lovely. We have been out sailing and getting mayflowers a great deal, and it has been great fun. Last night we went up to Mr. Morse's to supper. First we had raw oysters; then roasted oysters, and last of all scrambled egg, toast and tea. After that we cleared the table and washed the dishes and then popped corn.

On Sunday Lucy Balch, her father, her uncle and two of her brothers came down in their automobile and Lucy spent the night with us, while her family spent the night at Barnstable. I came home from a walk and found Lucy here. It was a great surprise.

We are going to get home on Friday evening and Mama will telephone you then. She was very glad to get your letter.

With much love,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

At the end of May the advanced guard of the family moved down to Cotuit for the summer. Frances wrote, in June: —

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? It is lovely down here. The lilacs are still in bloom. I suppose you know all about the new bath-room, from Mama. Now we are having a window cut through the ceiling out onto the roof. We thought there was no room above it, but we find that it has to take in a little piece of the attic and so we are having a sort of shaft put through the attic. At the top of this shaft, where it comes out onto the roof, there is a window which can be opened and shut by a pulley, and at the bottom where it goes into the bath-room there is a screen to keep out the mosquitoes.

Thursday night there is an eclipse of the moon. The bath-room being built out into the nursery entirely changes the appearance of the room. We have some beautiful flowers. Out in the garden by the ice-house there is a big oriental poppy and in the shrubbery garden there is some pink daphne which is perfectly lovely. Thursday the Taussigs came to dinner with me, and we had great fun. I have been in bathing three times and barefoot whenever I want to. Mama is reading aloud to Louisa and me, *Ivanhoe.* I think it is very interesting. Is Brookline very pretty?

Hoping you are very well, with much love,

BANEY.

COTUIT, MASS., *June* 18, 1909.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? We are having a fine time down here now. Lucy Balch has been staying with me, but she went up Thursday. Cousin Marian Jackson is staying with us now, and Papa is coming tonight. Miss Cannon is coming down tomorrow. Today I went on a picnic to Wakeby Lake which Anne Coolidge gave for Carola and Ellen Eliot who are staying with her. Catherine and Helen Taussig, Ellen Barton, Isabel Pratt, Anne, the Eliots, Miss Bullock and I made up the picnic. I have been having sailing lessons from Mr. Childs. At the picnic we first went in bathing and then had dinner, then had several games of "Beckon," and then we had to go home. Wednesday night Lucy and I went down to the Porter House with Anne and the Eliots to cook our own supper. We made scrambled egg, toast, and gingerbread. The roses down here are perfectly lovely. Mrs. Wesson has some lovely white ones which she distributes generously among her neighbors. Hoping that you are well, with love,

BANEY.

To Molly who was visiting the Eliots at N.E. Harbor, in July, she wrote: —

DEAR MOLLY, —

The race came off and had a very queer start. The "Hoolet" did n't come, the "Bob" did n't come. Dr. Woodman judged. I blew the first horn, and the "Crab" and the "Sneaker" were quite a little ways off and they did n't act as if they heard. We, the people on the wharf, thought we would blow the second horn, after three minutes, and see if they crossed the line. They did, at least the "Sneaker" did, and got a *wonderful* start and went way ahead. The other

three boats scrapped and the "Crab," with Alfred, William, and Dr. Denning in it, *fouled!* We did not see it foul and when we saw it not crossing the line we thought it could n't have heard, so we hollered to the other boats to come back. The "Sneaker" and the "Virginia" did, and the "Moya" kept on. It did not catch up to the "Sneaker" on that tack, but it did soon after. Jamie tacked out into the tide and got stung. A little later, not seeing the "Virginia," he ran right into it. The "Moya" won, and every one was satisfied except me, and it was counted a fair race. Dr. Peirson got the cup. Jamie seems pretty mad about it, because he was way ahead and probably would have won if he had not tacked out. It was a two-reef breeze, and Jamie took Pa, Betty, and Carly, who came home with him from the Barnstable dance. Tom got run over, that is a carriage went over his legs, but he was not badly hurt. He went to the dance just the same.

Lots of love,

BABY.

*Frances to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, MASS., *August* 31, 1909.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? Our theatricals went off finely. Eighty-two people came. We were able to seat them all comfortably! All the children under ten sat on rugs and things spread out on the grass. The first scene was Isabel and myself as Alice and Humpty Dumpty. I had a wire frame from my neck to my waist, which made me look like an egg, and some false legs. I stood on a step-ladder behind a screen and let my false legs hang over to make me look like Humpty-Dumpty sitting on the wall. Isabel had on a dress with a Dutch collar and a little bib pinafore, white socks, and ankle-

ties. In the next scene were Isabel, Anne Coolidge and Helen Taussig, as Alice, the Red Knight and the White Knight. The Red Knight had cardboard armor covered with red cloth, and the White Knight the same, only white. Jamie and William were the horses in that scene. They had masks like horses' heads, rope tails and manes and something thrown over them. William had a black mask and spotted red coverlet. Jamie had a white mask and a white coverlet and every sort of thing hung over him.

The next scene Isabel, Catherine and Louisa were Alice, White Queen and Red Queen. Alice's dress was the same, but she had a golden crown and sceptre. The White Queen had three barrel-hoops padded and covered with white cloth and a white skirt and waist and white shawl and crown, and the Red Queen the same except for the color.

Thank you very much for the postal card. Lots of love.

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

This performance of *Alice in Wonderland* was very amusing, and to Frances belonged the credit of planning it all, selecting the scenes, and with my help managing the rehearsals. Elizabeth and Margaret Glover worked early and late making the costumes, and the red and white knights and their steeds were masterpieces. At the time of the performance poor Molly was in bed with an acute attack of appendicitis, and as soon as she was able we went up to Boston.

We had planned to stay for Jack and Hope's wedding on the 6th, and go the next day to the Adirondacks; but Jamie came down with bronchitis, which kept him housed for a fortnight, and Molly was oper-

ated on on the 8th, so Lizzie Putnam took Frances and Louisa alone to the Shanty, Jim following as soon as Molly's appendix was safely taken out.

We all went to the wedding, except Jamie, and it was a most lovely and memorable occasion. Elizabeth did not go to the Shanty, but made some visits nearer home, including the house-party at the Wigglesworths', where she nearly put her eye out from breaking her glasses into it by running into a rustic gatepost in the dark one evening. I stayed at home to help nurse Molly and Jamie, and distinguished myself by slipping on my bedroom floor and wrenching my shoulder, so that I was in bed several days. When Molly was able to be up, she went out to the ever-hospitable Lymans to get well, and I went up to the Adirondacks for a week's visit. There are four letters of Baby's written to me at this time.

*September* 11, 1909.

DEAR JAMIE (or MA), —

How are you, I hope you're better and coming up soon. Yesterday we went to the Giant's Washbowl over Nubble. When we were half way down the Deer Ravine it began to sprinkle (it had rained a little before too); when we got down to the Washbowl we found a little lean-to of logs all built for us! We had a great old time, with a fire and everything. Coming home we separated and some went straight and some to Beede's Falls. I went with the Falls party. We went in to the top and then down the side of the falls by a trail which I have never seen before to the half way place, then down the Giant to the bottom of the falls, then home. Today 18 of our party are off at the Gothics, Harold and Claire are at Beaver Meadow

Falls, and Brent, Cousin Selma, Miss White, Cousin Elsie Dalton, Aunt Lucy, Aunt Bessie and I are at home.

To be continued soon, for I want this to go in the mail.

Lots and lots of love,

F. C. P.

Give M. my best.

*To Mama, via Molly*

Wednesday, *September* 16, 1909.

Dear Mama, —

We were very glad to hear from you and to know that you and Molly were both better. This morning at half-past six Miss White and Sarah left and at seven Cousin Elsie left. At eight ten campers left for the range, going from this end up to the Lakes and ending at Haystack and spending the night there, going up Marcy the next day, then home. Then a little while after, Papa and Anna and Louisa arrived, and about 12.15 six more go to the Lakes to meet the Rangers and spend the night there. I am not going, as I was in bed all yesterday. C. W. P., J. J. P. Jr., L. H. P., M. L., L. G., R. G., A. T. L., A. K., A. G., and Herr Roediger are the rangers. Aunt B., M. P., S. C. L., J. J. P., L. C., and B. C. are the Lake people. H., B., and C. have gone up Indian Head for lunch and are going to meet the Lake people and spend the night with them at the Upper Lake. A. C., Cousin Selma, Aunt Lucy, Aunt A., Uncle C., N. C., L. R., and me stay at home. Tracy has got the cart that he and Friedel made out again, and camp is quite like old times. We are expecting the three doctors [Drs. Freud, Ferenczi, and Jüng] any time now. At first we thought they were all German, and Cousin Selma and Anna

C. have been working all the morning on an enormous German flag, but Papa says none of them are German! So they can't put the flag up at all! The doctors are going to have the Chatterbox all to themselves and Cousin Selma has been fixing it all up and won't let any one except herself make the beds, etc. Today is Uncle Charley's birthday and very few people know it, so it probably will go by unnoticed: Louisa R. is going to sleep in the Shanty, but tonight will sleep with me. We have taken the gate from the Chatterbox and put it across the opening in our fence so that the cow can't get in. A few days ago Aunt Bessie, Tue, Mary Lee and I went up to Flat Rock, and day before yesterday Alan, Lawrence, Robert, Arthur, Tue, and I went up to the brook where the Nubble trail crosses it and hunted for labradorite. We all found some very good pieces. The labradorite craze is as bad as ever now. We have had three camp-fires and an evening party in the Stoop right in succession. At the party first there were some silhouettes behind a sheet, then Miss Kelsey played and Sarah W. accompanied her on the organ, and there was some singing with Herr Roediger playing the guitar. Tracy and I have been appointed a committee of two to look up the words of all the camp-fire songs and write them down for the campers to learn.

Lots of love, F. C. P.

Dear Ma, —

How is your arm? and your daughter? Alfred got here this morning. It rained last night and part of this morning. The doctors are killing. You should see them at tetherball! One of them did n't try it, but the others hop round like kangaroos, but almost never hit anything. Awful hurry.

Lots of love, F. C. P.

*September* 20, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

I am so glad you are coming up. I should like so much to stay up here with you, but you will have to bring up lots of studying books. I have to have a French irregular verb book. I guess I can do the rest when I get down. I can't find "Les Aventures de Trottino," and if you will bring up some little French book also I shall be much obliged. . . . Most every one has gone to Marcy, and three of the boys have gone over the range to meet them on top.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

I reached camp in time to have my birthday there, when Jim wrote me the following lines: —

Happy is she who keeps her youth,
Who speaks her mind and tells the truth,
Who does not only teach but show
Her chicks the way they ought to go;
Happy it is to be a star
That shineth bright yet not afar:
One star like this still lights our lives
And counts her years by twos and fives.
Just see the colors that she flies!
To show how high her spirits rise.

*September* 24, 1909.

## *Frances to E. C. H.*

PUTNAM CAMP, *September* 27, 1909.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I hope you are all well. We are all well up here except Aunt Bessie, who has rheumatism. She and Alfred and Jamie are going down to Boston tomorrow. We leave here Sunday the third and get to Boston Monday morning. Yesterday morning Mama, Papa,

DECEMBER 1909

Louisa and I walked to Beaver Meadow. . . . The colors were perfectly lovely. Some of the trees were crimson, some scarlet, some orange, some pink, some yellow, and there were some of every shade of green. It was a very clear day and the sky was very blue. When we were out in the open we could see the mountains wonderfully. On the near mountains you could see every separate tree, as there are almost none next each other of the same color. Beaver Meadow Falls are very pretty. The water has not made a very deep gorge but flows all over the face of the rock. When the sun is on it the face of the rock all glistens. It has been half raining last night and today.

Lots of love.

Your niece, FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

Lizzie Putnam's rheumatism was so bad that she could not go down with the boys, and it was still so bad when we went, nearly a week later, that she had to be lifted in and out of the motor-boat and train in a carrying chair that Jim got up for her, and her suffering was great on the journey down. I can never forget that dreadful day, for just as we were starting we received the news that our dear Frances Jackson had died of infantile paralysis. We knew she was ill, for Elizabeth had written that her arms were paralyzed and that the family were feeling very anxious. She was like an older daughter in our household, all the children loved her dearly, and to Elizabeth she was both sister and best friend. It was a sorrow that seemed almost unbearable. Her winning, gay lightness of heart, joined to a rarely unselfish and noble character, made her universally beloved.

## IX

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY was always an exciting time to Frances, and Aunt Lizzie Higginson also made a special festival of it. She used to invite the Lee, Lyman and Fuller children out to tea in the afternoon, and one of the elder children, dressed up as a postman, would deliver a bag full of valentines, to the great delight of the little ones. This year, however, Aunt Lizzie was hardly equal to a children's party, and her valentines went by mail.

*February* 16, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

The first valentine that I received was the one you sent me which was on my plate when I came down to breakfast. I think it is a perfectly sweet one and I want to thank you very much for it.

I got twenty valentines in all, thirteen at school and the rest at home. Every one brings any valentines they have for their school friends and puts them into the box which the class has. At recess the valentines are given out by the teachers and it is very thrilling to hear your name called and to receive a valentine. There are generally so many valentines in the box that it takes the whole recess to give them out.

Hoping you had a nice Valentine's day too,

Your loving niece,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

In April, when the college vacation came, we all went down to Cotuit and had Mrs. Whiting come to cook

for us as we did the year before. She is a fine cook, and took great pride in sending in wonderful southern dishes. We had Louisa Richardson, Marjorie Gregg, Katharine Shortall, Alan Gregg, Charles Ryder, and Bronson Crothers with us.

### *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *April* 18, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

Somehow there was not a moment to write yesterday. A household of thirteen with only one person to help out is a strenuous form of amusement; still, I love it. I came down Friday with Frances early, Elizabeth, Molly, Louisa and Katharine arrived at 8 P.M. Jim came early Saturday, and the rest by the 1.08 train. They immediately rushed down to the water and were off in two sailboats, coming back cold and hungry to a supper of raw oysters (the boys eat a dozen or more each), then fried oysters and mutton chops, cut-up oranges and a three-decker Washington pie, fruit and white-frosted cake. After supper they sang till bed-time, sitting on the floor in front of a roaring fire. In the morning they rolled the tennis court and laid it out; then some of them played tennis and the others walked up to Popponesett and got lovely mayflowers. In the afternoon more walking and tennis, and a few went sailing in spite of a cold east wind. The Channings are at the Island, the Fred Lowells at their bungalow on Popponesett, the Coolidges at the little Porter House by the shore. Alfred Lowell and Reginald Pratt are at the Central House and divide their time between us and the Channings. Last evening as we sat round the fire there were five boys smoking pipes! I am afraid you would not have enjoyed it.

It is perfectly lovely here and so peaceful. Today is showery and all the young people are playing games happily in the parlor, while I am writing upstairs. Molly, Louisa and Frances go home tomorrow afternoon; I stay with the college contingent till Friday or Saturday. I'll see you Sunday.

Affectionately,

MARIAN.

*Frances to M. C. P.*

106 MARLBORO' ST., *April* 20, 1910.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

We arrived here in very good time. We were in the carriage at 6.50. The mayflowers arrived well, though I had to pick out a lot of dead ones this morning. I gave a bunch to Uncle John [Coolidge] which we said was from all three of us, and a bunch to Miss Rissi. L. gave a bunch to Mrs. Marsh and M. is going to take hers out to Aunt Lizzie. This morning we got letters from the Eliots and S. C. L. Jr. Aunt Lucy lunched here.

Harry Balch has scarlet fever! . . . When Lucy came home from school her mother told her Harry had been sent to the Brookline hospital with scarlet fever. He is having a cinch of it there, though, for he has the scarlet-fever ward all to himself, as well as the nurse. He has a telephone and can talk to Cousin Lucy whenever he wants to. . . . Poor Lucy can't go to school for ten days. The question was to know whether I could see her. Uncle Charley was n't at home. You see she had had it within a few years. Papa asked Dr. Paul. He said there was very little risk, but that he could not say for sure. So I have been keeping away from her. Papa has just said that I *can* play with her, but that he would rather wait till he had seen Uncle Charley. So I am going to wait.

How are you all down there? Things are much farther on up here. About half an hour out of Boston we passed some cherry trees that were all in blossom! Molly has several messages. (1) She is not going to play in the Tournament. (2) Papa says she looks better. (3) Please bring up the Episcopal hymn book. Also please be *sure* to bring up my fountain pen (L. has found hers, it suddenly appeared) and "Toto's Merry Winter."

*Lots* of love, from your affectionate daughter,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

Please give my love to all the household.

### *Frances to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *June* 2, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

It seems so good to be down here again. I can hardly believe it is true. When we got here we found the tennis court covered with weeds, but yesterday some boys weeded it and rolled it, and Mr. Childs and Louisa and I laid down the tapes, and Louisa and I weeded and rolled it again and now it looks fine.

Yesterday Mrs. Peirson brought us over some perfectly lovely irises, purple, white and yellow. We have some irises, some columbines, some yellow lilies and lots of a new blue flower which I don't know the name of. The yellow lilies are just beginning. There are also some lovely oriental poppies and a few shirleys and the roses are just budding. Last Sunday we walked to the golf-links to get some swamp irises. There were n't anywhere near so many as usual out, but we got quite a good many. On the way we found some lupin, some broom, and a little beach-plum. There have not been many boats out lately, and I

have only been out twice myself as it has been very windy and showery. . . .

Mama was very glad to hear from you. I hope to see you in July.

Much love,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

COTUIT, *June* 25, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? It is perfectly lovely down here. Yesterday morning was the best weather we've had; not too cold and not too hot and a bright blue sky. Anne Coolidge has a perfectly fascinating pony. I ride him every Tuesday and Friday. We have been having our elm trees sprayed. Mr. Coolidge took Margaret Townsend, Louisa and I over to Woods Hole in an auto. When we got there we saw the aquarium and went over a little revenue cutter that was there. Coming home we got stuck in the mud in a pelting rain and had to be dug out! Jamie came down on Wednesday, Carly comes this afternoon. Molly comes tomorrow and Lib [who was just graduating from Radcliffe] comes next Thursday. Today is a wonderful day.

I hope to see you in July.

Lots of love,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

COTUIT, *August* 15, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

How are you? I hope you are well. The play went off finely. . . .

Aunt Amy came the morning of the play. She brought me some lovely Venetian beads. She brought Louisa a lovely silver necklace and to Molly she brought the most beautiful embroidered dress I ever saw.

THE COTUIT HOUSE

The Lees came last Monday and went last Thursday. This morning we all went out for a sail.

Hoping you are well, with love,

FRANCES CABOT PUTNAM.

### *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

Sunday, *August* 7, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

I have been so busy ever since you went away that I have not had a moment to write. I have spent all my waking hours in making costumes and I wish you could have seen the result! The play came off yesterday afternoon, and counting the actors and our family we had one hundred and fourteen people here, varying in age from Mr. Ropes, 86 years old, to Thornton Coolidge, 3 years old. It was a very pretty sight to watch the audience, and the scenes from *The Rose and the Ring* were capital. Margaret Townsend stayed over and acted Heads-off, Captain of the Guards, and Carl Putnam came and as stage manager did wonders, rehearsing his company for the whole of every afternoon last week. They all did well. You must make Amy tell you about it. . . . We are immersed in boat-racing here.

I have had a delightful letter from Elizabeth about Chicago, where she passed Sunday a week ago, and about Lake Mills, where she went on Monday. This Sunday she spends in Madison, and then goes to Milwaukee.

In *The Rose and the Ring* scenes Frances acted Bulbo capitally and looked her part to perfection. Until Carl came she was also stage manager, and all the parts were apportioned by her.

## *M. C. P. to E. C. H.*

COTUIT, *August* 21.

. . . We have let this house and I have been very busy going over everything, mending up blankets, spreads, and curtains. Letting a house is a good deal of a job, especially when my tenant's family is so large that they will use every nook and corner of it and even turn the school-room into a bedroom. To-morrow Isa is coming for a few days. Maggie's visit was such a pleasure. The children are still absorbed in boat-racing. Last night a lot of them went up to Popponesett in canoes, taking their tea with them. Yesterday was Ellie Barton's birthday, which as Frances remarked "closes the season here." It is the last event of any importance! This year, however, three races come this last week. I hear delightful accounts of Elizabeth, who is having an interesting visit to the Elmores in Milwaukee. We expect to go to the Adirondacks the 26th. Jamie does not go with us but stays at Barnstable at the Kittredges until after Tom Bowles's funeral, which will take place the day after the steamer arrives. You will have heard of Tom's death from pneumonia in Germany. He was Jamie's best friend and it is a great loss to him. Jamie has been passing several days in Barnstable to be near Mr. and Mrs. Bowles and Kitty. It is one of the tragedies.

## *Frances to E. C. H.*

BOWDITCH AND PUTNAM CAMP,
*September* 6, 1910.

DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, —

We are having a great time here. Tue, Mary Lee, and Louisa arrived here day before yesterday. It is pouring hard today. Yesterday they went up a mountain and got benighted and had to camp down

and spend the night, but they got back all right in the morning. They had the time of their lives. Night before last we played a book game. On different objects were pinned different numbers. We each had a piece of paper and wrote down what book we thought the objects resembled. Mother won and Papa got the booby prize.

I have climbed two mountains.

With lots of love,

FRANCES C. PUTNAM.

The night that Molly, Mary, and Sarah, Carl, Tracy, and one or two other boys got caught out on the cliffs of Colvin, overlooking the Lake, was one of great anxiety to us and to them, although when it was over they highly enjoyed the thought of it. We sat up all night, and Jim and two guides started at dawn the next morning on a search expedition, while a team went up to the Lake with blankets, food, and dry clothes. We met them about 8 A.M. and brought them home, the girls with hands and faces the color of the mountain-side and their hair full of hemlock and moss. They had climbed Colvin and had started too late in the afternoon to come down over the cliffs to the Lake without a trail. Darkness had overtaken them on the edge of a dangerous cliff, and they dared not either go on or go back. They were without food, but luckily had some matches and managed to keep a fire going, although it began to rain before daybreak. Martha, Tue and Charles Storey, who had got separated from the others, managed to get back to the trail and reached home between ten and eleven to report that the rest were — somewhere on the cliffs of Colvin. Jim wrote some humorous verses to celebrate the occasion: —

*There is more than one point of view of a mountain — the child's and the parent's, for example.*

*Child.* Oh, mountain climbing *is such* fun,
The cinchiest sport beneath the sun.
You dance like deer up steepest slopes;
Race down the rocks like antelopes;
Share with the bounding brook its bed,
Or rest on balsam boughs your head.
Your clothes to smithereens you tear,
With scrub-spruce twigs you comb your hair,
And then "Who cares? Who cares?" you sing;
"We'll take what fare the mountains fling."

*Mother.* Yes, child; all that you say is true.
But, there's another point of view.

*Child.* You're right, mama, we had that too:
Just where the ridge turns to the North,
That view of White-face and so forth —
That's what you mean; p'raps you were there,
When young; but did you ever dare
To coast down, sitting on that slide,
Steep as a Latin lesson, on the side
Towards the Lake? You did? By gum,
Would I'd been there to see you come!

*Mother.* No, no, child, you don't catch the scent,
That's not the point of view I meant.
Incidentally, just see your dress —
Once it was blue, but now, I guess,
Five washings more *may* bleach it *brown;*
'T will hardly do to wear in town;
The dyer'd make his fortune who
Could dye as many tints as you
In one short gown. — "Die!" did I say?
Perchance that word so ominous *may*
Convey to you some sort of hint
As to the "point of view" I meant.
In short, the folks who stay at home
Have "views" as well as those who roam.

*Child.* Oh yes, mama; I twig, I catch;
I'm on you now; you'd like to match
Your sewing, darning, and all that,
Against our climb; but that's too fat;
That can't come in. It don't wash blue,
More than my gown, *that* point of view.

*Mother.* Dear child, 't is vain; I give it up.
Drink the last drop of Nature's cup;
Skip up the hills and down the rocks,
Bear cold, bear hunger, and bear knocks;
And may you never find it true
That there are other points of view.

*September* 6, 1910. J. J. P.

Jim also wrote me some verses on my 53d birthday.

*To M. C. P. on her 53d birthday, September 24, 1910*

Those witching numbers, five and three,
Combine them as you will —
Their ample outlines seem to me
Some aching void to fill.

Five jewels shed on you their lustre,
Richer than miser's hoard;
*Five plus three* souls daily cluster
Around your festive board.

Add *eight* to *five*, you have *thirteen*,
— A sacred sum you'll see;
For that's the age that soon, I ween,
Your youngest child will be.

Fifteen is made of *three* times *five*,
And that's the charming age
Of your fourth child, as I'm alive,
— Louisa, sweet and sage.

Four *three's* make twelve; but add thereto
One *five*, to swell the sum,
And sweet *seventeen* comes quick to view,
— Your Molly's age, I vum!

*Seventeen* plus *three* to *twenty* grows;
And now your favorite boy
Steps smiling up. You know he knows
That he's your pride and joy.

*Seventeen* plus *five* makes *twenty-two:*
Ah! it seems far away,
That summer when, a baby new,
Lib in her cradle lay.

Then put the *three* before the *five,*
— Harnessed like horse to cart, —
You get a team worth while to drive.
'T was dear, once, to your heart.

But if the *five* the *three* precedes,
A number greets our ears
That whispers of kind thoughts, good deeds,
And many things that kindness breeds
Through long and silent years.

J. J. P.

## *Frances to E. C. H.*

*October* 23, 1910.
106 Marlborough St., Boston.

Dear Aunt Lizzie, —

Thanks ever so much for the basket and the candy. I think the basket is perfectly sweet and the candy is delicious. My birthday party went off finely. Every one came; there were twenty-four of us and we had a great time. I had a lot of nice presents. Louisa gave me this note paper, Mama and Papa gave me a camera. Aunt Bessie gave me two dollars, and Cousin Georgie gave me five. Jamie took me to the ball game yesterday. It was fine. Brown was playing against Harvard. Harvard won.

Thanking you again,

Affectionately,
Frances C. Putnam.

The autumn of 1910 and the early winter were for me wholly taken up by Aunt Lizzie's illness. When we returned in October we learned that she had a fatal disease; in fact she never came downstairs again, and after several months of extreme weakness she died — on January 12, 1911.

The tie between Frances and Aunt Lizzie was a very close one. Aunt Lizzie always had a great love of little children. She was their slave from the time they first began to walk and talk to the day when card-houses, blocks, and cookies began to lose their supreme attraction. Then some new toddler would absorb her attention, and the growing girl or boy faded somewhat into the background. But in Frances's case that time never came; she and Aunt Lizzie were good comrades always. They both loved to play games, and when I shut my eyes I can hear the peals of laughter that so often came from the room where they were playing parchesi, or go-bang, backgammon or bézique. They loved each other's jokes and stories and always saved up their best ones to tell each other. They had a certain childish gayety in common, and understood one another. But behind this comradeship of play there was in Frances's mind the perception that Aunt Lizzie was lonely and needed sympathy. When Blanche Channing died Frances was not five years old, but from that time she never forgot that Aunt Lizzie was alone, and, with the loyalty that was a strong trait in her nature, she remembered to write to her and to think about her, and wanted to hear about her health whenever she was at a distance.

Aunt Lizzie's death brought real sorrow to many persons who had found in her a devoted friend and

confidant. The little parlor at High Street had been the scene of much quiet hospitality. Many waifs and strays and all of her family, no matter how distant the connection was, were welcomed by her and made at home by her fireside. Her sympathies were warm and quick and full of generous ardor. Of prejudices she had her full share, but they were always in favor of the unfortunate and downtrodden. Her strongly religious nature supported her through many sad and suffering hours.

After her death, and the dismantling of her little house — filled to the roof-tree with family memorials of all sorts — the idea came to us that we might use the legacy she left to me, with other money we had set aside for educational purposes, in taking the children abroad the following summer.

# X

FRANCES'S winter was very fully occupied with her school and her other classes. Miss Winsor's school had moved from 96 Beacon Street to Pilgrim Road in Longwood, and that made a great change in Frances's daily life. She stayed out for luncheon at the new school, and played there in the afternoon three days in the week, not getting home until nearly five o'clock. Her own views of the old and new school are given in a composition written that spring.

SCHOOL SPIRIT IN THE OLD SCHOOL AND SCHOOL SPIRIT IN THE NEW SCHOOL.

School spirit both as it existed in the old school and now exists in our memory of the old school, and school spirit as it exists in the new school are two quite different things, each having certain advantages.

The old school was so much smaller than this that we had more of a chance to know and love every little corner of it, and there was something very cosy and uniting in the way the whole school crowded into the library, and sat, packed like sardines, on the floor or on the tables, bookcases, and mantel-pieces.

Very different is the new school spirit. Although lacking, perhaps, some of the homelikeness of the old school, it should have many advantages. The realization that she is a member of this big school and can enjoy all the privileges that the school affords might thrill any girl and does thrill many.

However, I think that, with advantage, there might be more universal school spirit than there is at present.

Frances began, when she was thirteen, to take music lessons of Mrs. Marsh. During the two years before that she had had lessons with Miss Rissi, a thorough musician of an ardent and artistic temperament. But Frances wanted particularly to study with Mrs. Marsh, who taught her older sisters and for whom she had a great admiration and affection; and she was very happy when the lessons with her began. Although not naturally musical, she loved to hear music, and worked hard at her practising, as she was determined to learn to play.

She had a strong sense of rhythm, and dancing was one of her great joys. When she was ten years old, she joined a class at the Hemenway Gymnasium, where both gymnastics and dancing were taught; then, for two winters, she belonged to a fancy-dancing class taught by Miss Wright at the Women's Athletic Club; and at last, in the autumn of 1910, she went to Mr. Foster's Thursday class at the Somerset, thus fulfilling one of her dearest wishes. She danced lightly and easily and did not know what it was to feel shy, so that Thursday afternoons were red-letter days. After this she went each year to the Foster classes, and few girls could have enjoyed them more. She never was a favorite, but she had plenty of partners and she loved to dance. She looked upon the classes as times of unalloyed joy and she took great pleasure, too, in her dancing-school dresses, which — for she was of a very uncritical disposition — she found perfectly satisfactory.

Toward the end of February she was invited to go up to Chocorua with Dr. Balch, Harry and Lucy, and she spent several delightful days there.

CHOCORUA, *February* 19, 1911.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Arrived at the station yesterday about one, and sleighed up. After dinner we got on our togs and went out snow-shoeing. This is a fascinating place. The mountains, except for Chocorua, remind me exactly of Camp, they are so like the mountains there. We first went out on Lake Chocorua with our snow-shoes, then went over to Aunt Charlotte's, and home by little Lake Chocorua. We went to bed about 7.30 and I was n't homesick and slept very well. Lu and I sleep in the same bed.

This morning we first went tobogganing, which was great. Harry, Lu and I were going down for our second time, and we went square into a tree and were thrown off but not hurt. The snow is two feet or more deep and the weather is perfect. We slid a little on the barn roof, or rather, off it, and I am afraid I shall wear out my bloomers. Then Lu and I tunnelled in the snow a little and then came in and got ready for dinner. We also tried skiing, which was almost impossible. We tumbled down so much we gave it up. Chocorua is an awfully pretty mountain. It is quite peaked and is snow-capped, which makes it look like the pictures I've seen of the Alps.

Do write soon.

With lots and lots of love,

F. C. P.

*February* 20, 1911.

DEAR MA, —

Thanks for your letters which I got this afternoon. I am not homesick, just plain got a slight cold and a slight indigestion which makes me feel horridly. I am going to sleep alone to-night. Yesterday afternoon we tunnelled in the snow. This morning we went on a

sleigh-ride with the ponies and snow-shoed. This afternoon we loafed, playing cards, me lying down; etc. It is snowing. I don't suppose that you will have time to write again.

*Lots* and *lots* of love,

F. C. P.

On the fifteenth of February, 1911, came our silver wedding. I knew that some of our nearest relatives would be sure to come to see us that afternoon or evening, but I had not the least idea that the children and my sisters were getting up a surprise party. I happened to have an old silvery gray summer dress, and this I put on, with the Florentine silver chain and ornaments that my great-grandmother brought from Italy when she went there from France in an old-fashioned travelling carriage before the days of railroads. This chain had been given to me when I was seventeen, and I had meant to give it to Frances when she was seventeen.

Early in the evening a sheet was hung up across the wide doorway of the parlor, and Jim and I were invited to go inside. Then began a procession of silhouetted shadows cast on the screen, and, one by one, our friends were admitted, as we guessed their names. Elizabeth had tried to collect the people who had been at our wedding, or those who were especially dear to us, and it was a delightful gathering.

My brothers and sisters had had the old silver set put in order that had belonged to Aunt Lizzie, and before that to her mother, and presented it to us. It consisted of a coffee-pot, two tea-pots (large and small), a cream pitcher and sugar-bowl of old plate, more beautiful and valuable than modern silver, and was

decorated with a wreath, in the middle of which were engraved the letters S. C., Grandma Susy's initials. Isa wrote these lines to go with it: —

*To Marian and Jim,*
*with Aunt Lizzie's tea-set, February 15, 1911.*

To bring the good old times again,
With their high thoughts and living plain,
To climb again the mountain height
Wherein our forebears found delight,
To swing our doors forever wide
And welcome all who step inside
With old-time hospitality!

The vision is no longer dim:
It lives in Marian and Jim!
Who gather round their genial board
Find better times once more restored.
So may the tea-set ever shine
And keep the spell for auld lang syne
— And aye, for their posterity. —

Charley, Lucy and Annie brought us a Japanese monkey-tree, hung ingeniously with twenty-five silver dollars for fruit. These lines came with it, written, I think, by Charley: —

We had a monkey-puzzle tree
And nothing would it bear
But some silver dollars
And not one golden pear.
Five and twenty pieces,
One for every year,
You may pick from this the puzzle-tree
For those we hold so dear.

Madeline wrote a very amusing poem in blank verse, reviewing our history, but I can not find it.

Floretta Elmore sent us the following verses with some flowers:—

All silver white five flowers grew
Upon the tree of Love,
The blue sky of God's Providence
Watched over from above,
And safe within the tree's deep heart
Peace brooded as a dove.
And wanderers resting in the shade
The gracious branches threw,
Looked up and saw the flowers, and smiled,
And sweet refreshment knew;
Then left a gift, as at a shrine,
To bless it as it grew.
But one that loved the flowers well
And came by night or day,
A wandering minstrel whose poor harp
Was illy strung to play,
Had nothing but a song to give
His gratitude to pay.

The house was filled with flowers and many other gifts. Edward Emerson wrote a poem for us which he read aloud to the assembled company. I have it in manuscript, with a cover made of silver paper.

*Jim's and Marian's Wedding — 1911.*

Spite of the Peerless William, — Bacon, if needs must be, —
We who have eyes for the cloud-land and gleam of the sounding sea
Hold dear the pale and common drudge "that passes 'tween man and man";
Better it stands for our common life than the royal metal can.
And it speaks of the merciful charges, made by the modest Jim,
Piling in hearts — and above, who knows? — a golden throne for him.
Forty years through white, green, red have gone to their sombre end
Since the young James spake to a worthless wight — and to-day he calls him friend:

"Though her face were fair and her fancy bright, no comfort could
I find
In a maid who should give her life to me, without — a logical mind."
Said the idle wight, — yet not then light in rede or in thought was
he, —
"Now the just Heaven guard thee, friend, or dreary thy lot shall be!
Would you wipe from the sky God's rainbow, to scan but the spec-
tral prism?
Shall the bride of thy youth veil love and ruth in a cramping syllo-
gism?"

And the gliding years sped onward, — ah! would that my tongue
could tell
Of the good deeds done, and the fair name won, and the many that
loved him well.
Then a loyal maiden to his side through Heaven's kindness came —
Not *Barbara* grim, nor *Camenes* prim, but Marian was her name.
They stood together in gladness, they two, the man and the maid,
Fair shone the sun on the bridal, and they went forth unafraid.

Through the years of labor and love the goal of a happy home is
won;
Girdled they stand with blessings, — the daughters and the son;
Let him face the world like his race, and brave shall be the tale,
And his fathers' fathers' fathers shall help from behind the veil.
And the daughters four, the sisters, to the like tradition born,
May they go through life like the elders, their faces lit with morn.

This eve we bring our blessing, and look to the forward life,
All grateful for the friendship of the husband and the wife.
Long may he live, and happy, with her in the past years won!
"She will do him good, and not evil, as the days of life pass on.
She seeketh the wool and the flax, and worketh with her hands.
Her husband is known in the gates 'mong the elders of the lands.
She feareth not the snow, for her household are bravely drest.
Her husband praiseth; her children rise up and call her blest."

Grandsire, sire, and brother, brave, wise, and of open mind,
We who have known the mother ask not why Jim is kind.
We who have known the sisters twain — do we ask of one another
Why light follows the footsteps of Lizzie's and Annie's brother?

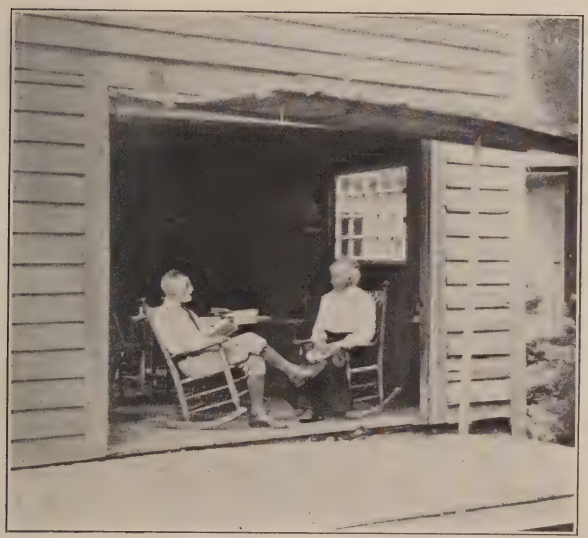
And why the sick folk love him? In him is their strength and stay
When they feel the dark tide rising to sweep their hope away.
He has slighted the yellow metal as he walked in his earnest way
The shining path of the just and good that shineth to perfect day.
When the years come bearing the gift of sleep prepared for her and
him,
When fading in the silver haze the bygone years grow dim,
May they see, yet close together firm bound by the happy bond,
The golden gleam on the gates of pearl of an earned and desired
Beyond.

EDWARD W. EMERSON.

It can easily be imagined that, after all the congratulations of our friends and the reading of the poems, we were almost overwhelmed. A hush fell upon the room as Edward finished; but Jim saved the day by jumping up on a chair and making me stand on another beside him while he thanked every one for their good wishes, and said that we would take it all as a tribute to the institution of marriage and home which we joined them in celebrating, and invited them all to come to supper. This was done on faith, as we had not provided any supper! There it was, however, spread out on the dinner-table, which was adorned by a lovely white Russian scarf embroidered in silver that the five children had given us. There was, among other good things, a wonderful wedding cake decorated with orange blossoms, forget-me-nots, and tiny roses, with our names and the marriage date in silver, made by the famous cake-maker of Concord.

After this it seemed impossible to have anything more; but Elizabeth had had eight photographs made into lantern-slides and threw them on a screen; and with this the festivities came to an end. The first photograph represented Jim in his mother's arms; the

1886



1910

next, me with my mother. Then came one taken of us both, at the Shanty, sitting in the doorway of the Pen, the first summer we were married; and another taken in the summer of 1910, in almost the same position. There were also four groups: first, Jim and me with Elizabeth as a little baby; second, a group on the Nursery piazza, of Jim with Molly in his arms, Elizabeth, Jamie and me; third, the one with Frances six weeks old in my arms, and the four children looking at her; and, last, a picture of the five children together, which had been done for Christmas in 1909.

## XI

In April we went to Cotuit for a week's vacation, and later I went down to Mrs. Peirson's to see that the house was ready for our tenants, the Mark Howes, who were to move in the first of June. We had taken our passage for the 23d of June to go abroad for all summer, and Louisa Richardson was to go with us. After school was over Frances went to Cotuit for a visit to the Taussigs, and I received the following post-cards from her.

Cotuit, *June* 14, 1911.

Dearest Mother, —

We arrived here yesterday in fine shape. Cynthia and Julius Nick' met us at the station. Cynthia was there to meet Shirley Put, who, though we did not know it, was in the same train with us. It was quite foggy and damp, so we did n't sleep out last night, especially as Catherine had just got over an attack of rheumatism. It is still somewhat foggy, but I think it is going to clear up. I went to sleep to the tune of the great salt sea! The broom is in blossom and is *lovely*. I have n't seen Mrs. Wesson yet, but expect to very soon. If you are willing to accept about $1.00 or $1.50 of Christmas Present Club money, please write me. I have not been to the house or the village, except just to pass in the auto.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

*June* 15.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Great day down here. We slept out last night. We rowed over to Popponess' yesterday and sailed back with William in the "Swastika." Anne came to lunch. Anne, Ellen B., Helen and I went in bathing this morning. Ellen is letting her hair grow and it is quite curly — dutch cut. William went up today and is going to bring Alan G. back with him. By the way Shirley is going up Sunday, Miss Ellis Monday A.M. and Alan Monday P.M. I would rather go Monday P.M. and be inoculated [against typhoid] that evening after supper. My vac. has opened, but does not hurt. We are going to dine at Mrs. Wesson's tonight.

Love to all,

F. C. P.

*June* 16.

. . . Alan is not coming down. I will come up with Miss Ellis in the morning. I went to the Howes' yesterday to see about the book and the tent in the barn loft which William wanted to borrow for the cruise to New London. I found the tent but not the book. Mrs. Howe was very nice and told me "to make myself at home in my own house." Tell Pa I saw the garden and it is lovely. Poppies, columbines, pinks, etc. all out. Had a great old time at the Wessons last night.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

The twenty-second of June was Carl's Class Day and we all went out to it. Louisa and Frances had never been before, and found it very thrilling, especially the Stadium exercises, where Alan Gregg gave the Ivy Oration. We went to a tea at Carl's rooms, and to

Randolph, where Alfred Lowell had his spread, and to the Signet Club where Alan Gregg and some others had a big tea. We also went to see the Lampoon building, and to the Yard in the evening, and to Beck Hall.

I do not think we slept much that night, as we were to get up very early the next morning to sail on the "Numidian" for Glasgow. Louisa Richardson spent the night at our house, and before seven we were driving gayly over to Charlestown. Louisa and Frances had suits of dark blue serge with blue and white check collars and cuffs, and straw hats with bunches of bright flowers; they looked very nice. Frances kept a journal during the trip, and also wrote many letters, some of which — to Anne, Lucy, Gertrude, Constance and Lizzie Putnam — have been kept, so that I can give an account of our journey from her records.

One very characteristic incident happened on the voyage, which I will relate before telling the story of our travels. A number of books, letters and flowers addressed to "Miss Frances Putnam" were put into our Frances's hands as soon as we sailed, but it soon became evident that they were not for her, and thus we discovered that there was another Frances Putnam on board. She turned out to be a school-teacher, who was all alone and who had been sent by her friends for a summer in England in the hope that she would recover her health and spirits. At first she was invisible, but when she appeared on deck Frances at once found her out and began making jokes with her about their having the same name, and all the way across they were on the friendliest terms. Once we passed a big iceberg near Newfoundland, and Frances dashed down to Miss Putnam's stateroom to call her to come and

see it. She found her weeping in her berth and unwilling to come out, but would not take "no" for an answer and triumphantly brought her up to enjoy the iceberg.

Poor Miss Putnam, who had lately lost a near relative and had been very ill, and obliged to give up her work, found great comfort in Frances. She told me the day we landed that if it had not been for her and our happy family party she never should have recovered her spirits as she did. I wish her friends could have seen the transformation wrought in her by the ten days' voyage. No doubt it was chiefly the rest and change that did it, but I am sure Frances helped to bring about the good result. In writing to me later she said, "I have always called her *my* Frances."

On the second day out Jim wrote to Lizzie: —

Thus far we pampered children of earthly fortune have been journeying in every sense over smooth seas and under cloudless skies, cloudless except for enough to make a lovely sunset. The absence of the luxuries of the North German Lloyds is rather a relief, especially in that it has secured us a company of distinct intelligents. . . . The children are happy, and Louisa and Frances have made friends with a small girl from the third cabin and various of the passengers and officers. A little more air in the staterooms would be welcome, but we have all outdoors on deck.

*From Frances's Journal, beginning with the day we started*

*Friday, June 23*. Breakfast at six. Got to the wharf in fine shape at 7.30. The first people to arrive to see us off were Mrs. Townsend, Gertrude and Margaret, and Helen Noyes, then Cousin Grace Minns. After a

long wait on the dock we went on board. Small boat but attractive, — staterooms stuffy. Tue, Margie, Martha, Sally White, Tracy and Alan Gregg then arrived, also Uncle Fred, Uncle Charley, Aunt Bessie and others. We had about an hour on the boat, showing people our staterooms and talking; waited some time while whistles nearly blew our ears out after our friends had gone. They stayed on the wharf though and we talked to them. At last we went, steamed out of Boston Harbor and past Cohasset . . . . I had nine steamer letters, books, and flowers, and Tue made me a bag with my initials and everything imaginable inside, including five dollars from Aunt Susy. Coronation dinner that evening, we were about the only people who rigged up. . . .

*July 24*. . . . Fire drill this afternoon. Played shuffleboard. Singing on deck. There are two girls, Carol Smith and Katharine Bragg, with whom I have got to the talking stage, also Miss Frances Putnam, an older lady. She was very sad at first, but she cheered up somewhat. . . .

*July 25*. Glorious day. . . the ocean is a beautiful color; we saw some whales this morning — one spouting. We went into the dining-room to a church service. The phosphorescence was wonderful last night. We talked to the Captain and he invited Louisa on to the bridge, and told us we should see Newfoundland at six tomorrow morning.

*Frances to Anne*

. . . A few days ago we passed Newfoundland. It looked pretty barren and unattractive, the only signs of habitation that we could see were a lighthouse, and

a Marconi station, and a few fishing schooners. Against the background of Newfoundland we could see three tiny white spots. These were icebergs. While we were looking at them and the landscape in general the Captain said he saw another larger one ahead. I looked for a while in vain, but finally found a black blur on the horizon. Looking through the field-glasses as we drew near it looked like a big castle of snow glistening in the sun. . . . The next one was in the shadow, but gradually the top got into the sun and made it look like a snow-capped Alpine mountain. . . .

*From the Journal*

*June 27.* Perfectly great day! . . . In the afternoon we started a shuffle-board tournament. In every case, in the first round, except when Putnam came against Putnam, our crowd came out on top. Jamie and I won out in the second round, too. My partner was Mr. Hagerty. I think he is Irish. He is very jolly and kind-hearted and gets very excited. In the semi-finals we were beaten. Jamie won out and played in the finals.

*June 28.* . . . After we had been defeated, my partner came up to me and taking out a bundle, said, "I want to give you this for the way you played!" I did n't know whether to take it, but finally I did. It was two boxes of candy. . . .

*Frances to E. C. P.*

*July* 1.

Dear Aunty Betty, —

. . . We have been having a very gay time. A shuffle-board tournament, races and a concert. The concert came off last night, and was most amusing. There was a male quintette which Pa was in. Molly, with Mrs. Marsh accompanying her, played the violin.

Papa sang the solo part of a song to the tune of "The tar-paulin jacket," the words of which he composed and which you will find enclosed, and there were lots more things on the programme. Today is a wonderful day, with a clear blue sky and big white clouds. The ocean is all different colors, purple, yellow, green, red and blue. We have got to know a good many of the passengers. There is a man, a minister, who started as a janitor at some college and worked up, and now he is president of it. He won the championship in shuffle-board. . . . The voyage has gone very quickly and I would n't think that it could possibly be over a week. . . .

*From the Journal*

We began *Lord of the Isles* yesterday and I like it very much. In the distance we saw Ireland very faintly. I went to bed early 'cause I wanted to get up and see the passengers for Londonderry land.

*July 2.* Got up at three and dressed. I went up on deck and there was Ireland. It looked perfectly fascinating. It sloped down to the water, and there were darling little white houses scattered all around. All the land was divided into little portions bordered by hedges. There were a good many lighthouses because the coast is rocky. When we had gone a little way up the bay, we met a tug which took off the passengers. We passed a fascinating castle ruin; it was just my idea of an old castle, grey with part of the wall down, and ivy climbing all over it. There was a darling little church on the hillside. As we were turning round after landing the passengers, the sun rose and it was perfectly lovely. The clouds were tinged with red-gold and between the clouds was a mass of red. . . . When I came up on deck again we could see Scotland on the other side, and pretty soon we went in toward the

Firth of Clyde. We passed the Mull of *Kintyre*. The hills were simply beautiful, very rugged, and at the same time soft-looking. They were very green, with brown spots of heather which was not yet in bloom. We passed another old castle with some woods around it, which the Cap'n said the Duke of Argyle built for his son and the Princess Louise, and she would n't live in it. . . . Before us we could see the Island of Arran, very craggy and beautiful. Soon round the end of Arran we could see a wonderful mountain and then a whole marvellous chain. They were something like Camp. We turned into the Firth of Clyde, and passed little villages and sometimes big cities. . . . Wherever we went the people waved. . . . All the way up the Clyde we simply crawled. We passed a lot of wharves and building structures, for Glasgow is a great ship-building place. Finally we docked and went up to the Ivanhoe Hotel.

After passing two nights and an interesting day in Glasgow, we said good-bye to Mrs. Marsh, who had crossed with us and had been a delightful travelling companion, and started off on the morning of the 4th of July for Oban, taking alternately trains and boats.

*From the Journal*

When we got to Ardrichaig I expected to find an old-fashioned coach, but instead saw an automobile. We climbed in and went off. I was extremely uncomfortable. We passed lots of wild flowers and the same kind of fascinating little houses and glorious green hills with sheep all over them and little brooks running down them. Loch Awe was very pretty. . . . We reached the station an hour earlier than the train . . . picked our first piece of heather.

*Oban.* — It rained hard in the morning, but we had a fine walk over the hills and a great drive in the afternoon on a real coach, with horses this time, to Dunstaffnage Castle, a beautiful ruin. We went up on the walls and all around. Perfectly wonderful. Heather and grass growing in the walls, immense courtyard in the middle. It is the castle where once the Stone of Scone was kept. . . . We passed a regiment of Highlanders, with brown coats and green plaid kilts.

Our Scotch trip, from Oban up the coast to Gairloch and back by the Caledonian Canal, was one of the nicest things we did. The children were all wild with delight over the beautiful scenery of the west of Scotland, which we had been reading about in the *Lord of the Isles* and Black's *Princess of Thule.*

*From the Journal*

*July 6.* Oban to Gairloch by boat. Scotch mist, then hard rain. Glorious scenery. The first really eventful thing was off the coast of Ardnamurchan, where it was rougher than all-get-out. Molly, L. Rich' and Lib lay down in the rain on the deck, not caring how wet they got. When we got to Portree the mist lifted and we saw rocky mountains like our Range but which came down to the sea. The hillsides near Portree are full of caves like the ones near Artists' brook. Some of the mountains had yellow sunlight on them and some were blue and distant. There were millions of them. We made friends with Ishbael Constable. She lives only about 20 miles from Pilley's Island on Newfoundland, and was going all alone to Portree to visit some aunts whom she had not seen since she was seven. Ishbael is Gaelic for Isabel. Gairloch has only

one hotel, it is very swell indeed. There is a strip of pink beach and the rest of the shore is rocky. We found some very pink sunset shells. We had supper (delicious salmon and scones) about half-past eight or nine, and the sun set while we were having it. It was ten when I went to bed and it was as light as at four in winter at home.

*July 7.* Clear morning. Coached to Achnasheen past Loch Maree, through the pass of Glencarren; then to Inverness by train. We took a lovely drive past Loch Maree, which is a large lake with mountains and hills rising right out of it. It has a great many wooded islands . . . the woods are of the single larches. At Inverness we went up to what they call the castle, which is on a hill overlooking the town; in front of it was a statue of Flora McDonald.

*July 8.* Inverness to Banavie by boat through the Caledonian Canal. Banavie to Fort William by train, then to Oban by boat. . . . Ben Nevis is the highest mountain in the British Isles; Papa and Jamie left us at Banavie to climb it. . . . We went into a lake on which Ballachulish is situated. It is surrounded by mountains and hills. . . . It seems quite homelike to be back in Oban.

*Sunday, July 9.* Ma and Molly went to the Parish Kirk, Eloise [L. Richardson] and Lib sketched, and Louisa and I washed our hair — deliciously quiet things. In the afternoon we were all going to Loch Awe in an auto, but when it came there was only room for four, so Eloise and Molly *said* they did n't feel like going! and the rest of us went. It was a lovely drive through the Pass of Braender and along one arm of the Lake.

*Monday, 10th.* Beautiful day. Trossachs — Oban to Crianlarich to Ardlin by train, Ardlin to Inversnaid by boat, and to Stronachlachar by boat. To the Trossachs by boat, and Aberfoyle by coach. We met Papa and Jamie at Crianlarich. They had had a very good time and had a wonderful sunset and sunrise. At Ardlin on "the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," we had a long wait and took a coach ride. We simply crawled all the way and joggled up and down like peas, but it was very pleasant; the burns are awfully pretty.

*Frances to Anne*

. . . The next day we went from Oban to Edinburgh through the Trossachs. Loch Lomond was beautiful but I did n't like it any better than any of the other lakes and not as well as some of them. I loved Loch Katrine! Ellen's Isle is a cunning little wooded island with coves and points. The Trossachs are very green and cool-looking. At Edinburgh we had a jolly time. We went to the Castle and to the old town, the Scottish museum, the Law courts, Roslin Chapel, etc.

*Frances to Lucy*

*July* 11.

DEAREST LU, —

Here we are in Edinburgh after a great trip in the Highlands. The last few days have been simply corking (I mean in weather, they've all been corking otherwise). . . . Everything is very green over here. All the hillsides have dozens of little brooks running down them and millions of sheep all over them. If you ask your driver if all the moors belong to the same person, he says "Oh, yes, to the Duke of something or other," and adds that the rent is too high for the people. It is too killing to hear them talking about dukes

and kings and everything we have in history. Somehow I don't feel as if dukes and kings could exist except in history. . . .

Our family are a good deal like the family who went to see a moose that was on show; they were a family of ten children and the father and mother, and when they got there the man who owned the moose opened the gates and said, "You can come in free for it's just as much of a treat for my moose to see your family as for your family to see my moose." That story was told us at the ship concert.

Our "party of eight" seemed to be looked upon with tolerant amusement by every one we met, and we were always well treated by hotel-keepers and fellow travellers alike, with one notable exception when we foolishly tried our luck in London lodgings. — To return to the letter to Lucy: —

A few days ago we went into a shop here to look for a long coat for Molly. They had the most fascinating shawls I ever saw! Different colors on both sides; then, better and better, they made them up into the most enchanting cloaks. I set my heart on getting a certain bright scarlet and white one for a dancing-school cloak. Then Mother came in and did n't like it! However I am going to get some blue tweed and have it made into a suit in Paris. So's Louisa.

It should be said that many kind friends had given presents to the children, so that it was her own money that she was spending. She did get a gray-blue dancing-school cloak at Liberty's, again foregoing a bright red which was her own choice. I have since then been so sorry that I threw cold water on her native love of

scarlet. She was so good about giving up her own way and always so ready to be guided by me, although decided enough when left to herself.

*From the Journal*

*July 11.* Hot wave from America has arrived.

*July 12.* We drove out to Challenger Lodge to see the Murrays. We found them having tea in a beautiful drawing-room. There were strawberries and food of all sorts as well as tea. They are very rich, but simple-hearted. The Lodge is just above the Firth of Forth. Margaret and Rhoda appeared in beautiful white muslin dresses, with garden hats on, Sir John in tweed knickerbockers. It was just like the stage. We went out into the garden and Lady Murray gave us some ripping roses.

*Frances to Lucy*

. . . Edinburgh Castle is perfectly fascinating. It is huge, up on top of a hill. The base of the rock it stands on is seven acres! It has all sorts and kinds of houses in it. We saw the room where Mary, Queen of Scots, lived and where James was born. Also the window where Mary was s'posed to have lowered him out in a basket, so that he could be taken to Stirling and be baptized a Catholic. Also the prison-room where the Duke of Argyle spent his last night before execution.

The King and Queen are coming to Edinburgh to hold court for a week. . . . The decorations for the King are coming on finely. . . . We called at the Murrays. Both the girls, aged 18 and 19, appeared in fresh white muslin dresses and garden hats. One of them has already been presented at Court, to King Edward, the other is to be presented next week. She is going to wear white satin with a train three yards long.

*July 13.* Started about ten for Roslin Chapel and Castle in a rattle-di-bang coach. It's quite a long drive when you go at the rate we did. The Chapel is a small stone building beautifully carved. It has a high, ivy-covered wall around it. It is rough-looking and at the same time the carving is quite fine and very beautiful. We spent so much time there we did not see the Castle. After we had gone a few miles, I, stupid donkey, discovered that I had left my blue bag with all my belongings in it. I was in despair, and behaved like a baby. Then Jamie, like a perfect saint, offered to go back for it on foot and went, though it was dreadfully hot. . . . He did not get back until after lunch. He had found my bag. Lucky me! Also he went to the Castle and found it great. Old Town for the rest of the afternoon, wonderfully interesting and dirty. . . .

*July 15.* Left Edinburgh on the "breakfast train" for Durham, Mrs. Marsh with us. . . . The wonderful cathedral in the afternoon. The pillars are perfectly huge! They are quite simple but very massive. I can't describe it, but they had some wonderful wood carving. . . . Papa, Jamie, and I went over the castle, which is now a college. We saw a small Norman chapel built in 1072. Then we slipped in late to the afternoon service in the cathedral. . . . The music was beautiful, particularly the "Amens."

Harker's York Hotel. We arrived here very late, but washed up and had dinner. Mother and I are in a room called the "Queen," very fancy, comfortable and nice. . . . We went to St. Mary's Abbey and saw some beautiful ruins. . . .

Frances was very enthusiastic over everything old, and greatly amused some English people we met walk-

ing about the Abbey grounds by exclaiming, "I care nothing for any buildings *less* than a hundred years old."

*From the Journal*

*July 16, Sunday.* Went to a beautiful service in the York Cathedral and enjoyed it more than the Durham one. York does not have as big pillars as Durham. The outside is more Gothic and decorated. . . . The others went to another service in the afternoon. J. and I went afterwards and joined them and heard some beautiful organ-playing, then walked round the walls. After supper Papa and his four daughters thought they'd take a walk round the walls. We were standing in the Cathedral yard in front of a house belonging to one of the clergy, when a man with a clerical collar, a tall silk hat, and his clerical clothes rolled up under his arm, came riding across the grass toward us on his bicycle. He greeted us with a very cordial "How do you do?" as if we had known him all our lives; he said he knew at once we were Americans and discovered that we came from Boston. . . . He asked us to come in and made Pa write in his autograph book, introduced us to his daughter and cousin, and when we went let us out by his special key on to the walls. It was Mr. Tupper-Cary, Canon in Residence.

*July 17.* To Lincoln by train. We saw the Cathedral in the afternoon. Perfectly fascinating! Wonderful windows! short service, no music. . . .

*July 18.* Wandered round Lincoln. Went to the Castle. Listened from the Cathedral nave to a morning service with lovely music. To Cambridge in the afternoon. Went to a service in the Kings College Chapel, *beautiful* singing, and drove about seeing the colleges.

*July 19.* Saw more colleges and rowed on the river. On to London in the afternoon!

We spent ten days in London, and enjoyed it exceedingly in spite of the extremely hot weather. Frances was rather used up by queer food and heat, and several times had to stay at home when the others were sightseeing. She enjoyed everything — the Tower, the parks, the streets, and especially the Tate Galleries and the Wallace Collection. One day we spent at Oxford, where Jim and I lunched at the Oslers', leaving the others to lunch at the Mitre. Frances wrote, "I liked Christ Church College best, probably 'cause I was least tired when I went there."

We had rather a disagreeable time in our first London lodgings and moved to the York Hotel, Albemarle Street, which was most comfortable. To our great disappointment Westminster was closed for repairs (after the Coronation), and Frank Channing thought we could not possibly get in; but Jim boldly wrote to the head verger, who gave us an appointment to meet him at the Abbey at noon, when the workmen were having their dinner, and he devoted the whole hour to us.

*Frances to Anne*

. . . Westminster Abbey was closed, but Pa got special permission to see it. We had a corking guide. He was so interested in what he was telling us that it made it very interesting to us. He showed us lots of places which we could n't have seen under ordinary circumstances. We saw lots of tombs of famous men and ladies, kings and queens, some of 'em, and some of 'em not. We saw the coronation chair with the Stone of

Scone under it. He took us up and showed us the wax death-effigies. They were standing up most of them, and were all dressed in the clothes that really belonged to the originals of the effigies. A good many had lots of jewels, but they were fake. The faces were tinted to the right color to a certain degree. There was a very life-like figure of Charles II.

One Sunday afternoon we went out to Rickmansworth to have afternoon tea with some friends of Papa's; they were very pleasant and very English.

We went to Windsor Castle and saw the state apartments; the walls had pinky damask on them, the gilded furniture was most gorgeous, solid silver tables, etc., etc.

*From the Journal*

*July 29.* Farewell to the British Isles! London to Newhaven by train, Newhaven to Dieppe by boat. Very smooth passage. (N.B. be sure to engage a carriage from London beforehand, if you have a large party!)

## XII

### *J. J. P. to A. C. P.*

We arrived at Rouen last evening, after a beautiful sail from Newhaven to Dieppe and ride from Dieppe hither. Travelling in France is lovely, but it takes patience and leisure. There was a crowd on the boat, so the boat was an hour late in starting and more in getting in. Then came the absured *douane*, with the necessity of waiting patiently until two eager porters, excited and looking for fees, had hunted up our fourteen little and big packages, and the fierce-looking but good-natured official had chalked them as free from dangerous or edible contents. . . . Rouen is dirty as a whole, but it is remarkable and fortunate that the general squalor of the picturesque little streets, with their sewer gutters, does not prevent these extraordinary Frenchwomen from being exceedingly clean. . . .

The above was written before we had had our noses inside the superb towering cathedral with its forest of clustered columns leading to the pointed roof away up in the skies. It is a great sensation to sit and gaze at windows and light-effects and to listen to the organ and watch the ant-like people passing in and out, and the solemn medieval procession of church dignitaries in their beautiful robes, preceded and followed by majordomos in gorgeous gilt and red uniforms and cocked hats, banging the butts of their great lances on the stone floor at every step. . . .

The inn at Rouen had the merit of being quaint and medieval-like, and was entirely run by one family of very friendly people, French to the core. . . .

The fat, elderly landlord sat and smoked all day in the glass-roofed courtyard of the inn. The rooms, or many of them, opened only on to this courtyard, and the air was medieval as well as the architecture.

*From the Journal*

Rouen to Havre by train. Havre to Trouville by boat. Trouville to Dives by train, to the Hôtel de Guillaume le Conquérant. Enchanting hotel ! ! !

*August 1.* Went down onto the Houlgate Sands. Perfectly beautiful. Looked just like Sorolla's pictures.

*Molly to E. C. P.*

Dear Aunt Bessie, —

The others have just walked to Houlgate, to sit on the beach and watch Papa and Frances go in bathing. . . . This morning we watched the funny little French children play in the sand, gabbling this odd language. . . . This is positively the most fascinating place I ever imagined. Entering by a low vine-covered stone archway, you suddenly come upon a veritable paradise in the form of a small gravel courtyard surrounded on all sides by long low stone houses of very antique appearance. It is the place where William the Conqueror is said to have spent his last night before crossing the Channel; and some things in it date back to the days when Louis XI made a post-road through here to Rouen for his pilgrimages. The tiled roofs of a blackened orange color and overgrown with moss are sagging with

old age, and the walls, balconies, etc. are covered with curious figures such as you see on the cathedrals in England. Over the walls and balconies grow lovely vines of roses, geraniums, clematis, and vines I don't know. Besides these there are most enchanting gardens kept with minute care, and queer old things collected by the owner and in perfect keeping with the surroundings. We eat out in the court under fascinating vine-covered arbors, and begrudge each minute as it passes bringing the hour of our departure nearer. The room in which I am sitting is covered at the ends by old tapestries, and at the sides by tables bearing the names and coats-of-arms of the men who went over to England with William the Conqueror. Among them we found the shields of "Tracy" and "Lowell." . . . The kitchen is a miracle, filled with curious old things which are there merely for ornament. The copper pots and pans hanging on the walls shine like so many mirrors. The big open fireplace, where last night we saw a dozen chickens turning around on spits for dinner, looked as though there had never been a fire there; all you could see this morning were some immaculate logs lying on two immaculate andirons which stood on an absolutely shining hearth.

*Frances to Constance Worcester*

. . . When I saw the outside of the Inn I was quite disappointed. It was an almost perfectly plain wall and very uninteresting-looking. Then we went inside and found ourselves in the most enchanting courtyard you ever saw. It was surrounded by old low houses with balconies and outside staircases. It was paved with gravel and there were fascinating bright-colored flowers and vines. There are old statues and figures and things, and it really was simply great! We had

our meals in little partitioned-off places, opening on one side into the court. Near the hotel, about half an hour's walk away, was a fascinating beach. Did you see the Sorolla pictures in Boston a few years ago? Well, the beach at Dives was in color just like the beaches in those pictures.

*Frances to E. C. P.*

*August* 3, MONT-SAINT-MICHEL.

DEAR AUNT BESSIE, —

Yesterday we left Dives for this fascinating place. It was an awfully long journey. . . . This is an enchanting place, a high peaked hill hidden by stone houses and fortifications, and a big Abbey with pointed towers crowning it, standing up in the middle of miles and miles of gray wettish-looking sand. This morning we went into the beautiful Abbey. We saw the terrible places they used to put prisoners, also a wheel they used to make them walk in. It is a huge wheel with a broad rim. Inside the rim the prisoners had to walk on and on, never getting any farther than where they started from. We are in the "Maison Rouge," one of the highest houses, and we have to go up about a million steps before getting to it. J. and I have been climbing round a little on the rocks and this morning walked round the mount. There are miles and miles of sand round it which is only broken by little rivulets — the ocean is the most beautiful bright light blue you ever saw.

*Frances to Constance*

. . . In the afternoon we started to walk to another island which appeared to be about three quarters of a mile away from Mont-St.-Michel. The sand was strewn with pink and yellow shells and we walked on

and on, every now and then stopping to pick up a shell and then walking on again. We crossed cunning little rivulets which were running all over the sand and then walked on some more. However far we went, the Island appeared to be almost no nearer. Finally, when we really found ourselves approaching it, we discovered a little river about ten feet broad between us and the Island. Was n't that discouraging? However we got a corking walk on the sands, which was great. It was just after a rain and when we started to go home there was a wonderful rainbow.

On August 4 we went to Paris, arriving in the evening, and there we took up our quarters at the comfortable little Hôtel du Quai Voltaire, just across the Seine from the Louvre.

*Frances to Constance*

. . . I am in bed now and it seems so funny to wake up and find yourself in Paris! The idea I got of it from driving up from the station was very pleasant. The last big city we had been in was London and there was an awful crowd. The carriages and carts and autos and taxis and bicycles were three or four deep in the streets. Last night the broad comfortable-looking streets were almost empty. It was awfully pretty-looking out across the Seine when I got into bed. The thousands of yellow lights and one or two red ones were all reflected, each one making a separate rippling path.

. . . Paris is, at present, a much less busy place than London, and though very hot, not as hot as London. . . . Yesterday in the afternoon we went to the beautiful Notre Dame. I like that very much. It has the massive pillars like the ones at Durham, the fascinating bright-colored glass that Lincoln had, and at the

same time has a good deal of old gray glass. It is quite different from the English cathedrals, as are all the French ones. They have chapels going all the way round behind the altar, starting at the transepts. They did not have the choir all separated from the nave by the organ. Being Catholic they are different anyway.

*August 8.* This afternoon we went to the Sainte Chapelle, which I perfectly love! Do you remember it? It is very different from anything we've seen, being smaller and being all wood instead of stone. The pillars and ceilings are all gold and red and blue. The walls are almost taken up by windows made of very small fragments of brilliant rich-colored glass, except one; they are up and down, this shaped [*sketch*], and so on three quarters of the way round. On the fourth side is a beauty big rose-window which, though it does not look out of place, is quite different; the pieces of glass are larger and there is more green. . . . We went to the Cluny Musée, but though I liked that ever so much it did n't compare with the beautiful Sainte Chapelle. We also went to the church "St. Étienne du Mont." That has quite a complicated and very beautiful interior. On the left as you enter are two huge pillars with a Norman arch between them. On the right the pillars are smaller. There are Norman arches for about six pillars down, and then comes a queer sort of screen. There is a balcony across, with a crucifix on top of it and two winding stone staircases on each side. Back of the screen the arches are Gothic.

Over on the Rue de Rivoli there are some perfectly fascinating shops, and we spend all our spare minutes there. A few nights ago we got into some open carriages and drove out to one of the swell restaurants in the Bois, which was great sport. We went out on the lawn to the cheapest part of it, but we had the fun of

looking in the windows at the hats. You would have laughed if you could have seen the whole family of us on top of a train coming in from Versailles, that is to say, on the upper deck of a double-decker. We had been out with all the rest of Paris to see the fountains play at Versailles. It is fearfully hot here now and we take carriages everywhere. We go to Lausanne on Thursday.

Lots of love,

FRANCES C. P.

*Frances to Gertrude Baker*

. . . Oh, Switzerland is the most wonderful place! Lausanne is very pretty, especially in moonlight. We had rooms at the top of a big airy hotel, and the view of the mountains and Lake of Geneva by night was simply perfect. Among other things we did, we took a trip down the Lake to Vevey. The color of these Swiss lakes is marvellous. They look opaque and limey and are a beautiful bright, pure greeny blue, with a white thin coating over it, and are at the same time very clear and smooth. The color that day on Lake Geneva was glorious.

*Frances to Anne*

. . . We made an expedition to Vevey, and Louisa R., Louisa P. and I went to the Institute Sillig, where Uncle John Richardson went to school as a boy. An awfully nice master showed us all around and gave us catalogues and school papers and everything imaginable. In the old catalogues we found the names of Edward Lowell, Algernon Coolidge, Sydney Coolidge and John Coolidge. It was an awfully nice school. He showed us some class-rooms, the gymnasium, the

dormitories, the office, drawing-room, boathouse and grounds. It was awfully amusing. When we were in the dormitory the master went along opening the doors into all the pleasant neatly kept rooms. One of them he only half opened and growled out, "Who's been smoking here?" Then the boy and master had a conversation in French, which ended with an "Eh bien," and then the door was closed, and the master turned round and grinned at us and said almost before we had got out of the boy's hearing, "I caught him." He was really awfully nice. I should have liked to have him for a master myself.

He gave to Louisa and me a copy of the school paper; in the back of it was a list of their exchanges. Tracy, as you may know, is the head editor of the *Vexillum*, the Volkmann paper, and I was pleased to see that they gave it a compliment. Rowing seemed to be their chief sport.

After that we took a funicular up Mt. Pelerin, where we had a great view of the lake and mountains. When we went down we were walking round near the wharf, when suddenly we heard violent screams and two little boys rushed past us on bicycles. They were Amory and William Goddard! They were in high spirits because on Monday they were going to sail for New York and thence straight to the Shanty. If I was n't having such a great time here I should almost envy them.

*Frances to Gertrude*

. . . From Lausanne we went to Montreux and took an electric railway up through the mountains and down the other side to Spiez. It was a wonderful trip. We could see where the Rhine "se jette dans le lac de Génève."

SPIEZ, *August 15*. — Pa, Elizabeth, L. and I went in a little funicular up the Niessenberg. J. walked up; it took him just three hours. Met various friends from home in the funicular. Quite steep going up. Wonderful view on top. J., L. and I ran down. Great! came to a tiny village called Wimies, and took train back to Spiez.

*August 16*. To Interlaken by boat and then by train to Grindelwald, to the little pension Blümlisalp near the Wetterhorn. We are right at the foot of a glacier and near snow mountains.

Our five days at Grindelwald were very thrilling to the children. We were lodged in a rough little châlet, directly on the road to the Wetterhorn, and went up a steep hill to an inn at the foot of the glacier, for our meals (of sour bread, greasy soup and meat like leather) which we took on the piazza, where we could sit and watch the travellers, mostly on foot, arriving and departing on their mountain trips. We had our coffee at the châlet, and one very stormy night we persuaded the people at the inn to give us some bread and butter and eggs and chocolate to take home, and then cooked our own supper, which tasted like nectar and ambrosia.

The walks near and far were superb, and I was the only one of the party who was glad to go away. My view of it was expressed in a letter to E. C. P.

. . . The forbidding rocky walls of the mountains almost closing in on one, and the glacier and dark snow-tops chilling one through, were very different from the brilliant glacier of the Jungfrau and the perfect

snowy-white caps of the exquisite Silberhorn, which we saw from Mürren and the Kleine Sheidegg. The Wetterhorn and Eiger, seen at close quarters, were more terrible than imposing to me.

### *J. J. P. to E. C. P.*

GRINDELWALD, *August* 17.

Yesterday we came to this highly attractive place, a *châlet-pension* towards the upper end of the great valley of the Lutschine. A brook, in which I took a bath this morning for old time's sake, runs at the bottom of a deep ravine at our feet, and immediately beyond rise two immense walls, or peaks, of stone, the Wetterhorn and the Eiger-wand, with a big gorge between containing a good-sized glacier, which winds round one of the peaks toward the summit of the Wetterhorn. The lower end is, as it were, in our front yard.

### *Frances to Anne*

. . . We're in Switzerland now and it is perfectly wonderful. We are just outside of Grindelwald, way up near a glacier. The glacier lies between the Wetterhorn and some other mountain. I can see them, almost entirely rock, rising steeply and sharply. There is a swinging car going part way up the Wetterhorn. Last night we looked out and saw huge sparks falling, from either the car or the top. At first I thought it was fireworks, but then it looked as if the car were on fire. However, it was n't. Yesterday we started off at eight o'clock on an excursion to Mürren. We went up from Lauterbrunnen, right up the side of the mountain, and then we took an electric tramway to Mürren. At Mürren we had a picnic lunch in a field behind a church,

with some one giving us an organ recital while we ate. Mürren is a very high place, with a wonderful view of the Jungfrau and other snow-capped mountains. Then we went down to Lauterbrunnen again, and took an electric car up over the Wengern Alp to the Little Sheidegg, where the Jungfrau is right before you, with two sharp peaks that look as if they were entirely made of snow.

Well, we had supper at the Sheidegg and then got into the train to keep our seats. Molly got out to walk round a while, and suddenly she came back with Helen Almy and Miss Kitty Thompson. Was n't that pretty exciting? They had just come back from the Eismer on the Jungfrau. I forgot to tell you about the avalanche we saw on the Jungfrau. We saw the snow slip and then slide over the edge. In a minute it would hit another ledge and bound up into the air again, all separating and looking like a huge fountain; then, looking exactly as if it was water, it would go on again in a stream, bounding up at every ledge it came into contact with. We could see it hit the ledges and about three to five minutes afterwards we would hear a loud noise like thunder. It showed how much farther off it was than it looked. From Scheidegg Papa and Jamie walked down into the Grindelwald Valley, and having said good-bye to Helen and Miss Thompson, we took the train and came down at sunset. When we got back to the *pension* we found no one there, just Jamie's bag and a basket of raspberries which showed they had come home. Several men went past, and one of them staggered up on the piazza and into the room. We asked him what he wanted and he muttered some words several times and then staggered out again. We locked all the doors and then settled down. Soon, to top off this eventful day, we saw the fireworks from the Wetterhorn.

This is really a good deal like Camp; the rooms we sleep in are not plastered and are very simple. It is, as at Camp, icy cold in the morning and icy cold at night, but hot in the middle of the day. The mountains are n't anything like Camp, just the atmosphere. The trails are very different too. They are gravelly and when you jump on them they don't give any spring back again. We had a photograph, on a postal, taken at the foot of the glacier. It is awfully good of us. . . . As I sit now I can see the glacier looking a light blue, very uneven, with most unattractive-looking pitfalls in it; still it does n't look half so treacherous as stories make out glaciers to be. Somehow it looks so big and stolid that I feel as if I could get out again if I fell in one of the holes. We took a walk up the Grosse Scheidegg. It is about as long as Giant, or possibly Noonmark. Jamie has been on several walks with some English people. In fact, he is off with them now. I have just been dictating to Elizabeth for her shorthand.

Much love,

F. C. P.

*From the Journal*

*August 21.* Took the most perfectly wonderful, beautiful, thrilling walk I ever took, up the glacier and to the halfway house on the Wetterhorn (be sure and wear hob nails and have an Alpinestock for the Glacier), quite a long walk, about the same from Grindelwald as Marcy from the Lakes. Struck a terrific hurricane on top. Got under a number of falling stones. One hit Molly, no injury to speak of. Tried bank coasting, but the bank was too long and slippery after the rain and I was n't good at it. Rolled down over my hand which worried our corking guide.

"PARTY OF EIGHT"
Grindelwald, 1911

This climb, which Jamie, Molly, Louisa, and Frances took with a guide, was quite a hazardous one, as a tremendous storm of wind and rain suddenly overtook them on a rocky path and almost blew them off. They had to sit down and even then be tied together. The guide was alarmed, Jamie said, as big stones came crashing down; but he was loud in his praises of the girls' pluck and powers of climbing, their Adirondack training having stood them in good stead. Of course, after they were safely down it was great fun to have been in real danger.

Our next move was to Bürgenstock, where we stayed at a quiet, comfortable *Kurhaus* on a high wooded hill over the Lake of Lucerne.

### *Louisa to E. C. P.*

HOTEL HONEGG, BÜRGENSTOCK,
*August* 22.

We came from Grindelwald yesterday through fascinating valleys and on the very side of a mountain part of the way. It was so lovely looking down into a valley dotted over with the broad-roofed châlets and on to a river rushing along, and then in the distance to see high snow-capped mountains rising. I love the little houses they have here, and I think it is so picturesque to see the boys, often very little ones, tending the goats way up on the hillsides. Sometimes when we go for a walk we can hear the yodelling of the boys and the echo resounding back and forth among the hills. Like the bag-pipes in Scotland, here they blow on great long pipes the bowls of which rest on the ground in front of them. It is really quite extraordinary to see men standing all day long, making their few melancholy

notes resound around the mountains, hoping that some one will give them pennies.

Last Sunday we had a great treat. While we were having dinner, a man dressed in the regular Tyrolese costume, and three little boys, aged from twelve to fifteen years, came and sang songs and yodelled for us. They wore Tyrolese costumes too, with the fascinating black velvet coats, and neckties all embroidered down the front. The smallest boy had a most beautiful high voice and he always struck the high notes exactly right and it seemed as if he did it perfectly naturally without trying hard at all. The man accompanied the boys' singing on a very queer stringed instrument. The choruses were always yodelling, which the youngest boy did wonderfully, keeping it up for quite a long time without seeming to break it to get a breath. . . .

We decided not to stay longer at Grindelwald, so Papa just looked in Baedeker and picked out a nice-sounding place and brought us to it. None of us had ever heard of this place, so it was quite an experiment and a most successful one, too. We went to Lucerne by train, then across the Lake, and finally up in a funicular to Bürgenstock. Our hotel is very nice, about a half hour's walk from other houses, and has a lovely view of the Lake. The whole hill has the most lovely woods all over it and we are very glad of that.

Our ten days at Bürgenstock gave us all a chance to get really rested and refreshed, for we had travelled very steadily for two months. We went several times to Lucerne, to visit the Lion and to do shopping, and Louisa and Frances had their blue tweeds made up there by a nice English tailor. We walked, read aloud and wrote letters, and Jim had a chance to write on

his Weimar paper, which he had hardly been able to work upon since we left England.

*M. C. P. to E. C. P.*

This is an exquisitely clean house with endless balconies, fine views on all sides, and real home cooking. There are beautiful walks in the neighborhood, the woods are very like the Adirondacks, and I feel as if my foot were on my native heath. One day we spent on the Rigi, Jamie walking up and down.

Yesterday morning [August 27] Jamie started, pack on back, for a walking trip, hoping to spend last night at the Furka Pass, and to-night at Zermatt. Wednesday he will join us at Milan, for we *are* going to Italy; Jim wrote to the consuls at Venice and Florence and has talked with lots of people and has decided there is no danger [of cholera] in going there.

## XIII

Our Italian trip was limited to a week spent in Venice. We reluctantly gave up Florence and some of the hill towns, because the heat was so great that Jim felt it was unwise to stay longer. I think there was nothing in our summer that Frances enjoyed so much as Venice. It completely satisfied her dreams of beauty.

### *From the Journal*

*August 31.* Made an early start and took a very dirty, very beautiful journey to Milan. Hotel Cavour very comfortable, where we spent the night; big private bath-room, where we each took three baths! Went to the Milan Cathedral, very beautiful ceiling, but *painted*, not carved.

*September 1.* Early start for Venice. Terribly exciting to get here. Perfectly fascinating! I adore it! I love the quaint canals, and everything!

### *Frances to Lucy*

Oh, Lu! Oh, Lu! Oh, Lu! we're in Venice and it is absolutely great! We arrived about three P.M. and stepped into a gondola and started off. We started in the Grand Canal. It was pretty broad, about the same as Commonwealth Ave., with hotels and things coming right down to the water. They do have streets here, too, to walk on, very often a side-walky street effect runs along the edge of the canal between the houses

and the water. The gondolas are funny things, going way up in the bow and stern, with a place for the people in the middle. The gondolier stands on the stern and rows with a big long oar in a funny sort of half oarlock [*sketch*], only the real gondola presents so much longer, bigger, gracefuller, more sweeping effect. Some of them have two gondoliers, one in front and one in back, and some of them have canopies over the people. After we had gone a little way in the Grand Canal we took some little cross canals. They are too fascinating! On either side are ancient houses, some gray plaster, some light blue and some light red. I think they're plaster over bricks and you can see lots of places where the plaster has come off, leaving the ancient-looking bricks underneath exposed. The water in the canals is quite dirty, but not really oppressively so. There are quantities of bridges, . . . with ironwork railings, and people continually crossing them, — sometimes Italian women with their shawls and once in a while a modern-looking man or woman. On the sidewalks you always see a lot of dirty little children dressed in bright colors. You continually pass dark gondolas, some of them full of bright red tomatoes, and greens, and vegetables. The Grand Canal is like an S, and we took little canals that brought us to the next twist of the Grand Canal, till at last we got out to the Giudecca where we were going. It is a strip of land outside of Venice.

Our *pension*, the Casa Frollo, used to be an old palace, and though not luxurious it is very quaint and nice. The front door opens into a dark court effect with garden, with the washing on the line and hens and chickens running all around. Then you go up a broad quite dark staircase, and get into a huge hall used as a parlor and dining-room. In the process of choosing

our rooms we went down a long winding passage with five or six turns, going through door after door. Some of the rooms open off the parlor. There is a staircase also off that room which takes you upstairs into more rooms through more winding passages. It is a very amusing place. We got washed up and then went over to the Piazza for delicious tea and ices. The Piazza is a big square, with the church of San Marco, a huge painted and gilded and domed affair, at one end, and shops all around it under a sort of arched walk. Then we looked at the shops and bought some things and then we stepped into a gondola and came home. In the evening, oh, bliss! we went out in sandolas to hear the singing on the lagoon. We saw nothing at first, as we glided into the darkness, but the reflected lights that surrounded us and the many large ships. All of a sudden we turned a corner round a fleet of warships and came into a full view of joy. Before us was a barge lighted with red, white and green lanterns in which was a troupe of singers with their violins and 'cellos and tambourines and a piano, singing beautiful Italian songs. On either side of it were long, dark, graceful gondolas, with their gondoliers at one end and the graceful brass prow at the other end. We glided in amongst them and watched and listened in a state of perfect happiness. Oh, it was so wonderful! One gondolier was particularly picturesque. He had on a white jumper top like the rest; his arm, as theirs, was stretched out holding his gondola to the next one. His dark felt hat was slightly tipped, and his dark handsome face with a black moustache was very characteristic of these Italian gondoliers. At one time a steamer passed, and as a group of gondolas with the lantern-lit barge for its centre caught the wake of the passing vessel, it all swayed gently up and down with the

waves. Don't forget that all this time it was dark and, except for the beautiful singing, silent. Another barge with small red and blue lanterns passed, and moored a little farther on. They sang my pet, "O sole mio," and "Santa Lucia," and lots of other heavenly Italian songs. About every three tunes you would see the dark figure of a man going about among the gondolas collecting money. We floated over to the newly arrived barge and listened there for a while, but soon returned to the first one, which was more beautiful. Oh, it was the most blissful and peaceful thing to be there with the water lapping the sandola and listen to that wonderful music.

Well, having enthused till your eyes and ears ache and having made you laugh at the language I use, I'll go on to the next day. In the first place a sandola is lighter and smaller than a gondola and does n't go up so far in the air at the ends. At about half-past eight we started out and went to the Santo Francisco Convent. Then we went to Burano, where they make lace, and we went into a room where there were about fifty women and girls all with their pillows making the most exquisite lace. Then to Torcello for lunch and then Murano to see the glass-making. It is perfectly wonderful to watch them. One man took a shapeless mass of red-hot glass from the fire, on the end of an iron tube, stuck his pincers into it without taking any particular trouble, pulled out a nose, two ears, and then four legs, till he had a perfect dog. Then he pulled out the end a little, gave it a twist, snipped it off, and there was the tail. Then he cooled it and gave it to us. We saw two huge vases made in the most extraordinary way and lots of other beautiful things. It was simply fasc.

Lots of love,

PUT.

GOSSENSASS, *September* 8.

DEAR AUNT BESSIE, —

We left enchanting Venice this morning and arrived here about four. Venice was awfully hot, but you've no idea how I adored it by the end of the first evening! We did just enough to get some idea of it. . . .

We got glimpses into the queer old streets. We passed the statue of Manin, who has become one of Papa's heroes, and after crossing the big lagoon we ended at our hotel on the Giudecca. There we found Jamie, who had been having a wonderful walking trip which he had greatly enjoyed, and who now came forth grinning and beaming to meet us. . . . After going over the house we went across the lagoon to the Piazza. . . .

During that first hour in Venice, Lib and Louisa R. ordered the pendants that Aunt Isa had given them the money for, and Molly had bought a long gold watch-chain. And this did not end our day, for in the evening we went out in the starlight on to the lagoon and heard the singing. . . .

The next day we went in two sandolas to Murano, Burano, Torcello and the monastery of San Francisco Deserto, where monks are sent to meditate and repent. . . . Going and coming to these places gave us a chance to get more acquainted with our two nice gondoliers and we did have fun! We sang songs which once in a while they joined in, and they sang duets and solos and it was great! They sang beautifully, particularly the darker, handsomer one. I think they sang in a festival there was last year. We discovered their names were Alfredo and Philippo. . . .

The next day or two we went to several churches

and the Scuola San Rocco, which has some wonderful Tintorettos, always ending up with tea or ices on the Piazza. We went to the Accademia and to see Miss Etta Macy in her studio. She told us of a leather shop and an antique shop and was very good to us. Mama one day got a pendant, L. and I got gold watch-chains, and I got an opal pendant, and altogether quite a few things.

We went to the antique shop and Ma got a pair of candle-sticks and I bought a pewter tea-pot. But the beautiful leather place was the best. To get there we went through tiny winding little canals and finally stopped at a house which looked like a fine old private house. An astonished-looking girl opened the big door and wanted to know where we got the address. When we said from Miss Macy, the "Americana," she brightened up and, still wondering, asked whether we wished to see the leather. To see and possibly get one or two things was our intention when we started out; to buy, buy, buy was more a necessity than an intention when we got upstairs. Between us all we bought *five handsome pillows* and *six handsome portfolios!* The men themselves were so delighted they did n't know what to do. They hopped up and down and giggled violently at every new thing we bought. The house was a palazzo and very beautiful, the artist owners were of old family who had lost their money and turned to decoration for a livelihood. Downstairs was an old coach or two, and upstairs there was fine panelling and beautiful leather-work and lovely old furniture. I have n't seen Ma so excited for a long time. . . . We intended to leave Venice on Wednesday for Florence, but Tuesday L. C. R. was not well and Papa thought it better to give it up.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

*September 3.* Went to see Santa Maria del Orto, where Tintoretto's Presentation of the Virgin is, and to Santa Catterina where there is a fine Veronese, and to the wonderful Accademia. Some of us went to the Lido, I stayed at home.

*September 4.* To the lovely Palazzo Giovanelli and the Ducal Palace. Scuola San Rocco in P.M. Wonderful Tintorettos.

*September 9.* Gossensass. Took a beautiful walk in the morning through the woods up a steep hill. Walked to Sterzing in P.M.

We took tea with several people living in Venice, and a very interesting occasion to me was our visit to the little Cosmopolitan Hospital on the Giudecca, which was under the charge of an English nurse, Miss Chaffey. She took us to see the English gardens near by, and promised to visit us when she came to America, which she did, the following March.

On leaving Italy we passed two delightful days at Gossensass, a charming village in the Austrian Tyrol, where we took a long breath after the heat of Venice. We wanted Louisa and Elizabeth to start on their journey to England refreshed and cool. They were to leave us at Innsbrück and, with Jamie, were going home, while Jim and I with the three younger girls stayed on for another month. Jim was going off for two weeks, first to Zurich, to see Drs. Jung and Freud, and do some work with them, and then to Weimar to read a paper at a medical meeting; and I was planning to join Mrs. Eliot in the mountains somewhere until I should meet him again, later, in Germany.

HOTEL SONNENBICHL,
GARMISCH, *September* 16.

DEAR AUNT BESSIE, —

We have joined the Eliots and are having a grand time. We left Innsbrück Monday, first sending Elizabeth, L. C. R. and Jamie off to Paris. We came here in a big open landau, with four horses most of the way and six up the highest hill. It was an awfully long drive through beautiful country. The mountains we saw and can see are almost all rock — rough, bare, jagged, terrible, inaccessible rock of a light brown color. Whenever they are not too steep for sod there are dark pines or grass, and on some there is a regular line above which it is all bare rock, and below which it is thickly wooded. At night it looks almost as if there were another lower mountain in front. The valleys are always grass-covered and stretch between the mountains for a mile or two. Sometimes you pass a little village with its church spire in the midst, situated at the divide of two mighty valleys. We lunched at Seefeld and stayed there for two hours. We had understood this was to be a drive of seven hours, but we now discovered we should not get there until seven! We drove almost all the way near a railroad which they are building between Innsbrück and Garmisch, which will join the Munich one, I suppose. If we had gone by rail this time we should have had to go way up to Munich from Innsbrück and then down again to Garmisch, which would have been absurd.

Well, we left Papa at Partenkirchen and at last we got to Garmisch and the driver pointed out our hotel. We nearly fell out of the carriage 'cause we saw in the distance a huge hotel whereas we had expected a small *pension*. When we got there the proprietor, porter,

etc., came running out to meet us, but the Eliots were nowhere to be seen. They were out but would soon return; and after seeing our rooms, which were small but otherwise comfortable, we went down again to await the Eliots. One carriage containing Mrs. Eliot, Miss Margaret Norton, and Carola came, and the other with Ruth, Grace, Ellen and Josephine Whitney soon followed. So here we are now, a party of twelve ladies, for Mrs. Whitney arrived a day or two ago.

One day the Eliots invited Fräulein Witsel, from Munich, and Mr. Draper, an Englishman, to spend the day. We had a very jolly, very amusing day. In the afternoon (or rather evening) we returned from our drive to the Bader-see and the Eib-see about eight o'clock, and discovered it was too late for Fräulein Witsel and Herr Draper to return to Munich, so they had to spend the night! One trouble with this *pension* is that if you are late for meals you lose what you miss. It had so happened that the carriages were half an hour late and we arrived just half an hour late for supper. Ma, who with Mrs. E. and Miss M. had gone home earlier, had the brilliant idea that we could tell the proprietor that as the carriages came half an hour late, and we were half an hour late in getting home, they would please keep supper for us, and they did. The next day the Eliots went on an auto trip and we four took a carriage with two horses and drove to Etal, Lindershof, and Oberammergau. At Oberammergau whom should we meet but Mr. Draper. He went in and had tea with us, and then we started on our homeward drive.[1]

Lindershof is a castle where the late King of Bavaria used to go, and, being insane, killed himself and his physician. No king has been there since. It is ter-

[1] Roger Draper afterwards married Anna Gardiner and fell fighting for his country at the Dardanelles.

rifically gorgeous. All the walls are covered with relief patterns done in heavy gold. The curtain and chair coverings are either of satin or velvet, simply covered with wonderful gold embroidery. The bed is hung with bright, rich blue velvet hangings with gold embroidery round the edge, and the wall of the bedroom is done in heavy gold wood-work.

We expect to leave Garmisch, the whole twelve of us, and go to Munich on Tuesday, and then separate Saturday and go our different ways. We shall go to Frankfort and down the Rhine. I suppose J. and Lib are with you by this time, or will be very soon.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

The week we spent with the Eliots was delightful. The girls were very happy at being once more with some of their contemporaries, and they read aloud, took long walks, and bathed and talked with great enjoyment. Mrs. Eliot used to play Go-bang with Frances in the evenings, and in every way was most kind and friendly.

One evening some Tyrolese peasants, men and women, came to the hotel and sang and danced for us in the parlor, and afterwards we went downstairs to the Bier-halle, where there was general dancing. Two of the best of the Tyrolese dancers invited Frances to dance. She was enchanted! and danced as lightly and with as much gayety and rhythm as any of them. A tall German, a guest in the hotel and a distinguished-looking youth, made a profound bow before me, clicking his heels together, and asked in German if he could have the honor of dancing with my charming daughter, meaning Grace Eliot. I could not under-

stand, and thinking he was asking me to dance, I half arose, to the great amusement of the children, but luckily discovered my mistake in time to pretend I was presenting him to Grace, with whom he danced several times, always leading her back after the dance without speaking a word!

*From the Journal*

*September 18.* Walked in the morning to the villages. In P.M. walked to the Reiser-See. Concert and dancing in the evening. Had the time of our lives.

*September 19.* Packed, and all went together to Munich, to Pension Finckh, 38 Baierstrasse. Very nice place.

In all our wanderings Frances was constantly looking for presents to bring to friends and was especially anxious to find something nice enough for Lucy Balch's little sister Cornelia. At Partenkirchen she was fascinated with the children's costumes, the dark flowered skirts and bodices and aprons worn by the girls of all ages, and the chamois knickerbockers and blue linen jackets of the boys. After much deliberation she chose a little dress for Cornelia and brought it home with great satisfaction. She refers to it herself in a composition which she wrote that autumn when their teacher had told them to give an account of some "pet."

MY PET

She is called "Corny," or "Corny Crow." She is not mine, she belongs to a friend, but I know her well and love to play with her. "Corny" has quite short yellow hair and a lovely soft furry coat, and when she has

a little white ribbon on the top of her head she is too sweet for anything.

She has big, appealing brown eyes and just one look of them is enough to send me off hugging her with all my might. She is only two and a half and is very good for her age. In fact, "Corny" almost never barks, and seldom whines. When she does it is because something important and absolutely inexcusable has been done to her, such as giving her the wrong blanket to sleep on.

If you leave the room she is in, you will almost always find that cunning roly-poly "Corny Crow" is pattering after you.

One of my happiest moments was spent when from the stairs I saw my pet surprise her mother by trotting into the room dressed in a little German costume I had brought her — for "Corny Crow" is a dear little girl.

It rained constantly while we were in Munich; but that did not matter, as we could visit picture-galleries and museums, and hear music, in any weather.

*From the Journal*

*September 20.* Old Pinakothek. Wonderful pictures. Murillo, and Rembrandt portrait. Some lovely old Italian Madonnas. Shopped and fooled in P.M. "Mme. Butterfly" in the evening. Wonderful. Marvellously acted, especially Mme. B.'s part.

*September 21.* New Pinakothek. I liked some pictures very much, but most of them were not particularly beautiful. A lovely Nativity by Zimmermann.

German Museum. Oh so interesting! Went down into a fake coal-mine with very real-looking men working here and there. Drove round to some churches. I love the Frauenkirchen.

The German Museum again. Saw electricity and radium, which were terribly interesting. In the evening some of them went to the theatre, some to a concert. I stayed at home alone and went to bed early.

*September 22.* Schack Gallery, perfectly lovely. Some very nice modern unmoderny pictures by Böcklin, and some copies of Italian pictures by Lenbach and Wolf. The Shepherd Boy, by Lenbach (original) very good. Then to the Glyptothek to see some nice marbles. In the afternoon Grace, Ellen and I went once more to my beloved Deutsches Museum and saw steam engines! A man, with the patience of a saint, got hold of us and explained everything to us. Oh, my! so interesting and fascinating! Also saw astronomy things.

Grace told me when they returned that, although the guide spoke no English and Frances no German, she managed to understand by signs and guessing, so that he was delighted with her and said she ought to be a teacher some day.

*From the Journal*

*September 23.* Left our dear Eliots and had rather a swingy, shaky journey to Frankfurt, where we met Papa. Went up into the tower (370 steps) of the big church or cathedral and had a fine view of the Town.

*September 24.* Frankfurt to Cologne. Papa remembered it was Ma's birthday and none of us did. Cologne Cathedral marvellous, wonderful choir windows, beautiful exterior. "Tannhäuser" in the evening—a wonderful opera, beautiful music, finely given.

*September 25.* Cologne to Amsterdam. Picturesque

trip to Zaandam and back. Holland is a nice quaint place; Dutch is a perfectly heathenish language.

*September 26*. Ryks Museum. Some fine Dutch portraits and some fascinating modern things downstairs. A few Rembrandts. His famous "Nachtwacht" among them. One or two nice Franz Hals and nice Van Dykes. Train to The Hague. Hôtel du Vieux-Dolen.

*September 27*. Went to the Mauris Huis. Oh, such wonderful portraits! Then to the Mesdag Museum. Wonderful modern pictures. Then out to Scheveningen and the open sea. A lovely beach and a chance to see real Dutch people. Glorious to see the sea again. Then to the Bosch — lovely woods.

*September 28*. Galleries.

*September 29*. Paris.

A composition written that autumn, the subject assigned being "Fashions," gives her impression of the Dutch.

THE DUTCH COSTUME AS COMPARED WITH OURS

Would it not seem queer to us to see our men clattering down Commonwealth Avenue in baggy, patched trousers, with their feet in enormous, heavy wooden sabots; and perhaps accompanied by women in big blue aprons, with lace caps on their heads, and their feet also shod in sabots? If this is so, how did the Dutch happen to select this costume? Why should their children go round riding bicycles, etc., in shoes that are so big that they have to leave them outside when they go into the schoolhouse? But then again: why not? Are not the Dutch children as happy clattering around in their clumsy sabots as we are in our soft leather shoes? Are not their women more com-

fortable, if less fashionable, and often much prettier, in their colored aprons and lace caps than if they wore hobble skirts and "Merry Widow" hats? Are not the Dutchmen more at ease in their baggy trousers, than American men in dress suits? If this is so, how did we happen to select our kind of costume?

But after all, have not the different costumes got something to do with the different temperaments of the people of the two nations? If the Dutch were as rushing a nation as we are, would they still wear loose, baggy clothes? Probably not; for they would find out how much easier it is to hurry round in clothes like ours. Nearly the entire Dutch costume characterizes, to my mind, the people and their occupation. Like their clothes, the Dutch seem to me slow, comfortable, home-like, and attractive. And their occupation? It is chiefly rowing great boats very slowly up and down the still canals. All the slowness and comfortableness or contentedness of their costume and of themselves seems to me to be necessary in that sort of occupation.

Also have not the clothes and the temperaments of the two nations a great deal to do with their histories?

If the Dutchmen, struggling to build up their nation, had had to fight in the same way as the Pilgrims for their very existence, and had had to do whatever they did as quickly as the first inhabitants of our country did, would they still wear baggy trousers? Or if our forefathers had had to use such patience as the Dutchmen did in slowly building their nation as they build their dikes, would we have selected a costume so different from theirs?

It is very interesting to me to notice how the dress has to do with the temperament, and the temperament with the history, of a nation.

October 4 we left Paris for Cherbourg, sailing for home on the "Canopic." We had an uneventful voyage, Frances, however, making a number of acquaintances.

*From the Journal*

*October 11.* New York! A confused-looking city from the harbor. Uncle Frank came to the wharf to meet us, also Aunt Annie. Got thro' the custom house all right. Took Knickerbocker train home.

## XIV

We returned to Boston a little late, but Frances settled down to work and was soon fully occupied in the daily routine of school, music lessons, and the Thursday afternoon dancing-class. On Saturdays she generally went out of town to spend the day with some of her country friends, — Anne Coolidge, Alice Bremer, the Richardsons, — or with Lucy to the Bowditch place in Jamaica Plain. On Sundays she went often to Mr. Hale's church in Chestnut Hill, sitting with her Aunt Isa; and she especially enjoyed the singing there.

She lunched at school every day except Thursday, and entered with great delight into the games and sports on the playground. She had the use of a music-room daily, and so had most of her practising done when she came home at half-past four or five. I always had afternoon tea and an open fire in the parlor, and I can almost hear Frances's joyous shout, "Mummy! are you there?" or "Here I am, Mummikins!" and the bang of the front door as she rushed upstairs, bubbling over with the events of the day. After a cup of weak tea and something to eat, she would go into the dining-room, where Aunt Lizzie Higginson's desk, which had been given to her, stood by the fireplace, and at half-past five would begin an hour's studying before dinner. If there were not too many people in the parlor, she then practised for about fifteen minutes. After dinner we generally had a little music. Molly played the

violin, and was studying that winter with Mr. Loeffler and also taking singing lessons; and Louisa and Elizabeth each played on the piano. After a little time with us, or sometimes at once, Frances would go off again to her desk in the dining-room.

The autumn days passed quickly, and one of our chief interests was the election of the School Committee. Lizzie Putnam ("Aunty Bessie") threw herself heart and soul into this contest. She had, a few years before, withdrawn from the State Board of Trustees of the Lyman and Industrial schools at Westborough and Lancaster, to which she had given twenty-four years of constant and enthusiastic service, and thus had leisure to devote to other duties. She cared intensely for the welfare of the city children, and all that autumn — a remarkably stormy one, I remember — she toiled early and late in outlying Roxbury districts, and nearer home, going up and down endless stairs, going without endless meals, in trying to get people to see that the choice of an intelligent and disinterested school committee was a matter of vital importance.

All Frances's life she had for a second mother this indefatigable aunt, who has always made her home with us, and who combined devotion to our children with the most whole-hearted consecration of herself to public service. Frances had constantly before her two shining examples of unselfish work for others' good, in Lizzie and Charley Putnam, whom she saw always ready to sacrifice every personal comfort, including food and sleep, for the sake of helping a cause in which they believed. Of all her many advantages this one was the greatest.

At Christmas time I gave an umbrella to Lizzie with the following verses:—

*To E. C. P. with an Umbrella*

Not mounted on a fiery steed,
Nor clad in armor bright,
But trudging on thro' mud and mead
Fares forth our modern knight.
To guide in Civic Virtue's path
The children of the land,
She braves fatigue and storms and wrath,
Umbrella grasped in hand.
This modest spear when held by her
As mighty victories wins
As when King Arthur rode abroad
Avenging old-time sins.

'T is woman's might makes woman's right
To lead the charge in childhood's fight; —
And marching on in front you'll see
The champion staunch of Brock and Lee!

*Christmas*, 1911.

Lizzie's State work, although it had long been her chief interest, had not prevented her extremely social nature from enjoying her many friends, young and old; and the more favored girls and boys who did not need the guidance of the Reform School were almost as dear to her as those who did.

Beginning with my younger sisters and their friends soon after our marriage (in 1886), and continuing to the present day, Lizzie has each summer carried parties of young people to Camp for two or three weeks, sometimes having two parties, one in July and one in August. The original members of the "July party" now have grown-up children of their own, many of

whom have in their turn visited our camp, and all members keep in their hearts pleasant memories of the place.

On Lizzie's seventy-fifth birthday a group of her campers celebrated the occasion by giving her a party, and the following verses, written by Jim Field, show that our September party was not alone in its love for the Shanty.

*E. C. P.*

19 *February*, 1911

Back in the days of ancient history
There came a letter, telling us the way
To check our trunks, and incidentally
Signing the name we venerate to-day.

Plodding by separate roads toward different ends,
We heard the kindly accent in the call;
Gathered as strangers; found that we were friends
Walking one path, with her, the friend of all.

Her brook absolved us from the city's grime;
Above her fireplace spread the open sky;
The Forky-fellowship, the Swash, the climb,
Enfranchised us in her democracy.

Her laws were mild: be kind to Hattie's horse —
Don't break blue china — turn the loaf of bread.
She governed by a more compelling force —
The brave example of the life she led.

And toward the quiet close of summer days,
While she washed out the tea-pot after tea,
She told in casual, half-unconscious ways,
What manhood and what womanhood may be.

She pointed to the mountains — understood
Their moods, for they were kindred. We could see
How they had shared with her, in gratitude,
Their strength, their grandeur, their simplicity.

And still we see her mountain-vision; still
In East, or West, or South, at work, at play,
The Shanty trail leads up and on, until
At this, the tea-time of her own long day,

Back to the Stoop, in memory, we go.
Look! As the circle of her table fills,
A burst of evening sunshine sets aglow
The gray of those serene, eternal hills."

JAMES A. FIELD.

The gathering of Jacksons and Putnams at breakfast, which all our family call "Christmas," and which is the event of the day, was only one of many Christmas observances. The season was ushered in by the singing of carols at Grace Minns's studio, a custom which she inaugurated shortly after moving into her Acorn Street house and still keeps up, collecting her neighbors and her "honorary neighbors," a few days before Christmas, to sing together under the leadership of Mrs. Marsh. This has always been a delightful occasion, and was especially dear to Frances, who was very devoted to "Cousin Grace" and who loved singing of all things. The studio under the eaves was all dressed with green, and its big north window was illuminated by a line of candles graded from a very tall one in the middle down to one of ordinary size at each end of the line. A shining star hung overhead, above the window, and underneath was a small Christmas tree on a table, with the carved, colored German figures — the Christ Child in the cradle, the shepherds, sheep, and wise men — grouped in front of it. People of all ages, from Henry and Ida down to the little children, singing with all their hearts, made a chorus full of good-will which it was pleasant to hear.

Next to Grace's carols came the family party at Fred's and Amy's house in Chestnut Street, on Christmas Eve. Here, in Amy's large studio, there was a big lighted tree, and the children played games and danced on the polished floor until we went downstairs, where the younger ones had their supper while the elders had tea.

In 1911 Frances dined at Grace Minns's after the family party, and went out in the evening to hear the people who lived on the Hill going about from house to house singing carols. The snowy streets and lighted windows and the little groups of people carrying lanterns and singing made a most picturesque scene. On Christmas morning came our breakfast party at Charley Jackson's, and then Fred, Steve and Amy came to early dinner at our house. This year, as usual, we got up some jokes and verses to make a little amusement. Jim and I wrote place-cards for every one, with rhymes supposed to tell each person's wishes for himself for the next year. The verse I wrote for Frances was meant to express her unlimited desires and ambitions in every direction.

FRANCES (*loquitur*)

I wish I could play on the violoncello,
I wish that my hair was curly and yellow,
I wish to be tall and as straight as an arrow,
I wish that my fingers were taper and narrow.
I wish for a horse in the summer to ride,
And an automobile for the winter beside;
I wish I could climb up the highest of hills,
I wish my new frocks to have all the last frills.
I wish to dance often, play tennis, and ball;
As for other pursuits I would follow them all!

I wish to work hard and do well at my school,
I wish to swim miles in our fine swimming pool —
In fact there is nothing or lower or higher
That I do not wish to attempt to acquire!

There's only one other thing now that I'll try —
To wish all the world were as happy as I!

When I was a little girl our Christmas party was held at my Grandmother Cabot's, where we had games, a tree, and a supper that seemed to me a wonderful feast, — with oysters, grouse, and a very rich, frosted Christmas cake, — followed by theatricals and dancing, the party lasting from three o'clock until half-past nine or ten! After Grandma grew too old for such a prolonged festivity (she lived to be ninety-two), we still kept up the custom of going out to see her on Christmas afternoon. Since her death and Aunt Mary's we have been to see Uncle John for an hour or so, and sometimes the children have dressed up and given little scenes to amuse the company. This year Maggie and Isa engineered some scenes from *Heidi*, and also had a procession of the months from *New Year's Bargain*. Frances was December and appeared as Santa Claus, and Louisa was November, dressed as Diana the huntress.

That winter is memorable to me for an epidemic of tonsillitis which swept through the house, Frances, however, fortunately escaping it. Elizabeth, who was working as a secretary in University Hall at Harvard, was at home a month or more, and Molly was seriously ill. Louisa was very poorly, and in the spring, as soon as the Lymans moved out to Waltham, she and I went out and spent two weeks with them and soon afterward — at the end of April — moved to Cotuit.

MOWGLI

Frances, in the meantime, was absorbed in her school-life; but, not content with that alone, she got up a play, *Poor Pillicoddy*, an old farce, which she managed herself, and which was given in April in the Charles Bowditches' parlors at 191 Commonwealth Avenue. Lucy's Aunt Cora and Frances's Aunt Bessie worked hard with the girls at the end, over costumes and scenery, and the result was charming. Frances made an amusing and irresistible Pillicoddy, "diminutive but determined," Conny Worcester was enchanting as Mrs. Pillicoddy, Gertrude Baker was sweet as the Captain's wife, Hannah Fiske was a fine Sarah, and Lucy Balch made a most fierce and nautical Captain. I had nothing to do with the production, and it was great fun seeing it for the first time, played before an appreciative audience. They sold tickets and gave the proceeds to the Floating Hospital.

When Louisa and I went to Cotuit we took with us as a companion a dark-brown-and-white cocker-spaniel, our first dog; and a very engrossing companion he was. Louisa named him "Mowgli," as he seemed to be a little brown brother to the family.

During the months that we were separated, Frances wrote us many letters, a few of which will serve to show what she was doing.

*April* 29, 1912.

DEAREST MA & L., —

What do you think? I hope I am the first to tell you the exciting news! To-day Molly got a letter from Ruth Eliot telling of her engagement to Roger Pierce. Did you ever hear anything so thrilling? Goodness, I'm so excited! . . .

Pa says the dog's fascinating. Pa had a time with

the mayflowers, but they're here all right and I simply love them! Saturday after you left I went over to Gertrude's to lunch, and I found that the entire Pillicoddy Troop, including the prompter, were going to the Union Club. We piled into our limousine and went there in style. Then Mr. Baker appeared and gave us each a bunch of mayflowers. Then we went in and ate, and goodness how we did eat! First we had delicious grape-fruit, second soup, and third steak, potato chips, beans and asparagus. Fourth we had strawberry ice-cream and cakes. After lunch we all walked down to Huyler's and got a five-pound box of chosen candy. Then we came home and decided to keep up the dramatic club we had a year or two ago; so we elected officers for that. . . .

Yesterday I went out to church and to Aunt Isa's. Aunt Amy and Peg were there and we had a fine old election fight. I am getting really interested myself and I read the entire speech that T. R. made at a rally on Saturday evening, which covered two pages of the newspaper. Saturday night I went to the concert on Mrs. Marsh's ticket with Mr. Barlow. He was highly amusing. . . . This morning at school Miss Baxter danced for us and we practised last-day songs. This was the first day for a week that I have n't had to report to Miss Winsor how many hall-rules I have broken. . . . This afternoon as soon as we had got out on to the field for base-ball practice it began to rain. So a lot of us went in swimming, and had a heavenly bath. . . .

It is now 9.15, and my Latin still undone. I have been working like a slave this week. You don't know how delicious your mayflowers are. I simply dote on them. My love to L., Aunt A. and Mowgli, and lots for yourself.

F. C. P.

*May* 6.

DEAREST LOUISA, —

It's pouring guns, which makes me rather sore because its a base-ball day. I spent Saturday night at the Taussigs and had a peachy old time. They've got a new sleeping-out place. It's on the top of the roof. It's simply wonderful to lie there. . . . Please ask Ma whether she wants Lucy or Mrs. Marsh or both to come down with me on the 29th? Well, my riding is improving, I think. I am at present having a row with the man at the office because he says I just did n't take the lesson I had given up on account of the rehearsals for Pillicoddy and I remember telephoning beforehand and cancelling it. Anne is going to have her horse down, so I shall bring my riding skirt with me. Everything is beginning now at school, exams included. The result is I am working very hard. M'lle Horter has given us a theme to write, from François I to Louis XIV. I've had English, and one Latin. We are going to have three French and two Latin ones! Next week comes the May festival, the next comes the second swimming meet. Then there are the base-ball games coming on, the exhibition and the reading contest, and the last day. Pa says he's sent the herbicide, and the seeds, directions on the outside.

Heaps of love,

F. C. P.

*May* 15.

DEAREST MA, —

Pa has given me this old typewriter and this you see is the result. If you don't like it, say so and I won't do it any more. . . . I had a delicious ride this afternoon and I have only two more. Oh, just think of it, I shall be with you in two weeks. I have n't looked at a stocking since you went away, and they've taken this un-

fortunate time to give way. I don't dare to wear my new ones, because I have n't had time to mark them. I had a fine time at Milton. Peggy, Ruth Paine, Ruth Burrage and Ernest Henderson were there. Cousin Grace took Peg and me out and Lucy out and back in the Higginsons' auto. We went to a game to see Henry, who seemed well and happy. The game was St. George's *vs.* Milton and it was a corking game. Milton won, 5–3. Then we all went to Mrs. Davis's where Henry lives, and had some lemonade. Then we ventured up to the Forbeses. Peg and I were given a big room to ourselves and it was great sport. The dance was very good fun. Charlie Reynolds was there and a boy I had met at the Slocums' and Ernest H. had been at dancing-school, so to a certain extent I knew them. The next morning Mrs. Forbes sent us in in her auto after having the gardener cut us some flowers, and they left me at Lucy's where I lunched. Mrs. Forbes sent you her love. The Puts came over to supper. . . . Lucy is not coming till after June 7. I rode out to school on my bike this morning for the first time.

Well, it's 9.10 and I must to my downy. Good night! Lots of love to all.

F. C. P.

106 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass.
*May* 22, 1912.

Dearest Mother, —

My regular questions [here follow six questions about clothes, etc.] . . . We had a thunder shower last night. We beat the fourth class in base-ball and now Alice de Ford is coaching the class team. On the second day of the swimming meet we came in third, but we had such a lead before that the sum total of the two meets gave it to us. The reading contest came off yesterday. We

have to arrange now about our course next year and I think I shall tell Miss Winsor to-day that I intend to take the regular college course. They have started an institution to look after new girls at school. There is a committee in each class who are to come to school the day before and show the new girls round, etc. Then we give them a party. I think it is a corking idea. Aunt B. sends her love. Heaps and heaps from me.

F. C. P.

*May 22.*

DEAREST LOUISA, —

. . . This afternoon I played base-ball hard all the afternoon. Alice de Ford coached us and it was great. We're going to play the May game Friday out at Chestnut Hill and I think we've got a good chance to win. . . . Lib has three girls here spending the night. I think it will do Lib a heap of good to go to Cotuit next Sunday, as she is tired, I think. The flowers you sent up by Papa were heavenly. There's some pretty fancy singing going on in the parlor. Heaps of love to all.

F. C. P.

106 MARLBOROUGH ST.,
*May* 25, 1912.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

. . . Yesterday was the game with Miss May's, and I had been told that I was to be one of the subs. I felt so happy out there dressed like the team, I did n't know what to do. Of course there was n't a chance of my getting put in, but then — Two of our class were on the team, Ros Williams who pitched and is our best man, and Frances Stetson. Alice Bremer had five of us out to lunch before it. I got dressed there. It was

played at Chestnut Hill. We put it all over Miss May's and of course it was not as exciting as if we had been more even. In the last half of the last inning, when the score was 38–4, Helen Winsor told all three subs to play, just to give us a chance, which was awfully nice of her. So if they give W's or anything, I have made mine. Helen Winsor is just the sort of person for a captain because she is so calm, but so breezy, and she knows just what to do and can decide things quickly and well and knows how to boss without seeming too bossy.

Today Aunt Bessie escorted me down to Lombard's to get a jumper and tie and then I went to Jamaica Plain to Nancy Wheelwright's hare-and-hound party. Then Lucy and I joined Gertrude Baker who took us to see Harvard defeated by Princeton, 5–1. I don't think there's a chance I'll remember all the right things to pack; as it is, I've left my carving which ought to go in the bottom of the trunk at school, but cheer up! Only two more days of school and practically no studying, and then —!

Heaps and heaps of love,

F. C. P.

Frances's ideas about college are expressed in the following composition.

### WHY I THINK THE AVERAGE GIRL SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE

At school a girl gets valuable facts. At college she learns larger and broader things. She learns how to pick out the most important things to do, and how to handle a complicated problem. Very possibly, too, she takes a course in some subject, like philosophy, that does not dwell entirely on facts but has some theory.

Or, if she studies history, she probably takes up a whole period and makes comparisons between two men of that period instead of learning fact upon fact. In almost any of her courses she broadens her point of view.

I should think that the athletics and the relations in which she sees her friends and forms her friendships must also be an important part of her college life. To be able, after working hard intellectually, to go and work hard physically is just what the average girl needs, and I should think it would mean a lot to her to see her friends in as many different ways as she would in college. To have team-work with them should help her greatly, and to be on a fair field with another girl, with the free feeling that comes in athletics, is the best way to see her. Almost all her qualities are shown clearly, good or bad. Her courage, her perseverance, her power to control herself, her sympathy, her intellectual ability, her nature, and above all, her sense of honor, are all laid bare on an athletic field, and I think she can know a girl better and get more good from the friendship if she sees her under these conditions.

It seems to me almost essential that a girl going to college should look forward with pleasure to so doing, and should not be forced to go against her will.

## XV

### A FAVORITE SPOT

THE stage drives up to the gate, I jump out, rush around the house, and then go out to make a tour of the place. First the tennis court, then the vegetable garden, and then the windmill, to take a look outside our hedges. I climb the narrow iron bars as quickly as possible, and at last I am standing on top of the big red tank. I make sure that I am neither falling through the top of the tank nor leaning against wheel-grease, and then I breathe freely and look around me, perfectly happy.

Below me are all the dear familiar sights, a glimpse of the harbor with the same old boats, and the same old piers, the village street disappearing round a corner under the maple trees, the big field with the wooden windmill between the harbor and the street, and in the other direction the road to West Barnstable disappearing into the woods.

In this way Frances began a composition about Cotuit, written soon after her return from Europe. She was fond of everything and everybody in Cotuit and came down the 29th of May, very well and full of energy and plans. We had built an outdoor sleeping porch over the side piazza, and on June 22 Molly, Louisa, Frances and I slept out on it for the first time.

The chief occupations of the summer for Frances were sailing, bathing, tennis, and getting ready for the Fair. I read aloud several books to the girls while

they sewed for the fair, — "Villette," "The Monastery," Parkman's "France in the New World," "Evelina," and "Ships that Pass in the Night." We had rather an early supper and practically never went out in the evening, so that we had a very peaceful time for reading. The "Cotuit Christmas Present Club, for Girls only" had been started when Frances was ten years old, and when the girls had a Fair for the Library, as this year, they sewed for that instead of making Christmas presents. The club met two or three times a week, had a constitution, elected officers each year, and paid dues, which were used either for materials for costumes in their plays or for the Fair. There were many boat-races this year, and either as captain or crew Frances always went. She sailed and bathed every day, occasionally went off on an all-day picnic to John's Pond, or Popponesett, or up the Mashpee River, and sewed all her spare minutes.

*From Frances's Journal*

*July 4.* We had the first C. C. P. C. meeting. Helen Taussig is president. I took supper and spent the night at the T.'s, and we had some fireworks. Rather a quiet fourth.

*July 7.* Bathed, sailed, and went to the Battery to see J. It was great.

*July 9.* Bathed, sailed. Went to C. M. Y. C. meeting. Betty Almy is commodore, Sydney C. treasurer.

*July 13.* First race. We went out to the Rock. There was an east wind. No one finished within the time limit. *Memo. Don't* take a crew when the older ones don't.

*15th.* Raced. The Phraners broke their mast. Tom Storrow fouled, I got third place.

*16th.* Went to the Taussigs' to a C. C. P. C. meeting in the P.M. Scrapped violently about everything. Played "Beckon" afterwards.

*17th.* Molly and I scraped the "Kayoshk," an awful job. First kids' race. I got a close second start to the Taussigs. Then Cabot Storrow got ahead and kept so. I changed twice with the T.'s and came in third, but I got second place as the T.'s fouled. *Memo.* Be sure and put your peak down when running if you can't steer a straight course.

Frances made two delightful visits during the summer, one to Anne Coolidge at Dublin in July, and one to Lucy Balch in Chocorua just before going to the Adirondacks. She wrote every day while she was gone, and therefore I can give her experiences from her letters. Her wardrobe consisted almost entirely of outgrown and rather old-fashioned dresses passed down to her by her elders; and when I packed her trunk I told her I was sorry that her clothes were not more suitable for a place like Dublin. She, however, was perfectly satisfied and refers to them in one of her letters as being just what she needed!

MONADNOCK, N. H., *July* 19, 1912.

DEAREST MA, —

I am writing on this paper partly because it's so attractive looking and partly to please Anne, 'cause it disturbs her sense of equal rights to have written on our paper when she was there and for me not to write on hers here! We arrived here yesterday about 8.30, pretty tired. This is a wonderful place, with glorious air. I slept like a log in an enormous bed in an awfully

nice room, with a view of the Lake. It rained guns last night. We got to town just in time for a delicious lunch at Mrs. Lothrop's. I went to our house and hunted up my things. I searched the entire house for my riding skirt before I found it. . . . We are going this morning to the Club to play tennis and go in bathing. Thornton is awfully cunning. He is just at the age when he makes most amusing remarks. It's almost cold up here, which is simply great. That belt you made me is about three inches too big! I weigh 93 pounds stripped! What do you think of that? Write soon and tell me everything. Give my best love to M. and L. and keep a great deal for yourself.

F. C. P.

DUBLIN, *July* 20, 1912.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

My trunk has come at last. It was really lucky 'cause it came about one and we were going out to half-past one lunch at the Maurans, and I had n't anything but that old blue suit to wear. This is an amusing place. Everybody lives at least a mile from every one else, and every morning and afternoon all the girls put on either white or light dresses and stockings, and white shoes, and all the boys put on white trousers, and they all either get into their motors or carriages, or on to their horses, and go to the Club, where they find every one else sported up to the nines, and where if they are lucky they get one of the five tennis courts, or if unlucky they wait until some one else has played five sets. Or perhaps they go into the Club house and the girls go off in pairs to tell secrets, or else there is dancing. I know quite a few people up here. [Then follows a list of girls and boys.] I saw Cousin Elise Cabot playing tennis yesterday. She is the star up here. . . .

I have lost a half a pound since yesterday and Cousin Amy is trying to fatten me up with their wonderful butter, cream and milk. You never thought I'd come to that, did you? Well, well, well. Heaps and heaps of love to every one.

F. C. P.

*July* 21.

DEAREST LOUISA, —

Here we are in the midst of a hard thunder shower. Yesterday I saw Coz Marian and Coz Amy for a moment and then we went to the Club and played tennis. Then we went in bathing. [She there met Han and Lily van Loon.] After we had come out of the water he had discovered that I was a relation of "Eliza's," and he walked to the carriage with us, talking like a house afire. In the afternoon we got all sported up and went to the Club again. Every Sat. at the Club they have something doing. Usually a lecture. Yesterday we were told there was to be a "Revival of a lost art." When we got there we found every one we'd ever heard of, Marjorie Gregg among them. They had a *spelling match*. . . . The whole show was very amusing. After it lemonade, cakes and tea were served. Later we played singles and then some doubles with Ernest H. and Tommy D. Coz Algernon came last night. They have a big bull terrier up here. I am quite fond of him. He has a very nice face.

Give my best to Molly and Mowgli and keep lots of love for yourself.

F. C. P.

*July* 22.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

When the other day the music-box was going I said to Anne that I should think they'd have a dance here,

it is such a corking big house, and she said that the Club was a so much better place that they always had dances there. Then Anne conceived the idea that "it would be the proper thing to give Franey a dance." She proposed it at supper, and we began to count up boys. There were n't enough and Coz Amy suggested that we should get Tracy and the Balches from Chocorua. It all might have been in joke and it might not. We did not know. Anne thought it was in joke, I did n't. . . . Then Coz Amy said, "We'll have it if you say so." So we're going to have it next Saturday. I am going to stay till Monday. They're going to telegraph to Sydney. Don't you think that will be fine!

I lunched yesterday at the Jacksons' who were just as nice as ever. . . . Yesterday we went to the Perkinses to hear Mr. Tucker play the piano.

Mr. Joe Smith is up here and he gave some awfully good things yesterday. . . .

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

Give my love to every one. I got a long letter from Lib. You were wrong; my wardrobe is fine, with a few borrowed belts I look quite swell!

*July* 23.

DEAR MOLLY, —

I miss that letter very much. Still I'm hoping.

Yesterday we had quite a hectic day. . . . We went to see Marjorie in the afternoon. We had Jerry, Miss Lothrop's bull terrier, along mit, and they had Sandy, Jim Gregg's enormous collie. When they saw each other they began either to fight or romp, we were n't sure which, though it seemed more like the former. Then they separated. When a little later Mr. Pumpelly came up, they started off again and this time in real

earnest. Goodness! it was perfectly terrible. They just held on to each other and fought as if it was a matter of life or death. They each began to bleed a little, and preserve me — they did n't stay quiet a single second. Sandy seemed to be getting the best of it. Poor little Jimmie Gregg was shrieking, he was so scared. They poured on pails of water, but it did n't stop them eno' to count. Then M. got hold of Sandy's tail and one of the maids got hold of Jerry's tail, and finally they got them apart. Mr. Pumpelly was beating them all the time with his cane. They were neither of them very seriously hurt, though both had bad ears. It was awfully tough on Jim Gregg, Senior, because he could not possibly have helped it and Sandy is his adored dog. . . .

After we got home Coz Amy appeared, having bought all the favors for the dance. Write soon, lots of love to all.

F. C. P.

*July* 24.

Dearest Libbet, —

Today we went over to the Pumpellys' stable where we found the small Handasyd Cabots and their ponies. There had been a flock of fourteen ponies, most of which were either accidentally poisoned or else ran away. Elise and Jimmy were put on the pony together and together they tumbled off. Jimmy began to cry, but the discovery of a little stuffed cotton pig lying by the roadside soon cheered him and they were happily put on again.

Then we went home and helped Marj dress a doll and listened to Miss H. discuss the psychology of everything M. did. When we went Marj took us to the window of Jimmy's room and there he was lying fast asleep and so sweet-looking. It was perfectly

great to see the joy and delight with which M. showed him to us.

We are going up Monadnock to-morrow, but I don't believe I'll ever get there, as I was quite exhausted with walking home from the Greggs' which is about two or three miles away. . . .

*July* 27.

DEAR LOUISA, —

Today is the day of the dance! Last night we had a time tying ribbons on to favors. There is a little of everything among the favors, from candy cigarettes to fans. . . .

This morning we are going to a baseball game and this afternoon we are going to the Club to hear monologues by "Octave Thanet." . . .

Yesterday afternoon we played tennis and then a lot of us went in bathing, among others, Cousin Han van Loon. He calls me "Cousin Putnam." Little Hansje is perfectly adorable. I'm expecting to go on Monday to Gertrude's for one night.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

Tell Molly to hurry up and write before it's too late.

ON THE TRAIN, *July* 29.

DEAREST MA, —

Sydney and I are jiggling away here on the train. I am going to get off at Ayer and Gertrude is going to meet me there in the auto. I expect to be with you on the 4.38 train Tuesday. The dance went off finely and I had the time of my young life! We got home about twelve, having stayed till every one had gone. They all had a very good time. There were more favors than necessary and Coz Amy is going to give them to the

fair for grabs. Yesterday we suddenly decided to take Sydney up Monadnock. So we did. We got down by quarter of six and I ate some candy, not realizing how tired I was. I was absolutely dead and consequently went straight to bed and had some hot milk after I was in bed, and now I am fairly rested. Cousin Amy swore she would n't let me go today if I got up in time to pack. She is sending my trunk by express. I am taking a suit-case to Pepperell.

We drove over to Peterboro this morning in an open carriage. . . .

Well, give every one including Mowgli my love.

Aff.,

F. C. P.

Frances came home the next day and became again immersed in the activities of the Cotuit Mosquito Yacht Club and the Cotuit Christmas Present Club.

*From the Journal*

COTUIT, *July 31.* Special C. M. Y. C. meeting. Third kids' race, C. Storrow first, C. Taussig second. I fouled, so did almost every one.

*August 2.* Hung out sails, etc. Took Marianna for a sail. Drove to Wianno. Lib, Papa and Jamie came down.

*3rd.* Jamie and Molly scraped the boats. J. took me for crew in the race. Our haul-out was loose and we lost a lot. Tom tipped over. The "Topsy" (M. Read sailing) carried away her mast. There was a howling breeze. Channings won, C. T. second, Woodmans third, "Kayoshk" fourth.

*5th.* Spent the P.M. at Carlton's having "Kayoshk" fixed. Sewed.

AFTER THE RACE—COTUIT

*8th.* The race came off. I had a good lead most of the time, but lost it by not sitting far eno' forward and not giving her a good enough full.

*9th.* A meeting about the kids' tennis tournament. I am on the committee.

*10th.* A howling wind for the race. I fell overboard. J. and I in the "Topsy" came in second, after the Channings. We broke our boom.

*12th.* Tennis tournament began.

*13th.* Tennis. I beat C. T.

*14th.* I tipped over before the race, but had the lead most of the way. C. T. tipped over within ten feet of the finish. C. Storrow won, I came second. Tennis in P.M. I beat M. A.

*15th.* Mashpee River Picnic.

*16th.* The Fair at our house. It went off finely. *We made $237.00.* Everything sold but a few vegetables.

*17th.* There was a very exciting race which the Ws won. We came in second in the "Topsy." Kids' tennis tournament ended; I got the cup.

*21st.* Challenge Cup race. Tom won.

*22nd.* Race round the Island. William won.

*23d.* Second Challenge Cup race; I came in fourth.

*26th.* The last Challenge Cup race. William first, Molly second.

*27th.* Went on the 10.24 train to Boston. Aunt Bessie met me and started me off for Chocorua,where the Balches met me at six o'clock.

CHOCORUA, N. H., *August* 28, 1912.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

I arrived here safely at about twenty minutes of six. Coz Lucy, Harry and Frank and Cornelia met me in the auto and we came up here. It's a weenty little house, with a parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and two bedrooms. I forgot there are three bedrooms, for

Cornelia has a little room about half as big as the schoolroom [at Cotuit]. The boys have three little beds alongside of the auto in the barn. The cook, waitress and Cornelia's nurse have a canvas portable house.

My train from the Cape was thirty-five minutes late. Aunt Bessie met me and we jumped into a taxi and crossed. When I got there I had a plate of strawberry ice-cream and several glasses of water. We secured a parlor car-seat and I was most comfortable except that the train had a most seasicky motion. I lost that pencil long before I wanted it, but there were some people on the train with whom I had already exchanged a few words, and they lent me one.

This morning we got into the auto and went over to Wonalancet, from which we walked about three quarters of a mile and then started up the trail for Whiteface. It took us two hours and a quarter up. Then from there we went down to the divide and up Mt. Passaconaway, then down again. They are the two highest of the Chocorua ridge and I feel as if I'd had quite a walk the first day. When I got back my trunk had come, so now I have nothing to wish for. The Balches are as nice as ever.

Lots of love.

F. C. P.

Love to L. and Mowgli.

*August* 30.

DEAR LOUISA, —

I got your letter last night and it was bully to hear. We've been having quite a lot doing lately. You know that we went over Whiteface and Passaconaway Wednesday. Yesterday we played some tennis. The boys are pretty even and Lucy and I are pretty even, so it makes doubles quite interesting. Last night we went

over to Grandpa's [Mr. Charles Bowditch's] and had a pounce party, which was bully fun. I went to see Coz Nellie Putnam yesterday but she was out. Grace and Rosamond Eliot and Barbara Bennett are staying with Betty Lazenby, and tonight we are invited over "to meet the girls." Apparently no one knows what is going to happen.

This is a glorious place, and when you have any view at all you have a marvellous one of the whole or most of the Sandwich Range. I am going to try to take some pictures of Whiteface and Passaconaway to show you where we went. Gee, I suppose a week from today I may be taking pictures of other mountains.

Well, is n't it tough on Marianna! Give her my love. Also Mowgli. I can't believe he's really fat. I saw two of the smallest and thinnest little puppies today you ever struck. Before I got here they had a Winsor Reunion, fifteen people counting teachers. It's icy cold here. You and Ma must be having quite a time all alone. Love to all and lots for you.

F. C. P.

Frances came down with Dr. Balch on Monday and joined us in Boston, and the next day we started for the Adirondacks, where we passed most of September. Frances as usual was very happy there and climbed Giant twice, Colvin twice, and Noonmark once, besides taking many shorter walks — to Indian Head, Rainbow Falls, and other favorite places. She did not attempt to go over the Range or to climb the more difficult mountains. One mishap she met with, — the loss of her beloved primoette, once Elizabeth's, — the first time she climbed Giant. Tracy and she had fastened it on in some special way that they thought trust-

worthy, but it slipped off and could not be found. She was quite inconsolable. On her birthday Jim gave her a new one, with these verses: —

Last night, in dreams, I heard a Giant's voice
That hoarsely whispered, "Friend; rejoice, rejoice.
For Franey's primoette she thought was lost,
Among my rocks and roots I saw it tossed.
I watched the wilful maid skip, bold and bolder,
Not 'taking care,' as her good mother told her,
Till — bang goes kodak on my ample shoulder,
Just where four raspberry bushes face the North.
I bade my Nubble-kind go fetch it forth;
After a search he found it lying there
And brought it back, not much the worse for wear.
For luck I've added to it a new 'finder'
Good for a girl who drops her duds behind her.
Tell her, next time she wants my face to 'snap,'
To take her kodak on a good stout strap
And not to trust to Tracy's rattletrap."

Starting I woke, and peering through the gloom,
I strove to spy some person in the room.
A heavy rumbling seemed to shake my bed,
A heavy breath swept outward past my head.
I tried the window; opened wide the door;
No one was there, all was as before.
Again I turned, when — judge of my surprise —
Libbet's old kodak met my wondering eyes.
I looked inside and found this finder new:
The Giant must have brought it, sure and true.
At any rate, the facts are clear and plain;
Sorra a lie their innocence doth stain.
"The mystery's far too great for me to solve,"
I said. "Let Franey try it" was my next resolve.

*October* 20, 1912.

On September 28, Frances went home, with Grace Minns, passing the night at the Higginsons' place, at

Rock Harbor. We followed a few days later. She went first in order to be on hand to welcome the new girls at school.

*Frances to Louisa*

ROCK HARBOR, *September* 28, 1912.

DEAR LOUISA, —

We arrived at the Westport station about quarter of one after a fairly long-seeming stage drive. The colors were simply great. Miller met us in the buckboard, and we went all the way to the post-office to post your letters, and that gave me a chance to buy a hair-ribbon, as I had lost my one and only. We had a whacking big dinner and fires waiting for us. We have just been over to the Lees'. . . .

We leave at 9.30 tomorrow on Peter's boat, which takes us all the way to Vergennes. I shall post this there, thereby letting you know that we're alive.

Aff.,

F. C. P.

Please ask your mother to forgive my not writing a bread-and-butter letter, but that it would be of no use as words can't express how much I enjoyed September!

## XVI

On my arrival in Boston I found waiting for me the following letter from Miss Winsor: —

Brookline, *September* 29, 1912.

My dear Mrs. Putnam, —

One of the school scholarships which will be used by the family of the donor next year is free for this year. Should not you and Dr. Putnam like to use it for Frances?

I can think of no one in the school to whom I should give it with more pleasure, both for her own sake, because of her value to the school and . . .

As even our executive committee does not know the names of the holders of the scholarships, it is not necessary that Frances should be told either, unless you think the knowledge would give her pleasure. It certainly could not make her do any better work or be any more helpful and dependable.

With the hope that you and Dr. Putnam will view kindly my suggestion, I am with best love to all of my girls,

Yours very sincerely,

Mary P. Winsor.

This letter was very gratifying to us and gave much pleasure to Frances, and she started her school year determined to do her best. Mrs. Thayer had offered a scholarship to the best Latin scholar in Class VI, provided that her standing in her other studies was

good; and Frances was one among several girls in the class who had a fair chance of winning it, as Latin had always been a subject she enjoyed.

Louisa and Bessie Hamlen and I were passing October in Cotuit, and Frances came down for one or more Sundays.

*Frances to Louisa*

106 Marlboro' St., *October* 8, 1912.

Dear Louisa, —

In spite of all my talk about a hard course I seem to find myself with nothing to do after dinner, and part of my Latin done for day after tomorrow. Today was the first day of basket-ball and it was nicer than ever. We did n't play very hard because there were lots of girls who had n't played, but we had done enough work in hockey on Monday to make up for anything. I never knew such a tremendous game in all my days! You simply tear, and are on the move both mentally and physically all the time. It 's wonderful fun, but I don't think as yet it 's as much favored as basket-ball. Tomorrow I am going to lunch at the Lees' in Chestnut Hill, and in the p.m. I am going to play Susan for the tennis tournament. Then I 'm coming back to school for a 4.15 music lesson. . . . Uncle Charley has sent me to school, Jamie to the Medical School, and Lib to Cambridge for the last few mornings, in fact ever since his return.

Yesterday after my music lesson Molly and I went down to Stearns' and I bought a hat. . . . We had a swell time in Waltham last Sunday. In the afternoon we all took the Prospect Hill walk. We went up quite fast and Jamie and Carly in their town shoes found it much more difficult than walking at camp. Then we

all went and had tea at Possy's, and he gave Molly some heavenly roses and we came in on the 6.12. Waltham was perfectly heavenly! . . . Aunt Bessie is reading Plato aloud to Papa.

I think German's great sport and Fräulein Baur is awfully nice.

Molly says she will come down if you want her to, but she would just as lief wait until later. You see on Friday and Saturday she and Tue are going to decorate the Church for the wedding.

Aunt Bessie sends you her love, and I send mine to Ma and Cousin Bessie and you and Mowgli,

F. C. P.

It is hard to believe that at this time Frances was already under the shadow of the serious illness which fifteen months later caused her death. Her loss of weight during the summer, and other indications, had caused us some uneasiness, and shortly after her return to town she was very carefully examined by a physician, whose report darkened the light of the sun for us. It was not thought best to change her daily activities materially, but by a most careful dieting, early bed-hours, regular rests, and the constant watchfulness of the doctor, we did what was possible to check the trouble. When her many restrictions were explained to her, she said, "Well, after all I don't mind *those* things. Just tell me exactly what I am to do and I guess I'll remember to do it." A little later her music lessons were given up, which was a serious disappointment, but she accepted the decision without a word.

On the 18th I came up to town for a few days, to go with Baby to Ruth Eliot's wedding reception and to be with her on her fifteenth birthday. She wore her

dotted lace dancing-school dress, over pink, and a wide black-velvet hat, lined with pink and trimmed with pink rose-buds, and looked very nice — a little thin and pale, but as bright and happy as I ever saw her. She was bubbling over with pleasure on her birthday and much delighted with the muff I gave her. Louisa had illuminated a box of note-paper for her, arranging the F. C. P. in different ways.

*Frances to Louisa*

*October* 23, 1912.

DEAREST DEDE, —

Lib has decided that this one was the most like your soul, so I am writing on it.

I simply adore them! Naturally! The trouble is that I can't bear to write letters on them and send them away! I certainly did have the nicest presents imaginable. Just wait till you see my muff and my little green heart! By the way, I've got something pretty exciting! When Jamie was hunting for sandpaper in the library cupboard he came across a Ward & Wright racket marked L. H. Putnam, May, 1910! [It had been lost and L. had a new one.] What do you think of that! I have already put my name all over it! Was n't it funny that it was found on my birthday?

Gee! you ought to see the cuff-links Cousin Grace sent me! they are gold clock-work and they're wonderful! Gwen sent me some terribly pretty button chrysanthemums in a lovely pottery vase with green drippings.

I'm loafing now that I have dropped music. . . .

I'm getting so excited about coming down that I hardly know what end I'm standing on. Cousin Marian Jackson is coming too, on the 3.38 on Friday.

Molly, Martha and the rest of the family have been writing a dance list for the last hour. [Molly and Martha "came out" that winter.] Tell Mother I must have an extra pint of cream down there too. Well, I have been playing basket-ball this afternoon.

*Thursday.* — I have just been to see Uncle John Coolidge and he was very poorly indeed, worse than I've ever seen him. He said he was feeling especially badly today.

Yesterday Mrs. Marsh gave a recital to the faculty. Last Sunday she went down to Mrs. Phillips's in Beverly and played to Taft and his wife.

Give my love to Coz Bessie, Mary and Mowgli, not to speak of Mother. I shall be there almost as soon as this letter.

Lots of love,

F. C. P.

Molly and Grace Eliot are going to sing a duet to the whole school Monday, Autumn Day.

Frances came down to Cotuit for that week-end and the next, and the Tuesday after, November 5, we moved to town. Louisa was far from strong, and we had made up our minds to try a winter in the country for her benefit. Susie Lyman had offered us her big house on the hill in Waltham, which was bathed in sunshine and warmed by open wood-fires as well as by an excellent furnace, and there we moved on November 15. The plan had been made before we knew of Frances's illness, but it proved the best possible thing for her. Every Friday she came out by motor, engaged for her by her Aunt Susie, and stayed until Monday morning, when her Aunt Maggie sent a motor to take her back to

school. Thus, without fatigue in coming and going, she had two long quiet days and three nights in the country. And also when she was in town either Charley Putnam, Theodora, or Gertrude was very apt to call for her and take her to and from school, so that she very rarely used the trolley cars. When she was in Boston Lizzie Putnam was devoted to her, and Elizabeth, who was housekeeper in my absence, took the greatest pains to have her diet as varied and attractive as possible within the strict rules laid down by the doctor.

A winter in the country was a great pleasure to us all, and Louisa and I were so popular that there was rarely a day or night that some of the family did not come out to Waltham. On Sundays we had them all, and we took delightful walks through the beautiful woods and pastures, skated on the small ponds, and coasted and sleighed over the white roads and hillsides. We had a nice old horse, blind in one eye but very willing and trustworthy, that Fred hired for our use, and we took long morning drives in the winter sunshine. Molly loved to come out and have a peaceful night's sleep after her late hours and gayeties, and Elizabeth as well as Frances enjoyed the Saturdays and Sundays.

Early in December Elinor Gregg came to live with us and was a most acceptable addition to our household. She was working as "welfare nurse" in the cotton factory and boarding in the town, and she moved up on the hill more for our sake than her own, as it added a good deal to her daily walk to and from her work. When she paid me her first month's board she wrote, "In part payment for a home." Certainly it

made it seem more like home to us to have her coming and going, and she was most friendly to Frances, who was very fond of her.

On Thanksgiving all the family came out to dinner with us, including Amy, Steve and Fred, and Fred took Elizabeth and Frances up to the Groton School in his motor, in spite of the snowstorm, to bring George Cabot back to dinner.

Frances spent a part of her Saturdays and Sundays in resting and was kept on a more special diet then than during the rest of the week. I have a very vivid picture of her, in my mind, at this time, in her rough gray school suit with scarlet lining and pipings and bright red Jaeger hat — the one in which she had her ping-pong taken in February. This hat was soft and nice for driving or coasting, and she liked it especially.

Just before we went to Waltham Miss Patten took photographs of Louisa and Frances. Louisa's, holding Mowgli in her lap, was very good indeed, and Frances's were fairly so. She was taken in several positions, the one in which she was in her dancing-school dress standing and looking down, and the one in which she was sitting reading, in a white blouse and blue cheviot dress, being the best. The latter, enlarged, hangs by the side of the memorial collection of books in the School library. Both pictures show her looking down. There was one other looking up, which is not as good. The ping-pong taken a few months later, which has also been enlarged, is the only one giving her eyes that I like. None of them is wholly satisfactory.

We went into Boston the day before Christmas, returning to Waltham the day after. My Christmas

presents to the family were chiefly the photographs of Louisa and Frances. With the picture of Louisa and Mowgli, I wrote the following verses to Jim: —

*To J. J. P. with a picture of Louisa and Mowgli*

(MOWGLI *loquitur*)

Bow, wow, wow
Whose dog art thou?
I'm Louisa Putnam's dog!
Bow, wow, wow!

I'm Louisa's dog, 't is true,
But next to her, I'm bound to you
By faithful love, if you but knew!

Who lets me out at crack of dawn
To race about the dewy lawn,
And smiles to see me jump and fawn?
The doctor!

Who takes me many a summer day
Into Canaumet's woods to play,
With Harvard's President to stray?
The doctor!

Who knows I love to be afloat,
And likes to have me in a boat,
And dries my wet hair on his coat?
The doctor!

Who sees I long to go and come
And never chides me when I roam,
But gives me kindly welcome home?
The doctor!

So I have done the best I could
To bring about a happy mood,
And make Louisa's picture good,
Dear doctor!

With the picture of Frances standing were these verses:—

*To J. J. P., lines suggested by a photograph of Frances*

"I can dance
I can sing
I can do every t'ing!"
Sang Betsinda
In the Rose and Ring.

We still see the old time Magic
Turning grave things into gay,
Without help from Fairy Blackstick,
In the fairies of today.

Also to Lizzie these verses, with the picture of Frances sitting with a book in her hands, looking up:—

*To E. C. P.*

I wonder, as this photograph you see,
If it recalls the good old days
When as a girl in Grandpa's chaise
You drove about and chatted cheerfully.

My fancy sees in Franey's face your own,
When you expectant looked abroad at life,
And I foresee that days of peace and strife
Will make the likeness only stronger grown.

*December* 25, 1912.

There are no letters from or about Frances until February, 1913. The only records I have are a few entries in her diary, and some of the work done in her English class, where they were studying different forms of poetry and trying to write original sonnets, songs, and ballads. Her Morality Play she began with

Lucy Balch, but for some reason gave up that plan and wrote it alone.

*From the Journal*

*January 2.* School again. Everybody batted round and thanked each other. Tried to write a Morality play with Lucy. Molly had a dinner, so I went to the Balches.

*Friday, 3d.* Dancing school. Had a wonderful time. Did n't go out to Waltham 'cause there was such a gale and rain.

*Saturday.* Went early to Waltham.

*Sunday.* Went to the Congregational Church with Elinor. Richard Gregg, Uncle Steve, J. J. P. Jr. came to dinner. We took a walk. Richard stayed to supper.

*Monday, 6th.* Basket-ball. The liveliest we've had. Came home pretty tired. Went in to Copley Hall to see the decorations for Martha's dance.

*Tuesday, 7th.* I worked on my Morality Play. Went to Uncle John Coolidge's funeral. Then to see Mrs. Wesson and Mrs. Gorham.

*Wednesday, 8th.* Basket-ball, not awfully good. I played especially poorly.

*Thursday, 9th.* Peg came down and we talked about what a girl's school life should be, ever so long. Conny's to supper.

These verses were written to illustrate different forms of verse for her English class.

(*A Ballad*)

THE WERE-WOLF

Sir Morroh lived in Arthur's time.
He was both fair and brave,
He loved his lady heartily,
And she a boon did crave.

She wished to know where he did go
For three days every week.
She wished to know the reason why,
And what he went to seek.

He was at first loth to reply
And tell her all he did;
But finally love conquered him,
And he left nothing hid.

He told to her the reason why
He oft did leave her so,
And that he took a were-wolf's shape,
And where he then did go.

Oh! then her love was turned to hate,
And she her lord betrayed.
She sent a knight to take his clothes
From where they had been laid.

She married the knight in her own lord's hall
With a sumptuous wedding feast,
While her true lord had to wander on
In the form of a fierce wild beast.

He followed the king to court one day
After a long day's chase.
He saw his lady, and sprang, and bit
The nose from off her face.

And then the lady was accused,
And she her guilt confessed.
The clothes were found, the wolf became
A knight like all the rest.

The false knight and his lady left
That land now full of foes,
And every child born after that
Was born without a nose.

## (*A Song*)

Sing, happy bird, sing to my love.
Sing her your sweetest lay
Bring cheer to her life each day.
Ah me! could I but be there too!
Ah me! were I but you!
To near her stay.

Have you, sweet bird, my darling seen?
And sung your sweetest lay?
Oh, tell! what did she say?
Does she care for me at all?
Did she of me a word let fall?
Oh, say not nay!

Say you she loves me, happy bird?
Sing you a truthful lay?
Would I were there to-day!
Ah me! could I but be there too!
Ah me! were I but you!
To near her stay.

## (*A Poem*)

### THE LOVERS

He was a prince, a prince of old,
And he was courteous, brave, and bold;
He had yellow curly hair.
In the dress of a page, with a lute of gold,
He started forth, so I am told,
To the court of a princess fair.

She was the noblest in the land,
And many a suitor sought her hand,
But one true love had she.
And she knew that he did near her stand,
So she sent away those princes grand,
Each to his own country.

When the page heard this, he could not rest.
He changed the garb in which he was dressed.
He knelt before the king,
And told his name at the maid's behest.
Oh, there are few with such love blest,
As the happy pair I sing.

## (*Sonnets*)

### THE BROOK

When, from the peak of some great mountain tall,
Tired out, but happy, back to camp we roam,
Whose voice is always singing, "Welcome home,"
And off'ring to refresh us, great and small?
The brook! Oh happy brook, 't is thou dost call,
And, tossing in the air thy sparkling foam,
Onward thou glid'st, and like some sprite or gnome,
Forever cheerful, dost not rest at all.
Thou comest from some mountain's rugged side,
Pouring thy waters into many a pool,
Reflecting the bright rays that have thee spied
Thou twinklest like the stars in Heaven above.
Or through some mossy glen so dark and cool
Thou slipp'st, and fill'st our hearts with Nature's love.

### THE VOICE OF SPRING

I seek the woods at early morning-tide,
Called by the sweet, inviting voice of Spring
To go and linger, wond'ring, by her side
And hear th' inspiring message she doth bring.
To-day all nature to her doth respond.
The sunlight, flickering through the trees anew,
Comes truly from the heavens, which have donned
A pure, celestial shade of clearest blue.
The freshened earth gives back my energy
Which is redoubled by the cool, crisp air.
Oh! when, thus, Nature cries, "Behold, and see!"
Who doth not feel uplifted, beyond care?
Who, glowing, doth not hear Spring's mystic voice
Calling through all her miracles, "Rejoice!"?

# MORALITY PLAY

## Scene I

*A luxurious college room.* Man *is lying on a couch with many pillows at his back, reading a novel.* Idleness, Irregularity, Extravagance, Pride, Regularity, Carelessness, Thought, Wisdom, Untruthfulness, Prudence, Truth, *and* Work *are scattered around the room.*

(Work *starts forward. Sighing,* Man *drops his book, goes toward his desk and sits down.* Work *stands near.*)

Man

Oh, Work, why are you coming now? About the English! I suppose I may as well write that thesis now as any other time!

Idleness

Man, are you crazy? Why write a thesis a whole day ahead? Come, play with me and don't waste your time with Work today.

Work

Oh, Idleness, why must you always interfere and spoil all the good deeds I try to do? He must start this writing!

Idleness

But not now! Come on, friend Man!

MAN

Well, all right. (*Takes out his watch.*) There's just time to get to the matinée. But let me see — that might make me late for the dinner.

IRREGULARITY

What difference does that make? Go along!

MAN

I have n't enough money, anyway.

EXTRAVAGANCE

Don't let that bother you! You can get a good seat and charge it to your father. He'll never know the difference.

IDLENESS

Yes, it's a sin to be wasting time on the thesis.

THOUGHT

Do you really think so? Remember theses take a long time to write, and you have n't even got your plan. At least you have n't consulted me. Did you decide on anything without me? Now I think you'd better take —

PRIDE (*interrupting*)

Thought, you're not a bad fellow, in your way, and you know you can wait. Give Man a little help to-night and he can write it in no time. We're pretty clever when we want to be, are n't we, old Man?

MAN

Well, I don't know but what we are. So come on.

REGULARITY

You and your friend Pride can talk, but you can't possibly go this afternoon on account of your 3 o'clock.

CARELESSNESS

Oh now, Regularity, that's too much. It would n't do him any good to go, anyway. I don't believe, for a moment, that the professor will say anything particularly important.

MAN

I must say, I agree with you, Carelessness. But I must telephone for a ticket.

THOUGHT

I don't like the idea of your getting another E in English! We make a pretty slow combination, you know, you and I. If you're relying on me for tonight, be prepared to spend all your time with me and not to write at all.

MAN

Ah, but after you've done your hardest work the writing's easy enough, and you can help me in that too. Anyway, I don't care! I'm going this afternoon.

WISDOM

Oh, Man, think what you're saying. You don't care whether you get an E in this thesis and probably another in the course! Then there'll be a condition to make up next year. You'll get a long lecture from your father and you'll wish you had stayed at home today.

CARELESSNESS

Don't tell me that if he should stay at home he would accomplish much. Not he! He never can work in the afternoon. He can stay at home tomorrow and cut some lecture that he has n't cut quite as often as most.

THOUGHT

There is n't any that he has n't cut dangerously already.

CARELESSNESS

Oh, I guess we can find something with your help, my dear Thought! But he wants to go to the play anyway! Tomorrow's tomorrow and the play's this afternoon.

THOUGHT

There's another one tomorrow that I fear he'll want to go to just as much as this one.

CARELESSNESS

Tomorrow he may be feeling in the mood for Work and all you other fellows. But today he likes me, and Extravagance and all our crowd. We can't mix with yours and we got him first today. It's no use for you to say anything, Thought, or bring up your friends, Wisdom and Work, 'cause we've got Man with us. Have n't we, old boy?

MAN

I guess you have. And it's going to be an all-star performance this afternoon. I can't miss it.

WISDOM

That's what you say now. But tomorrow at this time you'll say the same thing, and then will come Remorse.

MAN

Oh, well —

CARELESSNESS

That's right, that's right. Wisdom, you must give in. He'll never care while he's a friend of mine. And I don't think I'll lose him yet. We'll see!

UNTRUTHFULNESS

A fight! a fight! We'll win! They know they are too good. Man, you are on our side?

MAN

I may not now desert the friends whom I have known so long.

(*They fight,* MAN *on the side of* UNTRUTHFULNESS, CARELESSNESS, *etc.*)

UNTRUTHFULNESS

Overthrow Truth! He is your greatest enemy.

(MAN *charges at him and wounds him.*)

TRUTH

I am wounded. Bear me out of this profanity. This is no place for me!

(*Exeunt* WISDOM *and* THOUGHT, *carrying* TRUTH, *and all* TRUTH'S *supporters.*)

CARELESSNESS

They're gone, and now, Man, you are free.

MAN

I must be off or else I'll be too late. *Exit.*

## Scene II

*Enter* Man, Idleness, Thought, Carelessness, Remorse, Work, Righteousness, Untruthfulness, Extravagance, Perseverance, *and* Truth.

Man

Now, Carelessness, and you, Idleness, do you see what you have got me into? The time's past for the thesis and it is n't in. That E, that Thought talked about, is mine! And I had just had another last time.

Carelessness

What if you did? Don't think about that any more. Come, play with me, and enjoy life. Don't get so glum.

Thought

(*Bringing up* Remorse) Oh, follow me! Remorse has long been a warm friend of Thought, and he will not desert me now. At my request he will lead you back to work.

Carelessness

Come, cheer up. Don't listen to such talk.

Remorse

Think, ere you do the bidding of this careless man. If you cheer up by his methods, and go with him, you will too soon be sad again. Oh, come with me! Throw off your vain thoughts and through my sure guidance return to Work! Only through Work and Righteousness (*indicating them*) can true Happiness be found. So take my friendship while you may.

WORK

I was your father's best friend. Will you forsake me now? Glory and honor can be won through me. For my sake Wisdom will befriend you.

RIGHTEOUSNESS

Through me, through Righteousness, true happiness will be yours if you will but love and follow me.

UNTRUTHFULNESS

But for this one occasion, anyway, stay with me. You can take an old thesis from that packet of your father's and remodel it. Hand it in tomorrow with a note apologizing and saying you were sick. After all, you were sick of writing and thinking.

REMORSE

You conquered me once, you base veneer of Truth! But well Man remembers what your friendship cost him then! Man, can you not see the evils of these men? Can you not see what great renown, what a good name, and what happiness would have been yours if you had not followed these misleaders?

MAN

Is it too late?

REMORSE

There is no good that is not better late than never. By dint of hard Work, aided by the consciousness of the wrongs of these, your former friends, you can win back that happiness, and regain that great renown, and that good name, that should be yours. You will become a true son of your noble and too long deceived father! These trivial pleasures, these indulgences,

that you think you enjoy, must be given up when they break into your duties. And are they really pleasures? No, not when they cost you your good name.

MAN

Remorse, you are my friend. Oh, help me now out of my bad ways. Oh, help me, help me, and I'll follow you!

Oh, Work, as my father did before me, so will I now swear with you eternal friendship. I see that by losing you I have lost much. And oh, may Thought, your helper, help me now also!

Righteousness, I'll try to follow in your spotless path. Oh, cleanse me from my former wrongs!

Wisdom, to have a hold on you shall be the aim of all the hours that I spend with Work and Thought!

IDLENESS

What, man, will you desert me, who have saved you so long from the cruel grasp of Work?

EXTRAVAGANCE

And me, who have given you so much pleasure?

CARELESSNESS

And me, who have saved you from so many worries?

UNTRUTHFULNESS

And me, who have helped you in so many straits?

MAN

Oh, friends —

PERSEVERANCE (*interrupting*)

Let them not turn you!

REMORSE

For has not Idleness drawn you further and further from Wisdom? Has not Extravagance wasted your money on vanished pleasures? Has not Carelessness cost you many a bad mark; and Untruthfulness, the worst of all, has he not cost you your good name?

PERSEVERANCE

Oh, persevere, and stay with us!

MAN

You are right. Never more will I desert you. But where is he whom you called Truth? One moment past he stood yonder, a stern and useless-looking man. And now, I see a lady, more beautiful than any one I ever saw.

THOUGHT

This is still Truth, though in another guise. Some call her Beauty, and some Goodness. But call her what you will, Truth, Beauty, or Goodness, she is the same and always leads.

TRUTH

Man, take my hand and I will guide you in a truer way.

MAN

O Truth, I see you now in a new light. I see your beauty and I love you!

Instead of sending the usual formal question, asking if we wished to reserve a place for Frances in the school for the next year, Miss Winsor wrote the following note: —

THE WINSOR SCHOOL, *February* 6, 1913.

DEAR DR. PUTNAM, —

I hope that there is no need of my asking whether or not Frances is to come back to us next year, for I could hardly contemplate keeping school without Frances — at least for the next two years.

There will again be a scholarship for her to use, I am happy to say.

Hoping that Frances may be quite well again by next winter, I am

most sincerely yours,

MARY P. WINSOR.

## XVII

Our stay in Waltham was brought to an end by our decision to go to Bronxville, near New York, in order to have Louisa for a time under the care of Dr. C. While we were there we had a number of letters from Frances, giving good accounts of her school and home life and in tone hardly suggesting that she was not well. She had improved very much up to Christmas-time, but after that she only held her own against the trouble that was undermining her health, and the following summer began slowly to lose ground.

106 Marlboro' St., *February* 5, 1913.

Dearest Mother, —

Are you there and how is it? You must write and tell me all about it.

Yesterday K. Hale came to lunch and we went and had our ping-pongs taken. They are coming Saturday or Monday, and I shall send you a whole strip. Think of that. . . . Then I spent some pleasant time at Lucy's and Alice's. . . . Alice says she will call for me to go to the Burgesses' dance on the way over and bring me back to the door. As far as oatmeal goes, I would have finished by the time I started. I asked the doctor and he said it would n't do me any harm if I felt well enough fed, and that dancing in moderation was good for me if I had a good time. So if you will write your assent I can answer the invitation with reasonable politeness. [We did not let her go, as the dance was out of town and we thought it too fatiguing.]

Lib and the rest have been arranging Jamie's dinner-party, and I think I shall take that chance to go over and teach Charles how to dance. . . .

So, you are not going to be woken up by the roar of the baby lions! I hear you have a nice park near and that dogs are allowed. . . .

Heaps and heaps of love to Louisa and a kiss to Mowgli.

F. C. P.

*Frances to Louisa*

*February* 14, '13.

DEAREST DEDE, —

I got a valentine from you this morning. Also two from New York in Aunt Maud's handwriting. I adored yours. Here is a picture of my new dress [four sketches of the dress are enclosed]. The belt is somewhat high, and over the left shoulder, touching the belt behind and hanging down in front, is a cerise band. The neck is the prettiest part, the looping up comes really in the back so that you can see it from both the back and side. It is really awfully pretty.

Guess what I did yesterday! I decided that I could n't wear bronze slippers, so I went and ruthlessly bought a pair of white shoes and stockings! I am sure Ma would approve of them. Then Molly and I went out to a game at Radcliffe which thrilled me through and through. Tue was playing and played awfully well the second period. Quite a few people I knew were there. K. Key said "Come up to tea," and when we got upstairs, there was a table with ice-cream and cake, and nobody there but the two teams and the athletic trainer. It was quite thrilling.

Today Fräulein Baur gave us a series of envelopes marked "General review," one for each of us. In the

first one there was a review and in the last there was a valentine. Was n't that fascinating of her?

Today I went to dancing school, which was very exciting, and I had the most wonderful time I ever had.

Last Monday your class beat the seventh in basketball . . . and next Monday we're going to be beaten by the fifth! The other day the seventh class gave the fourth a dance and Margie asked me in. The roses and other flowers were the most heavenly things you ever saw.

Tomorrow I am going to Anne's for my oatmeal Sunday.

Please give Ma and Mowgli my very best and yourself my very best also.

F. C. P.

Frances wrote many pages to Louisa, from which I have quoted only short bits. The dancing-school dress in which she took such pleasure was a white net over cerise and had been given to her by her Aunt Maggie Lee, who also carried her down to Georgetown over Washington's Birthday, for a holiday.

BALDPATE INN, GEORGETOWN, *February* 22.

DEAREST MA, —

Is n't this exciting? We arrived here last night in full force. Mr. Bray drove down to meet us in a huge yellow coach, and we are safely installed in the attic, where we have a peach of a time. The trouble is it's raining! No skating, no coasting! Yesterday we immediately went to walk and the Lee family are enough to keep you laughing for the rest of your life. They snowballed each other from the remaining patches of snow, and every now and then Joey would break off and go and put his arm through Aunt Mag's and walk

with her for a while; then he'd suddenly say, "Susie, come and walk with your mother. Peggy, come," — and he'd go off snowballing again. . . . I do adore it up here, even if it is raining.

Did you hear that I went to Molly's dance [given for her by her Aunt Susie Lyman] for a little while? I telephoned to Miss Chambers and she hurried on with my dress so I could wear it. Every one liked it and I adore it!

Then follows a list of the invitations she had received — to three dances, theatricals, a dinner and a lunch party, — which were submitted for my approval, but which I could not let her accept. She also gave an account of school athletics. Lucy Balch had just been elected captain of their class team.

*February* 28.

. . . Basket-ball is in rather a mess because there are so few girls out. Miss Baxter has been making stirring speeches saying that if we don't have more older girls out we'll have to give up playing Miss May's.

Last time after practice we all marched first to Miss Baxter and then to Miss Winsor, beseeching that we should have Miss Baxter coach us in the first squad all the time. Miss Winsor took it as a matter of course and did n't offer the suggestion of a protest or question us about any details! Well — We are going to give a dance to the third class on Monday and have basket-ball practice after it.

Today was dancing school and I had the most marvellous time imaginable. Next time is the last day. My dinner is now settled; Wyman Richardson, Reed Anthony, Carl Ward and the two Balches for boys, Alice, Peggy, Lucy and Conny for girls.

Yesterday morning we all went out to school for a rehearsal of Gertrude's and Hannah's Morality Play. There was a graduate rehearsal going on, too. Beth Harrington got hold of me and I am to run the selling of tickets to undergraduates.

This morning Lib and I dusted all the books in the entry book-cases and put them where they belonged, which took us every minute of the morning. Give my very best to Ma and Mowgli.

F. C. P.

*March* 11.

DEAREST MA, —

I have so much to say I hardly know where to begin. Yesterday morning a little girl joined the Balch family. Both Miss and Mrs. Balch are doing beautifully and she is the biggest baby I ever saw. She weighed over nine pounds and looks very like Lucy. She has a little turned-up nose and her hair is dark. She has the very fattest cheeks I ever saw and altogether is a prize baby. Everything seems perfect, except for the fact that Lucy is exposed to measles and is n't allowed to see her. She saw her yesterday, but though she will be sitting round at home for a week she won't be able to see her. I think the chances are her name will be Katharine, but I don't know. I'm sure I hope so.

The dinner went off to perfection. Every one came quite promptly. The food was good and the conversation did not lag. Jamie and Lib seemed to like them all. Carl and Charles [her German and supper partners] both sent me flowers. Was n't that exciting? Every one I knew danced with me and gave me a wonderful time.

On Sunday Molly and I went to the Pension Fund

Concert, which was perfectly beautiful. On Monday was our play which went off beautifully. Mrs. Thayer said it was "the most convincing piece of amateur acting she had seen." One or two people said it was the best show we had ever had at School, and so you see I guess we'll repeat it, and I think it will come while you are here. . . . One week from today! —

Heaps and heaps of love to L. I am so glad Mowgli is better.

Aff., F. C. P.

I did not go home on the 18th as I had planned, because a gland in Louisa's neck, which had been troubling her for some time, suddenly became so bad that she had to go to the New York Hospital, where she had quite a serious operation performed by our cousin Charles Lowell Putnam. I went at the same time to my brother Frank's house, where I spent more than a fortnight, passing my days at the hospital, and postponed my return until Louisa was well enough to go back to Bronxville. I was in time, however, to see the repetition of the Morality play, in which Frances acted with a great deal of spirit.

*March* 15.

DEAREST DEDE, —

I guess you are n't the only one in bed. Dr. Robbins ordered me to spend a day in bed, not because I was especially tired (though I was ) but because he thought my diet would do me more good if I was quieter. So after this I loaf.

Pa got home last night and told us all about you. He made you out pretty uncomfortable, but I hope you survived. Was it bad? How did it compare with the other two? [Operations for appendix and tonsils.] You

must write and tell us everything. Is it a nice hospital? Nice doctor? . . .

Guess what I did the other day? After basket-ball I went to the Wessons' and Cynthia and I went out to Brookline and had a swimming lesson. The teacher, who was as cross as a bear, said after my first dive, "She might be a good diver with some work." On the strength of that Cynthia asked me to take six more lessons with her, but of course my new régime forbids that.

Well, I hope you're feeling all right, and it's great to think of the glands you *won't* be having!

Aff., F. C. P.

*March* 18.

Dearest Mother, —

Dr. Robbins came in last night and gave me a new schedule of food for next week, five meals a day. . . . I am not to touch any food not coming from this house.

It is perfectly bully to hear such good news. We have a regular party of relations every afternoon to hear letters.

I am to be on oatmeal Saturdays *and* Sundays, and I am supposed to keep quiet every afternoon this week. It's very bad about basket-ball, because if I don't play it will mean that they will get some one even worse to practice against.

I won the French composition competition! Was n't that entertaining? It was a composition on any French historical subject we chose, and it was for the magazine. I wrote on Napoleon. Give my very best love to Aunt Maud and the family. I am so glad our flowers were still fresh.

Aff., F. C. P.

I am applying for a room in Barnard Hall [at Radcliffe], the one that is not yet built. It seems ridiculously early, but there was a note put up at school advising college girls to apply now for rooms.

Frances's French paper on Napoleon — five closely written pages — was considered sufficiently good to have her read it aloud, before the whole school, at one of the Monday morning exercises. Mademoiselle Horter said a few words first, to the effect that her French had been acquired at school, without home or foreign teaching; and Frances felt rather badly because she feared she had won not wholly on the merits of her work, and that Ruth Thayer's, which she thought was better, had been judged by a different standard. Frances keenly enjoyed any sort of contest, either intellectual or athletic, but always felt a strong desire that any accidental advantages that might arise should be on her antagonist's side. Later, in a paper written for an English examination, on the subject of her work at school, Ruth Thayer, after speaking of how much Mademoiselle Horter's teaching and training had done for her, writes, —

. . . And this training and the example I had in the splendid whole-souled work of one who knew how to work and taught much to her schoolmates by her shining example — this I know will stand by me all my life.

*Frances to Louisa*

*March 26.*

DEAREST DEDE, —

I got your corking letter this morning, and it was perfectly thrilling to hear from you yourself. I am awfully glad you like the hospital. . . .

We have been having exams and all sorts of things at school. Last Saturday was the May game, and if we did n't put it all over them, I don't know! We even outsang them by miles. I was so excited I did n't know what to do. I had a time because Miss Baxter asked me to keep the blackboard score and it was great sport to watch the Winsor score go walking up in my *neat* figures. You ought to have seen them! Every one criticized them, but then — We all just howled! Our entire team played marvellously. There were no stars and no drags. . . . Our team looked so well in their blue bloomers, blue-collared jumpers, and scarlet ties and hair ribbons and black feet. . . .

I lay down the first part of the afternoon and at five went up to see Dr. Joslin. Then at six I went with Coz Ida and Coz Henry and others out to the boys' plays in Milton, stopping at the Forbes's on the way to get Henry. . . .

On Easter I stayed in bed in the morning and went to King's Chapel in the afternoon. The Puts came over to supper.

Tomorrow's the last day before vacation. Hip! Then two weeks of loafing.

I hope Ma appreciated how I loved the flowers; they're only just faded. Please give my best to Aunt Maud and Uncle Frank if you see them. Lots and lots for yourself and Ma.

Affectionately,

F. C. P.

*March* 30.

DEAREST DEDE, —

We were fearfully excited by Ma's letter about your leaving the hospital and her coming home!

This is a perfectly delicious day. Night before last

was the Country-Day dance, which was tremendously exciting. I wore my cerise dress and went out with the Balches. I had Charles for the supper. I was the pill of the occasion, but I enjoyed myself to the extreme, especially at supper. All the first class and part of the second have studies, in twos, little regular Rugby ones. So all the Country Day boys and their partners went for supper into their studies. Franklin had Conny and we four had a most entertaining time. It was perfectly great for me, because then I did n't even have to *pretend* to eat. On Saturday afternoon I went with Carola to the opera — "Martha" and the "Secret of Susanna." Heaps of love.

F. C. P.

*April* 1.

. . . Mother came at quarter past eleven Sunday night, with the result that she and I went to sleep about one o'clock. Yesterday we went out hunting for a suit and finally got one. The little dog is getting mended up in great shape, eating like a house a-fire. He needed it all right, I think he was nearly starved. I gave him a bath yesterday morning. Last night was Christiana Councilman's dance and I simply had the time of my life. I went to Alice Munro's to dinner before it and that was very pleasant.

Guess where I 'll be late this afternoon? At Cotuit! Cheers! Coz Amy, Anne, Carola and I are going down to Coz Mea's house. We are going to do our own cooking. I wonder if there will be any mayflowers?

Won't I sleep tonight though! . . .

Last Sunday Dr. Joslin allowed me two ounces of strawberries. Was n't that a treat? Well, so long. Don't forget to write to

F. C. P.

Frances passed three delightful days at Cotuit with the Coolidges and then came back to school. When the college vacation came we went to Cotuit, and opened our house for the 19th of April. There we stayed for a few days, with Jamie, Elizabeth, and Molly, and it was very refreshing. Lucy Balch was with us and Frances was bubbling over with happiness all the time.

### *M. C. P. to Louisa*

COTUIT, *April* 18.

A most heavenly day. The bluest of skies and high west wind. The windmill is mended and we are just starting the kitchen fire. Frances and I have been into the woods by Uncle John's pond, where the water-lilies grow, and there we found some sweet mayflowers which we are mailing to you.

The Ropeses, Fred Lowells and Almys are down, the Channings and Taussigs just gone home. Eliz. Channing is staying over with us. Lucy comes this afternoon with Elizabeth.

I remember that on the walk mentioned in my letter, when we were picking mayflowers, Frances suddenly looked up and said, "Mother, can you remember who wrote this?" and repeated the following lines: —

> Gently I draw aside thy cov'ring brown,
> O thou sweet bashful flower of early May,
> Thy covering of leaves long since come down
> From the great spreading boughs that o'er thee sway.
> There, in thy glory, fairer than the day,
> Thou liest, O tiny lily, tiny star,
> Thy petals, exquisitely pink, which play
> At hide-and-seek with human beings, are
> Purer than all their rivals, lovelier, by far.

"I think it was Bryant, but I am not sure," I replied; and she went into peals of laughter: "Not Bryant, but F. C. P."

The next month was occupied by the varied activities of school, among the rest in preparing for the May festival. Each class was to dance special dances in costume. The sixth class were to be dressed as Italian peasants and were learning several folk-dances, such as one sees in Italy. Miss Baxter had charge of the marching and dancing, and it was a difficult undertaking to train the eight classes in their different dances.

One day Frances came home from school looking pale and tired, and throwing herself down on the sofa, burst into tears, an almost unheard-of thing for her to do. At first I could not find out what the trouble was, but after a time I learned that "everything goes wrong, every one hates me for a goody-good and I should think they would!" It seems she had tried to help arrange for practising the dances with Miss Baxter, and, after changing many times, an hour had been set that was supposed to suit the girls, but very few had come to practice. Frances thought it was so hard on Miss Baxter and would be so bad for the school if their class did not know their dances, and she had tried to get them all together and had failed. "Of course they hate me for trying to boss and interfere, but if it had done any good I would n't have minded that."

I comforted her as best I could and supposed that ended the matter. But Frances did not easily give up what she believed in doing. The next day she returned, looking radiant, and exclaimed, "Well, mother, I just had to have another try at it, so I asked Miss

Griswold [her room teacher] if I might speak to the girls for a minute before they went out to recess, and I told them I thought we ought to learn our dances, even if we had to give up other things for it, and asked them once more if we could n't agree on a time when we could all come, and they were *so* nice! Almost every one has promised to come next time and one girl patted me on the back and said, 'Well, Putty, if we don't dance well it won't be your fault,' and another said, 'Bully for you, Put, I'll come if I can'; and *I am so happy!*"

Louisa came home just in time to go out to the May Festival, which took place on the fifteenth of May. It was one of the most charming spectacles I ever saw. The day was beautiful, and all the school, each class in its special costume, led by the Queen of the May with her attendants, and Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, and other celebrities, marched around on the green of the walled playground, making a wonderful pageant, and then stood in picturesque groups while the different classes, beginning with the youngest, dressed like little boys and girls out of Kate Greenaway's picture-books, went through their dances. Frances's class looked very pretty in their velvet bodices and green skirts, Italian head-dresses, colored striped Roman aprons and white stockings with black shoes. They danced very nicely. She herself had sprained her ankle slightly a few days before, so that it was swelled and bandaged, but she danced with great joy nevertheless and was none the worse for it.

The next day Louisa and I went to Cotuit for the summer, and Frances followed as soon as the last day of school was over. This was a great occasion for her,

and I wish I could have been there to see her receive the Latin Scholarship, which was given to her in the form of a cheque for one year's tuition, including the use of the playground in the afternoons. It was the proudest moment of her life.

Frances C. Putnam

## XVIII

FRANCES seemed very tired when she arrived at Cotuit, but after three or four days of rest she became as lively as ever. Later, by the doctor's direction, she took two "rest days" each week, when she had a more restricted diet than usual and stayed in bed until noon, getting up for lunch but not going off the place. Lucy Balch passed a week with us in June, and the four girls (Margaret Townsend was here with Louisa) had a very peaceful, pleasant time together, among other occupations reading aloud "The Little Minister." Frances was not taking any college examinations, herself, as she expected to enter on the "new plan" — that is, going in on her school record, with only one set of examinations. But she was deeply interested in the marks of her friends, and most of her letters to the other girls were on that subject. She sent rather an amusing note to Gertrude Baker the day before she took her first examination: —

3.15 P.M. *June* 18, — B.C. — Æneas encounters the "fearful forms at the entrance to hell."

6.15 P.M. *June* 18, — B.C. — Æneas and the Sibyl return to the upper world.

3.15 P.M. *June* 18, 1913 A.D. — Gertrude goes to the exam.

6.15 P.M. *June* 18, 1913 A.D. — Gertrude issues forth *triumphant* to the upper world.

COTUIT, *July* 10.

DEAR G. B., —

I was very glad indeed to get your letter. Guess who I heard from in the same mail? It was a postal which said, "Ma chère Françoise. Je ne crois pas que nous puissions faire le grand St. Bernard, il ne fait que pleuvoir, jour et nuit, et il fait froid comme en hiver. Amusez-vous bien et pensez quelque fois à C. Horter."

I suppose it was in answer to a poem I sent her as a steamer letter. I felt quite virtuous today and read up Chaucer and three pages about him. I have read "The Promised Land" and "La Poudre aux Yeux" and "Le Petit Chose." That's all I've done that's required, but I've written comments, pretty bum ones, on each of the eight books I've read.

We're going to give Pillicoddy here this summer. . . .

Aff.,

F. C. P.

Frances wrote many letters that summer, writing to one of her friends in French and another in German. She pasted the letters she received on blank pages and made a cover for them of cardboard, with blue-and-white Japanese cotton crêpe over it, tied together with blue ribbons. Into this book she also put photographs and picture post-cards. It grew so large (there were fifty-five letters in it) that she gave it up, making this memorandum at the end: "August 9th. After this I shall only keep very important letters."

In Fräulein Baur's class the girls each had had assigned to them a German correspondent, from a school in Munich, the American girls writing in German, the German girls in English, as part of their regular class-work. Frances became much attached to her unseen

friend and continued to write to her after vacation began. In a letter to Miss Baur she says: —

*August* 8.

Have you seen any of our German correspondents? Berti Reinhard and I are exchanging innumerable postal cards with letters mixed in. She promises me her picture next time. I think I was very fortunate in my correspondent.

Later, I received a sweet little note from Berti: —

Munich, *January* 30, 1914.

Dear Mrs. Putnam, —

The sorrowful news Erna Baur has written me of have frightened me so very much, that I could n't believe it at first. Yet now I cannot think that my dear Frances should not more be with us. By her kind and hearty way in her letters I became so very much fond of her, that it is for me now the loss of a dear, dear friend.

I promise you I 'll ever keep a faithful remembrance to my dear Frances.

I remain, dear Mrs. Putnam,

Very truly yours,

Berti Reinhard.

Frances also wrote to Miss Baur's younger sister Ernestine, who was coming here from Munich to school the following winter, and whom she was eager to meet. August 12 she wrote: —

I am perfectly crazy to know you, and we must see something of each other next winter. What courses are you going to take? . . .

You will come out for basket-ball, etc., won't you?

I have planned in my mind just what you are like and I am sure I am right. . . .

I suppose you will have gym with the eighth class and not with ours. I am so glad you like gym. I adore it! . . .

Why did n't I know you all when I was in Munich in the summer of 1911? We were there about a week and I loved it.

Besides this first letter there were a number of others to her, and to Miss Baur, describing her days at Cotuit and the Adirondacks, and always overflowing with interest in Ernestine's coming to Boston. September 4 she wrote: —

I've just been telephoning to the Red Star Line to find out the boat you're on, and it was a terrible blow to me to find that you were n't supposed to land till the 29th. I'm planning to come down the 27th and I've been counting on going out to see you and having a wonderful time. . . .

I do want to see you before school opens. . . .

They were very good friends when they met, and Ernestine wrote to me at Christmas: "I shall never forget my first American friend whom I loved from the first moment I saw her in a strange school, and saw too how kind and friendly she was to me when she saw me."

Frances was always friendly to newcomers, and I have received several letters speaking of her cordiality to girls coming to school for the first time. One of these I will quote here: —

I shall never forget how much sympathy and interest she showed to me when I first went as a stranger to the Winsor School. It was she who made me feel at home

in the school by so many little looks and ways. There were many days during those first few months of my new school life when I felt as if I could not stick it out any longer, I was so homesick. Only Frances seemed to understand how I felt, and through her enthusiasm for the school and her love for every one in it have I now begun to regard people and things as she did.

Frances's strongest affections, however, were given to her family and her old friends, and most of her letters were to them.

*Frances to Elizabeth*

COTUIT, *June* 30.

DEAREST E., —

Your letter arrived and was duly appreciated by all of us. Cousin Grace is lunching here and there has been an interesting, not to say amusing discussion as to the best way of economizing. . . .

Today I am resting. It's an amusing occupation and I really think I may get something done thereby.

It certainly is bully that you're coming down Thursday. The Croswells are staying at Coz Ellen Coolidge's, and Coz Grace says that they would be very nice people to admit into the village [the ideal community under discussion where one could live the simple and economical life].

Lucy and Margaret have just gone home. We had a regular old-time game of "Beckon" the other day, with every one in the region all about. I tried to collect them so as to give the W's a good time, but they were among the few who did n't come!

Love to the family. It will be great for me to have Flo so near school, I can run in any time!

Aff., F. C. P.

Mr. Croswell, at that time head of the Brearley School in New York, saw Frances at the Coolidges' one day, and had a long talk with her about the Winsor School. He was quite impressed with her intelligence, and told our friends that he wished he could carry her back to New York with him, as it would be a great pleasure to teach her. She for her part enjoyed meeting him exceedingly and was full of interest in his ideas about the education of girls.

Louisa's small dog had his birthday on the fourth of July and Baby celebrated it by writing the following verses: —

*To Mowgli, on his Second Birthday, July* 4, 1913

I

Why is it that today we all rejoice?
Uncle Sam's birthday 't is we celebrate.
Today he came of age, and with one voice
His people honor him, both small and great.

II

Is Uncle Sam alone, you ask? Not so!
A faithful follower always standeth near.
Onward to wisdom hand in hand they go.
Each in his own world is without a peer.

III

Born the same day, how different in age!
'T is of the younger that I now would sing.
You all know Uncle Sam, our ruler sage,
But who, you ask, who is this other king?

IV

See where he lies, our ruler small and brown!
Crownéd and thronéd he, and from above
His power falls. His ears they are his crown!
The floor his throne! His power — it is our love!

During July Frances was busy with sailing, tennis, reading and resting, and with getting ready for another production of "Poor Pillicoddy," which was to be given in August by the "Cotuit Christmas Present Club."

Racing and playing in tournaments had to be given up, however, as basket-ball had been in the spring, because it was too fatiguing, and after July she did not enter into any contests. In a letter addressed to Aunt Bessie and Molly she describes the last one she went into.

*July 27.*

The races seem to be our chief excitement nowadays. Yesterday there was a tearing breeze; it was the kind of breeze that makes you nearly tip over. Only six boats started and only five finished, because Anne had taken two reefs while the rest of us had one, and so she stopped. The remaining five were all particularly good sailors except me. . . . Alice Channing got the best start. I crossed the line too soon and had to go back, which I don't understand, as both Helen (my crew) and I thought we were all right. Alice had a long lead on the rest of us and rounded the first buoy first, Cabot Storrow second. I was ahead of the Phraners for some unaccountable reason, and got ahead of Catherine Taussig, too, because she did not fetch the buoy and had to take two extra tacks, so I rounded the first buoy third. Before long Cabot got a long lead on Alice. The Phraners and I were in a parallel line. Then the Taussigs got ahead of me and kept their lead to the end. The Phraners kept changing places with me, but I finally beat them. It was quite a thrilling race though the wind dropped at the end. The boat is now at Carleton's for repairs.

*July* 28.

It's very exciting having Uncle Fred here. He's going to take us motoring this P.M.

It is quite amusing having so many Cabots, each one so different from the last. You see we've had Margie, Tue, Peg, and Uncle Fred, besides of course ourselves. . . .

Guess what Tue did! We had been talking about crocheting silk neckties and I had happened to say that the trouble was that spools cost a dollar per. Two days after she went, I got by mail two spools, one red and one blue! They were wonderful colors and fascinating to look at just as they were. There was no name, but we decided it must be Tue. Was n't it terribly nice of her?

*Frances to Louisa*

COTUIT, *August* 14.

DEAREST DEDE, —

Did you arrive safely? After you left yesterday I went over to the Peirsons' and they lent me the Shetland. It was lots of fun. I took the curtain up to the Morses and we had a writing-invitations bee. Then we rigged the curtain.

The Billy Morses have three green screens and we're going to have the whole stage done in green with pine trees in the distance in one place, and some bright-colored flowers scattered round. We had awfully good fun fixing it up. . . .

Mowgli is the one who *really* misses you and he's very unhappy and barks more than ever. I'll write some more later. Nothing doing now.

Aff'ly, with love to Ma,

F. C. P.

*Frances to Lucy*

*July* 20.

. . . The other day all Cotuit went over to the Ropes's to hear some people speak about Hampton and to hear the Hampton singers. An Indian who is at school there and who had been through the most wild adventures in his youth spoke to us. Also a Zulu (South African) prince, who spoke perfectly wonderfully. One or two people said that they had never heard a white man speak as well. The singers were negroes who sang plantation songs in parts, and they sang simply wonderfully. You'd have adored it. I went home so thrilled I did not know what to do. The last thing they sang was "My Old Kentucky Home," and they put their whole souls into it and sang it with the most melting expression. "Weep no more, my lady," was a very fitting first line for the chorus.

After that Willard Fuller and Elizabeth Channing came to supper [they were recently engaged], so we had quite an emotional day.

So don't forget your very affectionate and very fond-of-you

F. C. P.

My best to all.

*Frances to Lucy*

*August* 4.

Dearest, Dearest Pat, —

Mother is writing to Coz Lucy by this same mail to ask you to come to camp with us. You simply must come! I've been thinking about your being there, and how you and camp would fit in with each other, for so long and so much that I could not bear to be disappointed. Oh, Pat, it would be so wonderful to have you up there! You will sleep in our own little colony with our special friends. We have just two houses

joined by a piazza; the piazza is made especially broad for sleeping out. We do have wonderful crisp clear nights up there and we could sleep side by side. This is supposed to be a picture of our houses, — the Nursery and the Parents' Assistant. [*Sketch*] Then there's the brook every morning and probably an all-day walk and the brook again when you get back, and then sometimes a camp-fire with singing and sometimes not, and there are awfully nice people, young and old. I do think you'd like it. The whole family wants you. . . . You must bring your May Day costume for the evenings and some bloomers for climbing. . . .

I'm wild to hear from you. Very, very, very aff'ly,

Your own PUT.

*August* 11.

DEAREST PAT, —

Of course it does n't make any difference to us about your deciding right off, except that I'm so wild to be sure you're coming. . . .

We are so glad there's a chance! Mother sends you and Coz Lucy her love and many thanks for Coz L.'s letter. We'll try to live on hope. . . .

*August* 12.

DEAREST PAT, —

I got your letter last night and I'm terribly disappointed . . . . I suppose I'm wicked to suggest your coming later, but I can't help hoping. I suppose what's best is best, and the more I talk about it the more disappointed I shall feel. So [then follow some remarks about the different girls' examination marks].

By the way, consider yourself engaged to go *next* September to Putnam Camp, St. Hubert's P.O., N. Y., and after the fifth address me there. . . . Remember,

we'll be there until the end of September too! So *don't* overlook entirely my one chance, *i.e.* of having you come up late, but don't think I'm horrid to say so when you've written you could n't go.

Aff.,

F. C. P.

*August 27.*

DEAREST, DEAREST PAT, —

The reason why I have n't mentioned Pillicoddy lately is because I've been so absorbed in it that I have n't thought of anything else.

It came off day before yesterday and was a great success. The stage which we spent all the morning in decorating was really lovely. We had any amount of garden flowers and also some bully tall cat-o'nine-tails and some delicious brown woodsy swampy things which sort of softened things up. Then the walls were dark green and there were pine trees in the background peering round and over a screen in the back of an alcove representing the "nursery grounds" behind. Everything was a success. The rest of the Morses' barn was hung with pine boughs and Mary Taussig made us a peach of a poster. The costumes were a great success. Ellie Barton (Mrs. Pillicoddy) looked too adorable for words. She was dressed in a deep pink trimmed on the neck and sleeves with narrow black ribbon and narrow white lace. The neck was made so that it just did n't fall off her shoulders. She has an awfully pretty neck. Her hair was done very attractively, with two or three ringlets hanging down. Then she had the sweetest bonnet which she wore part of the time. It had little pink roses underneath and a pink scarf hanging down for bonnet-strings. She was slightly rouged and looked irresistible and acted very

well. Anne acted finely, and Helen made a lot of Julia's part. Then there was Catherine *versus* you (Aunt Betty says, "There never could be another Lucy!"), and all went off with much vivacity. We had quite a responsive audience of about a hundred.

Afterwards every one turned out on the lawn for lemonade and cake. . . .

After every one was gone we divided up the flowers, and then I had a perfect lark driving home in an open carriage in all my togs, with my red wig shining out for miles and shocking the natives. . . .

Give my best to your family and Nancy. We leave here a week from today, spend one night in Boston, the next at Westport, and the next at Camp. I had a very nice long letter from Dora. She sails Sept. second on the "Laconia."

Aff.,

F. C. P.

## XIX

THAT month of September which we spent at Camp was quite different from all others on account of the terrible forest fires. We had, as usual, between twenty-five and thirty people, and although we climbed the mountains where it was possible and talked and sang at the camp-fires as usual, the sense of danger and calamity was always in our minds and the smoke dimmed the clear autumn days. At first, the guides and men who lived in the valley tried to check the fire and began digging ditches behind which they could fight it; and once or twice a party of our own men went up to spend the night on the mountain. But it grew quite beyond their control and President Wilson was appealed to for Federal help. Three companies of soldiers from Plattsburgh were sent to our relief, and camped in the meadows a short distance the other side of our brook. Suddenly to find our quiet mountain fastness next door to a military post was a very strange, and to Frances a most thrilling, experience. She and Anne Coolidge and the rest would go down almost every evening at sunset to hear the bugles play the "retreat," hear the roll-call, and see the colors go down. The officers were very pleasant and made an agreeable addition to our daily life. Some of them were very apt to dine with us, and they on their side invited small parties from our camp to dine with them

at the officers' mess. Then after dinner a number would stroll up to have a cup of coffee.

The building in our camp which serves as parlor and library is called the "Stoop," and two sides of it are so arranged that they can be pulled up in sections, making wide awnings, as it were, over the piazza, so that in the day-time one can sit and look off at the mountains and listen to the music of the brook. In the autumn evenings, however, the sides are let down, the fire blazes on the hearth, and we gather round it, or sit by the big tables with hanging lamps over them, reading or talking, while the men smoke and Annie makes the coffee. One corner of the Stoop, where the kerosene stove stands and where on shelves and hooks are rows of coffee and tea-cups, belongs especially to Annie, although one may say that all the Stoop is her domain. It was she who designed the big chimney and fireplace, and stood by while every brick was laid, and it was she who burned into the wooden beams that cross above and in front of it, supporting the roof, the quotation from Horace, *Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnia angelus ridet*, and also, at Lizzie Perkins's suggestion and with her help, inserted a plaster tablet into the bricks over the mantel-piece, on which was printed the legend: —

If it's wet do not fret,
If it's dry do not cry;
Whatever the weather
Be happy together.

She arranged the curtain whereby one end of the Stoop can be turned into a stage, and it is she who has always insisted that we should have some kind of organ or piano, which has contributed much to the pleasure of our evenings.

But one among her many claims to the gratitude of the party is the wonderful coffee she makes! The officers fully appreciated it, for the delicacy and aroma of it was quite different from that served to them in tin cups at mess; and they sat by the fire as they drank it and told us tales of their army life. Many of them had been in the Philippines, in Japan and China, Panama, and all over the West, and had some good yarns to relate. Frances was never tired of listening to their talk, and especially she loved to hear the Major tell about his life on his father's plantation before the Civil War, where all the landowners were French. He was a very little boy at the time, but he had many interesting anecdotes, amusing, pathetic and heroic, about the loyalty of his father's slaves during the war and the Reconstruction days.

At the beginning of the fourth week of September the rain fell in torrents, quenching the fires which all the hard work of the soldiers had failed to put out; but the noble trees and beautiful stretches of woods that had been destroyed were gone, never again to gladden our eyes. Perhaps our grandchildren or great-grandchildren will see new forests on the bare sides of Round Mountain and parts of Noonmark and Giant, but they are lost to us.

My birthday, on the 24th, was celebrated by a tea-party on Mosso's ledge, to which every one went. I have the bad habit of mislaying and losing my spectacles, without which I cannot read or sew, and my children have suffered a good deal from being constantly asked to find them. Frances, for a birthday present, crochetted for me a dark blue silk case lined with black silk, and wrote some verses which she sang

to the tune of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," when she gave it to me: —

I bring thee now this little bag,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving us the hope that there
Thy glasses we may see.
If thou wilt wear it, then, at last
With thankfulness may we
Less of those horn-rimmed glasses think
And more than e'er of thee!

With the exception of a few days when she was obliged to stay in bed and to go without food, Frances seemed well and in good spirits during her stay at the Adirondacks. Hattie Shaw was devoted to her welfare, taking the greatest interest in preparing her food in attractive ways.

Frances left Camp on the 25th, returning to Boston with the Coolidges, in order to be on hand early for school, instead of staying with us until the first of October. She wrote a composition about the forest fires, afterwards printed in the School Scrap-book, in which she gives a graphic account of what she saw, and tells how the Major had "reveillé" set forward an hour so that she and Anne could go to it without having to get up before six. When the Major came for a farewell call he said to me, "I don't know when I have been so taken with any one as I was with your little girl. She had a way with her that made me want to tell her things." Then he laughed: "The men don't know now why they were started an hour late the other day, but the officers do and I suppose I shall never hear the last of it! They'll make a joke of how I changed the orders just to please that little girl, whenever they want to tease me!"

AUSABLE LAKE

"Look at Round Mountain!" Round Mountain was the lowest of the many mountains which surrounded us, and which, by their blackness, helped to make the night seem even darker than it was. I looked, as I was bidden, but the scene seemed hardly real. Behind the mountain rose a dense cloud of smoke lighted up by a reddish copper-colored glow from the forest fires. The half-moon, which had seemed so bright the night before, looked faint and pale in the midst of the glow. I began to realize that we were indeed among forest fires.

The next night I looked again at the mountain, wondering if I should see the same sight as before. But a scene even more strange greeted my eyes. The fire itself was visible, and the long mountain ridge was edged with a band of bright flames, which were made more bright by the darkness of the night, and which were vying with each other as to which could leap the highest.

The next day nothing but the fires and what we could do to fight them, was talked of. We heard a rumor that some companies of soldiers were coming, but we never really believed it till, early in the afternoon, we saw a long, dusty, brown-clad procession of men pass the gate. We rushed over to the place where we had heard they were going to camp. It was fascinating to watch them get out their tents from the supply wagon and set up, first the officers', and then their own, with wonderful speed and ease. It seemed strange, but very exciting, to have them there, in that

out of the way mountain corner, and their wonderful organization was a tremendous contrast to the irregularity and lack of method of the natives. But, below our excitement, there was an unmentioned realization of the growing seriousness of the fire, which was not lessened by a call for volunteers to watch all night on the mountain, and by seeing all our men start off.

When night came we looked in the direction the men had gone, and there we saw the most extraordinary sight we had seen at all. The nearer side of Round Mountain was all dotted with flames. As I think of it now, it seems like a dream. The most brilliant city illuminations could not have equalled it. It was beautiful as well as terrible, and the mountain side was lighted up in such a way that it almost seemed as if it must be all artificial.

But the most tremendous sight of all was still ahead of us. We saw it on a Tuesday night. I don't think I shall ever forget that it was a Tuesday night. The fire had come nearer and nearer every day. Every day larger cinders floated down more thickly on our heads, and, frequently, we could hear the roar of the fire, although it was nearly two miles away. It was a terrible sound, like distant mumbling, with a crash every few minutes, telling us of the fall of a tree. But it was not until that Tuesday night that we realized how tremendous the fire really was.

There was one part of it which we had not seen recently, so we started off, after supper, to walk to "Chapel Pond," which is a little over a mile from camp. The road winds along by the edge of a brook, and steep ridges rise on either side. On our left, the ridge was clearly outlined against a sky lighted up by a bright glow, which, except for the tremendous blackness of the night, would have seemed almost like an

unusually golden sunset. On our right, the ridge was topped with bright flames, which were near enough for us to see trees catch fire, become red-hot, and topple over only to make new fires by scattering their burning pieces. It seems inconceivably inhuman when I think of the way we hardly looked at this sight which, at any other time in our lives, would have filled us with wonder and terror.

We walked on till we came to the pond, and I shall never forget the scene we saw there. The pond lies between the road and the ridge, which is so steep that it is not covered entirely with trees. But every tree, on that high, rocky bank of the pond, was ablaze, and every blaze was reflected in the dark water below. The roar, which we had been able to hear at the distance of a mile and a half, was terrifying when heard near to. We stood and gasped. What else could we do? Tree after tree toppled down the slope, and the burning branches were shattered into thousands of pieces, and bounced down the rocks, shedding sparks as they went.

"You should have been here a minute ago," some one said to us, "when a whole slice of the cliff broke off, and slid into the lake covered with burning trees!" Extraordinary as this tale was, it hardly astounded us, for we could have believed anything.

We turned homeward, fairly weak with excitement, and, on our way, we looked up at the ridges again. The glow was no longer there, but the fire had reached the top of the slope, and one huge flame was being swept swiftly along by the wind. We knew all too well that it was going straight toward camp, and that there was almost nothing to stop it. That night more than one person in camp packed his clothes and was ready to move. That night, also, two of the men sat up, watch-

ing, and at one o'clock seriously consulted as to whether they should call us all to leave our bungalows. But Nature had, at last, taken it into her own hands, and, the next day, six inches of rain drowned the fire out.

The excitement and worry disappeared, but interest lived on, for the army stayed in case the fire should start up again. Their encampment was so near us that we could hear all the thrilling bugle calls. Every morning, at six, the lively notes of "Reveillé" rang out; at six in the afternoon, a call told us of the drill at the "Dipping of the colors"; and, at nine in the evening, we heard the lovely and more gentle strains of "Taps." We often went over to the afternoon drill, and the military way in which the soldiers and the officers went through it was fascinating to see.

Every evening at least three of the officers came over to camp, and we gathered round the big, open fire and heard them tell of some of the interesting experiences they had had. They had all been stationed in the Philippines, at one time or another, and the tales they told of the barbarisms of the natives made our hair stand on end.

They told us, also, more about the fires that we had just been seeing: how it was the first time in history that our national troops had been called on to do anything of this sort; how the soldiers had shown more heroism here than was usual in war; how they had had to make human chains down steep, rocky slopes, in order to complete the fire trench they were digging; and how they had had to battle through smoke so thick that they could hardly breathe.

For the first time we heard that, on a certain Tuesday night, the fire had come so near the soldiers' camp that, in the darkest part of the night, the officers had been able to read by the light of the forest fire, and

that the soldiers were all prepared to move to a new camp farther from the flames.

We led a happy, lazy life after the fires had gone out, but it had to end, and, at last, the day we were to leave arrived. The Major had been over the night before to say good-bye.

"I wish you'd come over to 'Reveillé' to-morrow," he had said. "It's so much more lively than the 'Dipping of the colors.' If six o'clock is too early, what time will you have it, seven?" I laughed and did n't answer. I knew the Major was in the habit of joking. He had fooled me entirely about something, only the day before.

We were leaving our camp at half-past seven the next morning, so we decided that we might as well get up a little bit early, and go over to the soldiers' camp at six. The camp seemed thoroughly asleep when we got there. A few men were walking around, but there were no other signs of life. We went home dejectedly, and ate some breakfast. What could be the matter? Could it be possible that the Major was serious about putting off "Reveillé"? We laughed the idea off. To have part of the United States Army put off for us! How absurd! Suddenly we heard the old familiar bugle. We started running to the camp so as to reach it before the second call. As we ran two of us pulled out our watches simultaneously, and then looked at each other and smiled. How ridiculous it was! But how perfectly it capped this long series of thrilling experiences! It was just seven o'clock!

## XX

### *Frances to Louisa*

106 Marlboro St., Saturday, *September* 27.

Dearest Dede, —

I certainly have been doing up the doctors since I left you! Yesterday the first thing I did was to telephone for appointments. First I went to Dr. Cheney's at ten. At eleven I went to Dr. Doubleday's. Then I came home and lunched early so as to be back at Dr. Cheney's before half-past one, in time to have drops in my eyes. I stayed there over two hours, and was given a prescription for quite new glasses. I did some errands, and then lay down for an hour and a half. . . .

I was tired out when I got down Thursday night, and felt like thirty cents, but to-day I'm alive and kicking again. It's a very comfortable and pretty way to come, but travelling from quarter past seven to quarter of eight makes a good long day. I spent this morning unpacking and getting settled and this afternoon I went to Flo's. Did you hear that they've got a Ford touring car? Hugh's been assisting Dr. Joslin during Dr. Brigham's vacation. Is n't that amusing? Flo was very well and the children enchanting. I think I got some good pictures of David. Then I went to Dr. Joslin's and I had a pleasant call on him. He said I was doing so well that he did n't want to change my food at all. I have got to lunch at home every day, and unless I have a last period study hour and can get in early, I may not be able to go out for athletics, which would be fierce, but still — He is n't going to let me

study a bit hard, etc., etc. He is going to let me go to the Friday evening.

I found Miriam Donaldson here when I got home for afternoon tea and she was very pleasant. . . . David really was terribly cunning this afternoon. His eyes are bigger and bluer all the time. Yesterday Flo went out in the evening and Molly went out to take care of the children, while Floretta rested, and she had to put David to bed! Can't you picture her? . . . I just heard Lib telling some one she was a member of the Radcliffe Committee on Vocational Guidance, and that means that she has more to do with Radcliffe, which is what she wanted, so that's pat.

The library is in an awful mess, but looks very well and has good prospects. My best to all.

Molly's wild about Radcliffe.

Aff'ly, F. C. P.

October fourth was Susie's and Arthur's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and all their near relatives and best friends, including ten of their twelve bridesmaids and Cousin Ida and Henry Higginson, went out to Waltham to do them honor. Of course they must have known that their brothers and sisters would appear, but the coming of so many friends was a genuine surprise. It was the day of Evelyn Thayer's wedding, and Susie, Arthur and Ella went to Lancaster for that, and when they returned they found the house beautifully dressed with autumn leaves and filled with flowers. The members of the two families met at the bottom of the hill and walked up the footpath to the house. As far as was possible we carried out Isa's idea of having them all bring branches, fruits, or flowers from their summer homes. Richard and Ella carried a

birch-bark canoe and a miniature tent as a remembrance of their Adirondack camp. It was a picturesque party that wound its way up the hill, — a scarlet cashmere shawl over Louisa Richardson's black velvet dress making a very effective bit of color, — and each person carried some bright leaves, pine boughs, branches with red apples or clusters of grapes. The procession was led by Mr. Lyman, with his grandchildren on either side of him dressed like autumn fairies, Ronald like a brownie and Elizabeth in a dress made of soft Liberty scarves of shaded reds, with gauzy wings. When we reached the house the two doors were wide open, and there stood Arthur and Susie, looking as if they had stepped out of a picture as lord and lady of the manor, gracious and hospitable. We gathered on the porch steps and, led by Richard, we sang (to the tune of "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand") the following verses, written by Isa: —

From Putnam's purple mountains,
  From Newport's silver strand,
From Pokanoket's meadows,
  Cohasset's sparkling sand;

From Readville's sunny pastures,
  Cotuit's moss-hung woods,
From Chestnut Hill's fair orchards,
  And Saranac's solitudes;

From Brookline well-beloved,
  Where you walked hand in hand,
From field and hill and garden
  Of Arthur's Fatherland,

We bring you loving tribute
  From Autumn's liberal store;
We carry Autumn's blessing
  Through your wide open door.

After the singing Margie appeared in a dress made of shaded scarves, in colors changing from scarlet to yellow and russet, the lights on her bright hair as glowing and golden as those in the shimmering silk, and, deeply blushing, she recited these lines, also written by Isa:—

Greetings I bring upon this happy day,
Set like a jewel bright
Within the circle of the golden year.
Summer still lingers, loth to take her flight;
The air is mellow, Nature's heart aflame;
Come forth with me, the harvest-time is here!

Susie's brothers and sisters had had four candlesticks made by the Arts and Crafts, copies of some ancestral ones which had belonged to my mother. These were carried in by Isa, Maggie, Amy and me, with lighted candles in them, but, although we presented them then, Susie never really saw them until later, when she went up to the tea-table. Then she exclaimed, "Why, there are mama's candlesticks," and was quite overcome by emotion, the sight of them carrying her back to the old Brookline days.

When we were assembled in the house, a few chords on the piano directed our attention to one end of the hall, where Frances, Julia, Charlotte, Susie, Tottie and Lydia, in peasant dress, danced a folk-dance, "Reaping the Flax." Baby wore an oak-red skirt, cut in points round the bottom, and the bodice that Grace Minns gave her. The dance was very rhythmic and spirited.

It was a memorable festival and left one with a vivid impression of the three generations of Lymans, with the beloved "Possy" as the veritable head of the family.

Louisa, Amy and I passed the month of October at

Cotuit, and on the tenth Frances and Lucy Balch, Jim, Jamie, Elizabeth and Sylvia Cabot came down to stay over Sunday and Columbus Day. It was dark and cold and misting a little when the loud noise of the approaching automobile and the tooting of the horn called Louisa and me down the path to the narrow opening in the hedge that serves as a gate, and out they all tumbled, chilly and damp, but full of lively greetings and laughter, and ran indoors to get warm by the big fire blazing on the hearth.

Baby was enchanted to get there, and jumped up and down for joy. The cold air had given her a color, and for those three days she was overflowing with energy and gayety. It rained Saturday and Sunday, but they took walks and played all sorts of out-of-door games in spite of it. On Monday we had glorious sunshine and blue sky and they all went sailing, Baby and Lucy in the "Kayoshk," the rest in the "Sneaker." I look back upon that little visit, when for a brief interval there seemed to be no shadow over us, only the brightest sunshine, as one of the happiest memories of the year.

The list of books Frances had read during the summer, and her written comments on them, while in no way remarkable, were quite characteristic, and therefore I will put them in here. She also wrote a review, eleven pages in length, of her summer work in English Literature, which was marked "Excellent" by Miss Hopkinson. Her "Boston Theme" was to be on Simmons College, and she visited the college in the spring and collected reports and other papers concerning it, which she studied up in the summer, but she had not begun to write it.

I have always felt most illogically about summer book-lists. I am sure I have gained a great deal by them. It has helped me tremendously in appreciating the books I read and getting something out of them. And yet I always wish I did n't have one. Of course it is absurd to have those two points of view, but it is true. I have often said to myself that at least at such and such a time I could read a book without having to write a comment on it. When I have finished a book and am quite thrilled by it I feel as if I were suddenly and unpleasantly brought down to earth by the question, "What do I think of it?"

At the same time, I am perfectly convinced that the summer book-lists have made a great deal of difference to me in helping me to get more good from what I read.

BOOK LIST

I. *The Village on the Cliff*. Miss Thackeray.

This story is certainly told in the most charming and vivid way. I am very glad that, for the most part, it was read aloud to me, for I fear that, had I read it to myself, I should have lost much of the atmosphere and reality of the scenes which are all so wonderfully described by Miss Thackeray. Every detail has an important part in perfecting a scene that is being painted, or in bringing an idea home to the reader, and every detail plays its part. The important characters, too, are beautifully pictured and are tremendously interesting. One feels that the authoress must have herself known a character like that of Reine Chrétien.

I think I was very fortunate to read this book when I was rather tired and when I had no desire for a great

many thrilling incidents and could better appreciate and enjoy the unremitting but delicate pathos, for the happiness in this story is as pathetically beautiful as the unhappiness is pathetically sad.

II. *The Professor.* CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

This book surprised me very much indeed, for I had expected a very long, intricate story like that of *Villette*. I think that really it was rather a relief to me because in a shorter, simpler book one does not get so wound up that one longs for the end merely to see how things will turn out. I also enjoyed the happy ending, for though it seems as if I ought to outgrow it some time, I feel as if I should always give a certain amount of preference to stories that end well. I had just finished reading Miss Thackeray's *Village on the Cliff*, and it was very interesting to note the difference between the styles, — the one seeming, in a way, reserved, the other apparently outspoken. Yet, I think that that of the *Village on the Cliff* is really the more outspoken of the two. Of course it is true Miss Brontë limited her observations to one point of view while Miss Thackeray spoke from any she wished. The different ways in which they treat their heroines are also very interesting. In one case the heroine is obviously marked in the beginning and is obviously a person who will be unhappy throughout. In the other she is very quietly introduced and is continually changing for the better, both in ability and spirits.

The characters in *The Professor* are very interesting, indeed. I think a book told in the first person requires a remarkable and somewhat egotistical narrator. Mr. Ainsworth, in my opinion, is a splendid character for this position. Throughout the book, and especially near the end, the descriptions of the schools

and of the methods of teaching touched my special interest and appealed to me tremendously.[1] In most other respects I found the last chapters a little disappointing.

III. *David Balfour.* R. L. Stevenson.

When I started this book I was rather disappointed. The style seemed to me too abrupt and too much made up of statements, and it took me quite a while to understand the peculiar political positions in which the different characters stood. But by the end there was a great change in my opinions. I did not have the feeling of having read anything deep, but I felt intimate with the entire book. More than thinking the characters interesting and well drawn, they were all my friends. I knew them well and I had a feeling that they knew me, too. Every one in this circle of friends had a strong, individual personality. I discovered that the style, which I had not wholly liked at first, was merely my very old friend, Davie, telling his life in his own, fascinating, original, Scotchy way and telling it directly to me. The ending, including the names of the Balfour children, makes the story peculiarly complete.

IV. *The Little Minister.* J. M. Barrie.

I think this book is perfectly wonderful. The author had me entirely in his hands. At will he made me laugh at Babbie's teasing, and at the gossiping in the delightful Scotch dialect, shudder also at the gossiping and at the powerfully vivid descriptions of that terrible storm, or be very much moved by Gavin's and

[1] Frances had looked forward to teaching as her profession.

Babbie's love and by the change wrought in Babbie. He leaves a tremendously vivid impression of that little town and the attitudes of its inhabitants and of the power of the minister over them, and at the same time their power over him. My only wish concerning this book is that the author had gone on a little farther and had let me see the happy meeting of those in whom I had become so interested and of whom I had become so fond, instead of letting me imagine it.

V. *Unawares.* AUTHOR OF *The Rose Garden.*

I enjoyed this book, but not as much as any of those I had read before. I don't know why it did n't interest me more. The characters were well drawn and the descriptions quite vivid. Perhaps it was because the uncomfortable beginning when every one who was n't cheating was worried or unhappy started me in wrong.

VI. *The Promised Land.* MARY ANTIN.

I found this tremendously interesting! The more so if it is true, as the author says, that she is speaking for thousands, though it seems as if the mere fact that she was so forward mentally must have made her life very different from many others of the thousands. At times, for instance, when she talked about her remembrances of the food she used to eat, her style affected me rather the way a person who talks absolutely incessantly does, but she certainly pictured most vividly the great misunderstandings between the Christians and the Jews, I am quoting when I say it is a book that every Boston girl should read, but I entirely agree with the person who said it.

VII. *La Poudre aux Yeux.* LABICHE and MARTIN.

I had seen this acted before I read it, and though I could more easily picture the characters, I started out to read a play which was n't tremendous enough to be read repeatedly, for the second time. I found it mildly diverting but nothing more. I think I enjoyed it more as a way of keeping up my French than as anything else.

VIII. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

I did n't enjoy this book particularly, especially not in the first half, though I had a strong feeling that I ought to be enjoying such a classic. I began to feel as if there were nothing pleasant to look forward to. I did n't like the style especially. I neither got hold of the characters nor felt as if I should care to meet any of them, except perhaps Sir William Thornhill and Sophia.

IX. *Old Mortality.* SIR W. SCOTT.

I think that all Scott's novels, that is, all that I have ever read, have a certain similarity, not in the story or characters, but rather in the atmosphere and the way the plot is worked out. This book does not break that record, though in one or two respects it is quite different from the others.

I thought the story was remarkable. It was interesting to notice that there was no real villain in the story, that almost all the characters had at least one quite splendid side, and that there was a considerable amount of similarity between the characters of the hero and his rival. I always enjoy Scott. His style is certainly very interesting, but I think that there is a certain kind of charm which it lacks.

X. *The Warden.* Anthony Trollope.

I thought this book was perfectly delightful. As I look back on it, I think of it, not as a novel, but as a biographical sketch showing wonderfully the character of a charming man who, in a number of ways, reminded me of someone I know. [Her father.] I liked the style very much indeed. It was so natural and human and almost conversational and yet so full of interest and showed such keen appreciation of human nature.

XI. *Daddy-Long-Legs.* Jean Webster.

I enjoyed reading this book, purely because it was rather an entertaining book to skim through, and from a childish pleasure to read, without getting any intellectual gain — a story that had about enough romance and sentiment to appeal to one. It was sort of a relief to read through this quickly after reading a number of absorbing classics.

XII. *Kim.* Rudyard Kipling.

Oh, how I like this book! Nothing in it lacks interest. The wonderful way in which one is made to feel the whole atmosphere of the place, and in which every incident contributes in giving one that feeling, is marvellous. Every one of the characters is worth a great deal of attention, and then Kim himself! He is a companion for every mood, as in the book he is Kim, the Lama's chela; Kim, the Son of the Charm; Kim, the boy delighting in boyish pranks; and, at the same time, Kim himself, the friend of all the world, and of the stars.

This is a book which lasts forever. One reads it for the first time with a great deal of pleasure and interest; one can think of it continually without ever using up

all the food for thought that it supplies, and I should think one could read it many times again and get more from it each time.

XIII. *A Sunny Life: the Biography of Samuel June Barrows.* MRS. BARROWS.

I found this book interesting from several points of view. I know the author personally, but I had never known Mr. Barrows and I was very glad to hear about him. His character is certainly very vividly painted in this book and at the end I felt quite as if I had always known him. Not only is his character shown but we get a number of glimpses into the writer's own fine character and we see the wonderful coöperation of Mr. and Mrs. Barrows. Mr. Barrows had a very interesting, many-sided life, and after reading this book one feels how much there is to be done in the world and how much individuals can do. His spirit, feelings, ideas and work as a penologist interested me very much indeed. In places I think the same note is played too long, but the life of such a splendid, broad-minded man, such a lover of mankind, cannot fail to be interesting.

XIV. *The Household of Sir Thomas More.* MANNING.

I liked very much the quaint old-fashioned style of this book, but I did not enjoy the reading of it as much as the impression I had afterwards. I felt at the end as if I really knew a great deal about that very delightful man, Sir Thomas More, and I had quite a vivid picture of the times, with Henry VIII and his favorites, and of the abominable way in which those who were not in favor were treated. I think the last chapters are very humanly and pathetically written.

XV. *The Taming of the Shrew.* SHAKESPEARE.

I did not feel, when I had finished this book, as if I had read one of Shakespeare's greatest plays, but I enjoyed reading it very much indeed. I think some of the characters and the idea are very interesting, though quite improbable.

XVI. *The Tempest.* SHAKESPEARE.

I think this is most lovely, both in the poetry and in most of the scenes, though there are some which have no beauty, and some which are rather uninteresting. I thought Ariel was, in many ways, quite as fascinating as Puck, though, of course, of an entirely different character. I could not help enjoying very much a book most of which is so beautifully written, and whose key-note is happiness.

XVII. Miscellaneous poems from

*The Oxford Book of English Verse.* QUILLER-COUCH.

*The Open Road.* E. V. LUCAS.

*Les Cent Meilleurs Poèmes.* A. DORCHAIN.

I enjoyed so much reading these! Poetry is such a wonderful thing! In splendid collections, like these, one can find all one's more serious moods and many of the others reflected there. When one is tired I think there is nothing so soothing and restful as beautiful smoothly-running poetry. In the French collection I felt as if I had found more the first part of an initiation into French poetry than anything else, which I have no doubt was largely due to the fact that I could n't understand all I read. But I do now feel more at home with French poetry.

XVIII. *Humanly Speaking.* S. M. Crothers.

I think this book is most delightful. It combines very interesting ideas with a strong but delicate touch of humor, and is written in a very pleasant, attractive style.

XIX. *Waterloo.* Erckmann and Chatrian.

I liked parts of this book and did not like parts. It was very interesting to get into the midst of the battle and hear the soldiers' point of view. I thought the descriptions of the battle were rather overfilled with details which were very hard to follow without a map. On that account I found parts of it rather dry. As it warmed up at the end, where there were comparatively no armies with their respective positions for me to lose track of, I enjoyed it very much. I wish that Joseph had not so completely lacked that which adds a fascination to descriptions of battle — by which I mean heroism.

## XXI

FRANCES settled down to her school work as usual, and though she did less than the year before, she was fully occupied. Our friends Hugh and Floretta Greeley had bought a house very near to the Winsor School, and there Frances went often to play with the babies, or to rest; and on the days when she wished to be at school in the afternoons, she lunched there. As Dr. Joslin's temporary assistant, Hugh knew exactly what she ought to have to eat, and Floretta took great pains to give her what she needed. It saved Frances fatigue and gave her much pleasure to go to their house as she did.

Her sixteenth birthday was celebrated by having the Greeleys to dinner. Elizabeth made pretty table-decorations, and the dinner had all the air of a festivity, even if Baby could not partake of most of the feast.

*J. J. P. to M. C. P. and L. H. P. at Cotuit*

*October* 21, 1913.

DEAR FRIENDS, —

We are sorry that you were not here last evening to witness Franey's send-off, which was very fine; Floretta and Hugh, a pretend cake, lots of jokes and poems, etc.

Lizzie and I had to hurry off before it was quite over, to go to the negro-protest meeting and hear the

speeches by Moorfield, Mr. Crothers, etc., but F. has already — before breakfast — given me an account of the remainder of the show.

Sick or well, she is a happy child. . . .

### *Frances to M. C. P.*

*October* 23, 1913.

Dearest Mother, —

I have just been reading for the hundredth time my birthday letters from you and Louisa and am taking the *very first* chance to write to you. That may sound a little fabulous, but I've been working pretty hard and Katharine Hale spent the night with me on Tues.

I simply had the nicest birthday imaginable. In the morning I was given your terribly nice letter. I shall simply adore that scarf. I've always wanted one and they're more the rage than ever and then your making it yourself! Imagine having bookshelves all to myself. It'll be simply great!

Then I was told that Flo and Hugh were coming to supper and I must do my lessons early — (speaking of Flo she has asked me to lunch there on Mondays and Wed'ys, and I think I will. I don't really think it would be much trouble and it would make lots of diff.).

Just as I was changing my dress for supper a florist box arrived with 16 heavenly roses, and around the card was folded a ten-dollar bill! What do you think of that? Of course I suppose you've guessed that it came from Aunt Mag! I'd let it out while I was at Cohasset that the next day was my birthday. So then Flo and Hugh came and presented me with a German game of famous pictures, played like authors. It's most attractive and incidentally instructive.

I forgot to say that at breakfast Aunt Bessie had given me $2!

So we went in to supper and oo! such a good one. The Greeleys were simply screaming. We were kept in constant howls.

Aff., F. C. P.

*Frances to Louisa*

DEAREST L,—

This letter is supposed to fit on to Ma's — I simply adored that bag. There's lots of room for my crocheting and it's so darling and I do love things that people have made!

As I was saying to Ma, we were kept in perfect howls. I never laughed so hard in my life. Then to my surprise a cake was brought in. I never saw anything so pretty — white frosting — little pink candles — a bunch of violets with a rose in the centre and some green round it, was in the hole and a wreath of pale pink chrysanthemums round the edge — Oh — so pretty!

"Hum," said Hugh (being Dr. J.'s assistant), "I wonder what that cake's made of." I'd wondered myself, but decided it was an ordinary cake. Guess who'd sent me the flowers in the middle! Alice Davis! Was n't that too nice of her!

Then I began to cut the cake and found some difficulty.

"Perhaps," said Lib, "it would be easier if you took out a slice." So I did, and it was hollow! Made of soda biscuit, I was told afterwards, and all round in the hollow were little packages. There was one for every one at the table, and several for me, and each one had a poem or a joke with it! I'm enclosing all the poems. Was n't that an exciting birthday party! After supper

Hugh and Flo sang together that song that I'm also enclosing. Was n't it nice of them! I have n't yet recovered from the excitement of the whole affair.

Jamie gave me a silver snuff-box that belonged to great-grandpapa, for me to use for saccharine at the table, and Molly and Lib gave me an openwork silver sort of pendant which opens, for "F. C. P. to take to T." with saccharine in it! It's perfectly sweet.

On Tuesday I received by mail the sweetest card case you ever saw from Coz Grace.

My gracious, but this is a busy place! I feel as if I were in one huge whirl all the time. I enjoy the whole whirl tho! I'm just crowded with invitations for Sat's, Sun's, and Frid's. I refused Rowley in the end. Dr. J. did n't warm up much when I suggested it. . . . Friday afternoon I'm going to a Hallow'een party for Erna Baur at Miss Winsor's and am spending the night at Miss M. P. W.'s. The week after is Meg's dance, which Dr. J. allows me to go to on condition that I stay in bed the entire P.M. So you see this is quite a busy place! Mrs. Marsh is so pleased about having you again that she does n 't know what to do. I had a wonderful time at Cohasset. Played tennis at the Thachers in the A.M. and shot the waves in the P.M. It was delicious. I study about two hours a day, sometimes more, sometimes less, so you see there is quite enough to occupy my time. When are you coming? on the 31st? I shall never write you again — this is so long. Love to Aunt A. and Mowgli. Be sure and return the poems.

Aff., F. C. P.

Among the verses referred to were these by Elizabeth: —

*To Molly, with a piece of cloth showing different ways of bandaging*

Our relatives all shook their head
When Molly went to College.
"What is the earthly use," they said,
"Of all this classy knowledge?"

They thought, "She'll learn to multiply
Mentality by ozone;
'Modernity' will be her cry;
'Efficiency' her moan."

But she was far too womanly
For such a mannish scheme;
To help the wounded soldier die
Was all her maiden dream.

She wants no books but this white sheet,
For this will tell her how
To make a bandage cool and neat
About a stricken brow.

Jamie's present to Frances was the snuff-box, and Jim, thinking that Jamie would not at short notice write suitable lines to go with it, wrote some which he pretended were Jamie's own. Jamie, however, was equal to the occasion and wrote some very amusing ones himself. I give both.

*For Franey from J. J. P. Jr.* [by J. J. P. Sr.]

Once on a time, Great-Grandpapa
(Renowned as doctor, near and far)
Kept this bright box replete with snuff
Of which two pinches were enough
To fill his nose with joys divine
And make his spirits rise and shine.

From him through several degrees
It came to me, and, if you please,
I — being more than twenty-two —
Beg leave to pass it on to you.
Snuff has now passed quite out of date,
But silver boxes stand in wait
For other aromatic stuffs
Sweeter, perchance, than old-time snuffs.
Sweet though these be they'll not, I ween,
Be half so sweet as sweet sixteen.

*F. C. P. from J. Jr., with a silver snuff-box*

Diese Büchse, some time back,
Gehörte deinem Grandpa Jack. —
Er nahm gewöhnlich sein snuff davon
Und gab sie seinen Freunden an.
Da snuff is nun nicht mehr the dope;
'T will serve for Saccharin, we'll hope.

We returned to Boston the last of October, and one day with Frances was enough to make me realize that she was losing ground. She had such indomitable spirits that she would instantly respond to any demand upon her interest, but she often looked pale and languid when she was not talking or actively occupied. The doctors thought it best to let her go on with school, and she even went to the first Friday evening dancing class on December 5, coming away an hour before it was over; but they did not give us hope of further improvement. The look of compassionate sympathy in Dr. Joslin's face when we talked over the details of her treatment was only too clearly to be read, and I knew that the day was not far off when she would have to give up her active life. A cold kept her at home for some days early in December, but she had apparently recovered from it and had gone back to school, and on

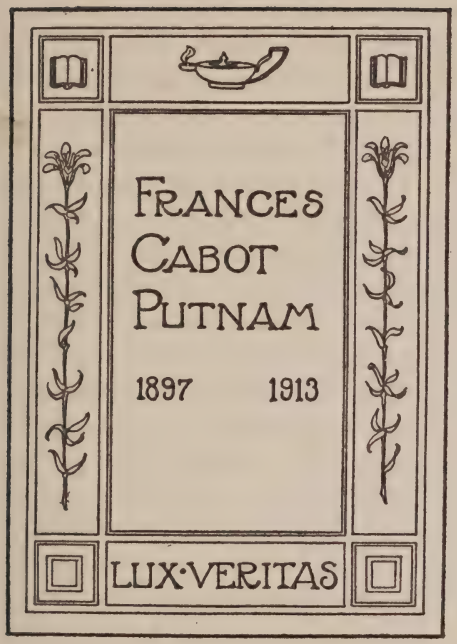
Saturday went out to Milton to watch the hockey game between Milton Academy and the Winsor School, where she led the cheering.

Sunday was a cold, rainy day, and Jim and I went to Concord to dine with the Emersons, leaving the four girls happily established at home, painting cards and making other preparations for Christmas. When we returned at the end of the afternoon, I was struck by Baby's extreme paleness, but she was in gay spirits and put on one of her dancing-school dresses because she thought Hattie Shaw, who was coming to supper with the Putnams, would like to see it. On Monday, after a restless night, she woke feeling ill, and from that time she grew rapidly worse until Friday, December 12, when she fell asleep soon after midnight and died peacefully about eight o'clock.

Of the many words of love and sympathy that came to us, none more beautifully characterized Frances than these: —

To live a perfectly happy life, making all about her happy, — never to fear — never to dislike — never to think of one's self either for praise or blame — to feel that what is right can be done — that there are no unconquerable obstacles — no perversities of nature, — is indeed to see God.

F. R. M.




## XXII

In the library at the Winsor School are two bookcases on either side of a window on the right of the room. One is full of books given by classmates and friends in memory of Frances Jackson, the other is a memorial to our Frances.

The Latin Scholarship money had only partly been used, and what was left was given to Miss Winsor to buy books for the library. I made a rough sketch for a book-plate to be used in the books, which was worked

out in detail and drawn by Betty Coit, a friend of Elizabeth's. The book-plate for Frances Jackson's books had been made by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith.

There are one hundred and forty-eight volumes on our Frances's bookshelves, some of which were given by friends, some chosen by Miss Winsor. Mrs. Bayard Thayer wrote me: "I think your idea of the nucleus of a library in Frances's name is a lovely one, and one that will appeal to all her class and to the School in general," and, later, to Miss Winsor: ". . . I am sending Kipling, Dickens, and Thackeray for Frances's book-shelf, with so much love and in the earnest hope that they may be useful for her sake." My brother Fred gave a charming edition of Jane Austen, in half calf, and last year he added a few books of reference to the collection. My sister Susie Lyman brought home from London last summer three volumes of the *Oxford Books of Verse*, bound in leather; and Baby's devoted friend, Mrs. Wesson, gave nineteen volumes of Maria Edgeworth, an 1832 edition, bound in blue leather.

Miss Griswold wrote me: —

I have just been looking at the books for the memorial book-case. How eagerly she would have handled them! I shall never forget the radiance on her face as she returned from receiving the various prizes she had won, especially last year when she received the Latin Prize, in which I was peculiarly interested, and the sparkle in her eyes.

On each book-case is a brass plate, with the name and date inscribed on it, and over our Frances's is her picture, framed.

If Frances loved the school, surely the school has shown its affection for her. Many of the teachers and scholars came to the service at our house on Sunday noon after she died, and also sent us beautiful flowers. I was glad they came because the service, conducted by James Ropes, was a very simple and uplifting one and Fred Lowell's singing sounded "like an angel's," as one of the children present said.

The next morning a memorial service was held at the Winsor School. The room was filled with flowers. Ruth Laighton, accompanied by Mrs. Marsh, played Handel's "Largo," and the school sang Frances's favorite hymns, "Adeste, Fideles," and "The King of Love my Shepherd is." Miss Winsor made an address, a part of which is given here: —

We are not here to mourn. Frances has slipped away from us suddenly, unexpectedly. We are bewildered and overcome by this break in our happy life together. But when we look for the meaning of her death we find it in her life, her superabundant vitality, her indestructible spirit. Our faith is renewed, our hope revived, our courage mounts higher to meet our loss, till we are able to say with Dr. Ames, in "Athanasia": —

Let go the breath!
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God.
Let it mount as it will, from form to form.

Such a life as Frances's makes real to us the beauty and strength of natural goodness, and we are here today to do it honor and to pay our homage to this true child of God.

For a whole year some of us have known that Frances was not well, and that she must always be very careful of her health; but so ardent was her spirit that the loving eyes that watched her found no diminution of her interest in life, her enthusiasm for her friends, and her loving sympathy for all the world.

Loving sympathy, expressing itself through her overflowing vitality, is the spring of Frances's character, and every one who knew her saw daily proof of it, from the time of her earliest childhood. As a little girl her sympathy and affection were very strongly appealed to by her blind grandfather, to whom she brought stories and bits of news, and for whom she described the things that went on about him in a truly wonderful way, holding her little hand in his and loving him, as she talked. Her relation to him was perfectly charming, absolutely characteristic, and most unusual for a child so young.

Every girl and every teacher in this school who knew Frances could probably tell of some act of kindness, some unexpected understanding shown by her in time of need.

She went on to speak of Frances's belief in self-government and her wish to have it tried again at school, and about her winning of the Latin Scholarship. She then read a letter I had written to her about Frances, and continued: —

Some one has said that Frances was like James Russell Lowell's "Fountain." Do you know it?

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee.

Frances's integrity of character I have hardly mentioned. It goes without saying, for her loving sympathy was founded absolutely on truth. Truth was woven in with every fibre of her being; she rang true to every touch; she lived by the very Light of Truth itself, and stood literally for what we, as a school, wish and hope and pray to stand for.

After Miss Winsor had spoken, Miss Baur gave a glowing talk about Frances, and the service ended as it had begun, with music.

In a letter to Miss Winsor, the mother of one of the girls wrote: —

The service at school was so lovely and so helpful. It made a great impression on the girls, several of whom have talked of it here. They seem to understand better than before Frances went away, and some of them regret that they were not more understanding and helpful before. And this Frances has done. She was young to have taught such a tremendous lesson and left such a vivid influence.

In May, 1915, Frances's class graduated, and they gave to the school, as a memorial, the Frances Cabot Putnam French Prize. An illustrated French book is to be given each year to the best French scholar in

Class VII, and Frances's book-plate will be placed in it, with the lettering altered to suit the purpose.

A French prize was a most happy idea, and a suitable thing to associate with Frances, who always loved the language. In a note to me acknowledging a small gift for the French peasants, after saying how much Frances would have enjoyed taking part in the French play, Mademoiselle Horter wrote: —

Elle avait un vrai don pour le théâtre; en un mot elle avait un don pour tout, et croyez moi, chère Madame, je porterai toujours un profond souvenir pour ma si merveilleuse élève. Et je crois que c'est grâce a Françoise, grâce à son influence, que la classe VIII d'aujourd'hui est la meilleure classe que je n'ai jamais eu a l'école. Vous devez bien savoir qu'une bonne influence laisse son empreinte sur tout. . . .

In awarding the prizes for the year, Miss Winsor announced the new French prize, to be given in Frances's memory, and presented a beautiful copy of "Jeanne d'Arc" to Anne Coolidge, as the best French scholar in her class. This was especially delightful because Anne was a dear friend of Frances, and because it was a complete surprise, as the prize had not been announced beforehand.

Another graduating exercise that was very affecting to us was the reading of an essay on "Friendship" by Gertrude Baker, which was so simple, straightforward, and thoughtful that it interested and pleased all who heard it. In it were these words: —

I think every one in our class knows now that death does not end a friendship; it only makes us realize more

intensely the great value of the friend with whom we can no longer talk. I think that all of us who knew Frances Putnam feel now that she is just as dear a friend as ever, — I do, — and I think I appreciate her more every day. . . .

We were present that day when the Class of 1915 marched in and received their diplomas, and we saw Hannah Fiske, as president of the class, give the School Lamp, emblem of light and learning, to the head of the class next to follow. It is always an impressive and touching sight to see a group of young girls as they end their school-days, and turn their faces toward the unknown future, full of hope and promise, and there were to us the added associations which came from Frances's love for the school.

There are three memorials of Frances, besides the slate stone at Walnut Hills on which the wood-lily that she loved is beautifully carved, — namely, the collection of books bearing her name in the Winsor School Library, the Frances Cabot Putnam French Prize given to the school by her class, and this book in which I have written the story of her life. The story is told very fully, in the endeavor to set forth her right-mindedness and joyousness, and in the hope that it may bring to those who loved her happy memories of the past.

Marian Cabot Putnam.

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